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NIGHT of the EXECUTIONER

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MEN

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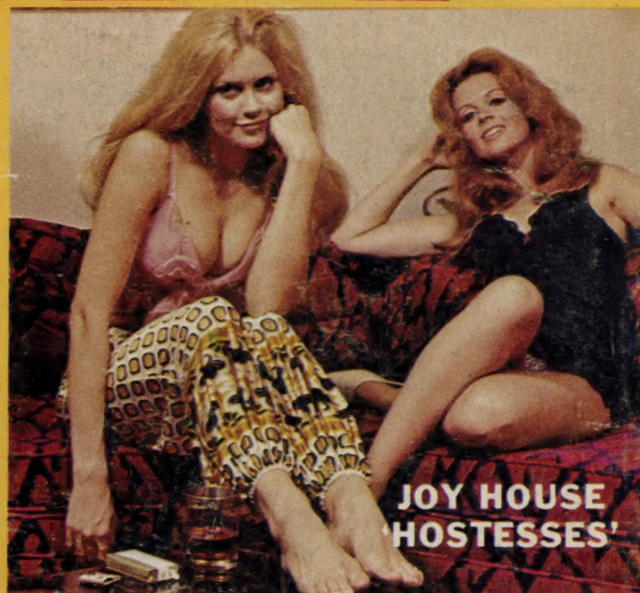
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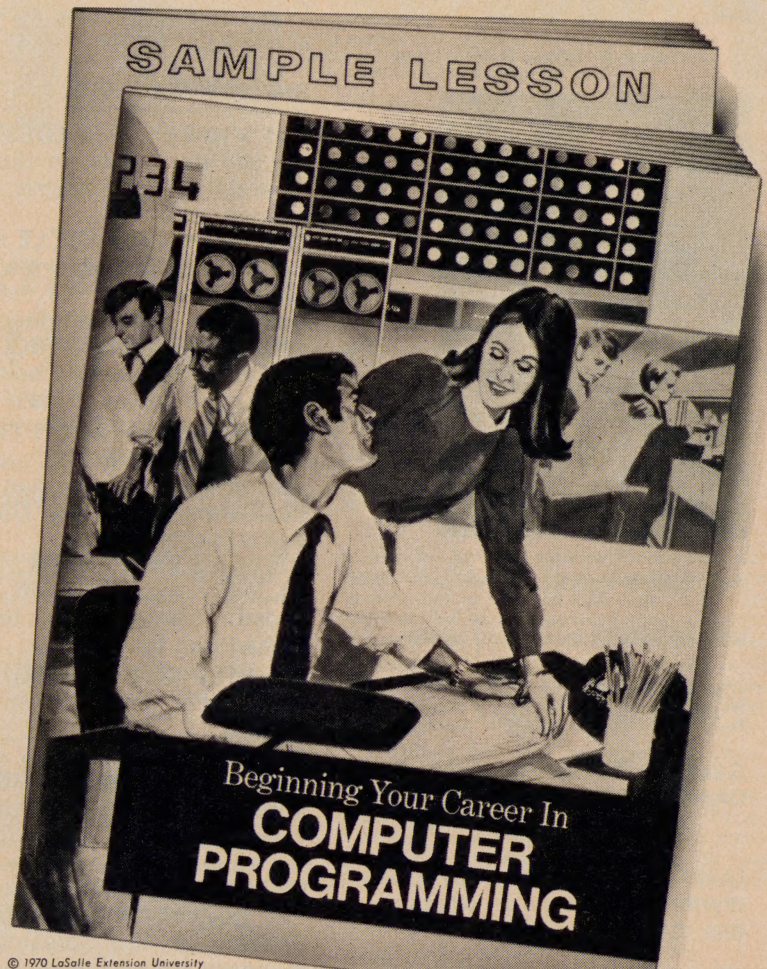
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MEN

JUNE
1971

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By the author of "The Blackboard Jungle"

NIGHT OF THE EXECUTIONER.....Ed McBain 16
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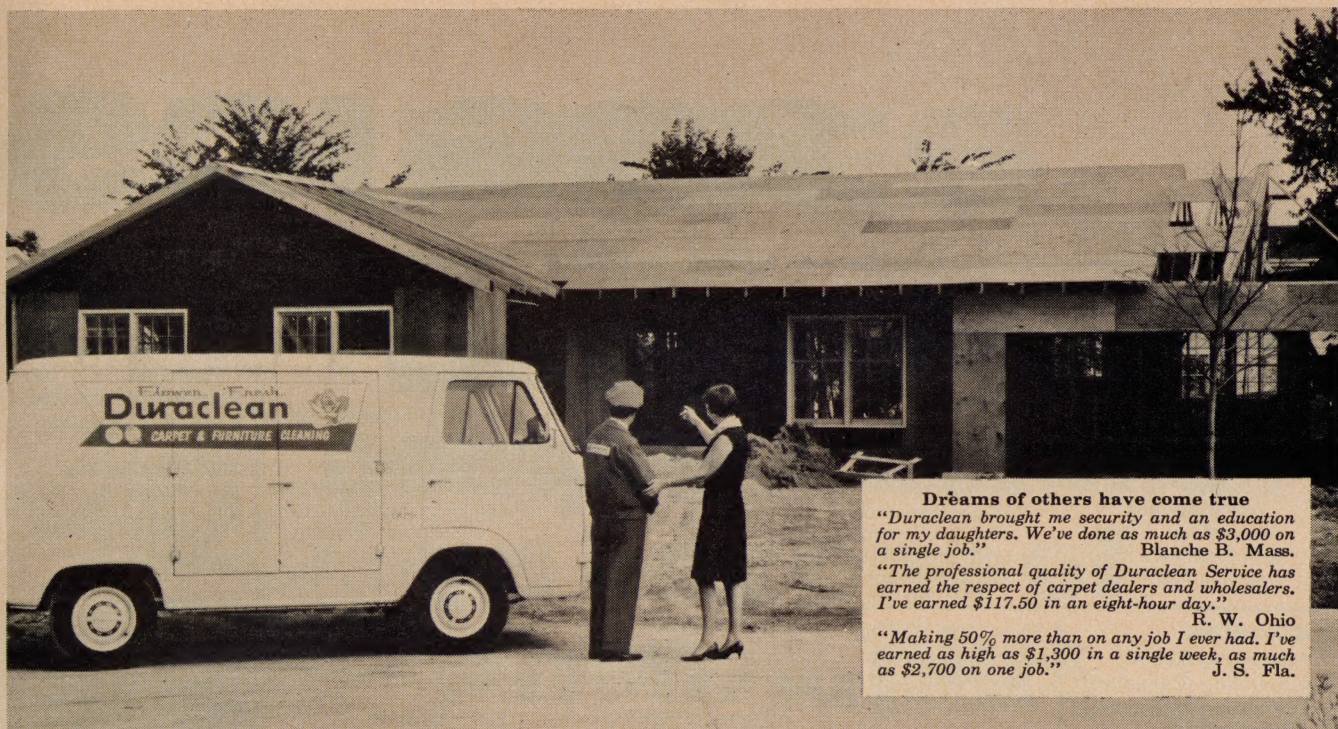
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President

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL

1-316 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

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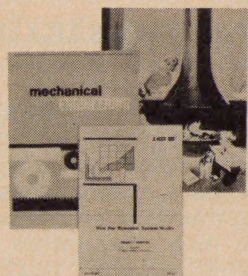
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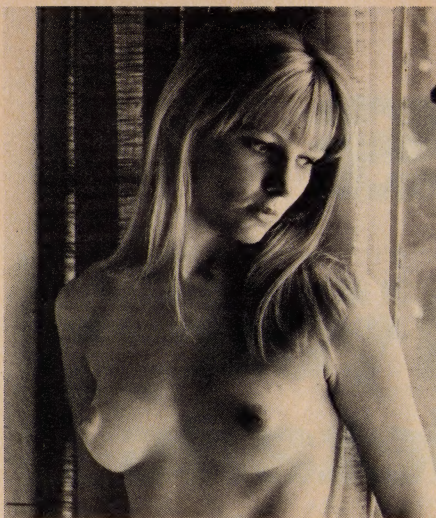
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HOT LINE ON WOMEN

WHAT PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN ACHIEVE ORGASM ALL THE TIME OR MOST OF THE TIME?

Practically none. One researcher, Johann Kopp, found in a survey of 8500 women that 20 percent don't even know what an orgasm is, and never in their lives experienced one. Kopp also found that 46 percent experienced orgasm only occasionally. Thirty-four percent stated they "usually" achieved orgasm. But not a single woman was able to answer "always," or "most of the time." Commenting on the Kopp findings sexologist Franklin Price says, "It is time for the experts to tell men not to knock themselves out chasing that so-called goal of constant female orgasm. Too much emphasis on this goal can in time, make the sex act an experience barren of any pleasure."

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT A MALE LOVER CAN REFORM A LESBIAN?

Much better than most men think, according to William Frampton, PhD. "In one study," he notes, "81 percent of women who considered themselves 'lesbian inclined' before marriage now indicate they have no intention of ever reverting to their past behavior. This is not such a surprising figure when it is remembered that roughly three of five women who have homosexual experiences say they found them disappointing or unsatisfactory. In short, there is less chance that a lesbian who marries will be 'unfaithful' to her husband than there is that a 'normal' wife will seek out another male lover. The lesbian who honestly wishes to change usually does change. The only real danger among lesbian wives are the females who marry with no intention of reforming. They marry simply for the convenience of being supported and because it is often a necessary prerequisite to having children, a female role they do not wish to abandon."

ARE WOMEN TURNED ON BY A MAN WHO CAN DEMONSTRATE HIS "MASCULINITY" BY HOLDING HIS LIQUOR?

Many men feel women are impressed by a man who can drink a great deal without getting drunk, but surveys show that most women are "uneasy" with a man who drinks to excess—whether or not he can

hold it. They do not look upon this as a masculine trait. "Moderation in liquor," consulting psychologists K. and M. Wagner observe, "on the other hand, is considered manly. Basically, women simply mistrust men whom they regard as drinking to excess. Probably this goes back to a deep-seated fear of pregnancy. The man who drinks, they instinctively feel, is more likely to make a mistake that can lead to accidental pregnancy. So deep-rooted is this fear that subconsciously even a woman fully protected by regular contraceptive practices never really conquers it."

IS A PREGNANT WOMAN LESS LIKELY TO BE UNFAITHFUL?

On the contrary, many wives tend to become unfaithful for the first time when pregnant. In the early months of pregnancy a woman still retains her figure, psychologist Robert Werner explains, and she "has thoughts that childbirth could ruin her looks. It is a period when she fiercely wants to hold on to her good looks, and her appetite for sex can increase greatly. Unfortunately, some husbands have a fall-off in sexual interests when their wives are pregnant and there is a natural inclination of the wife's part to suspect the husband of seeking his sex elsewhere. In such an emotional situation, and given the ear of an attentive man, adultery by the wife is not at all unusual."

IS THE GIRL WHO IS TICKLISH LIKELY TO BE HIGHLY SEXED?

Highly sexed or not, they are relatively easy to "turn on," says Dr. Efrem Schoenhild. The ticklish female is extremely sensitive in the waist, which can be one of the most erotic zones of sensual response. "Kissing the waist or brushing it with the tongue can produce direct excitation of the genital area," Dr. Schoenhild points out. "Interestingly enough, another ticklish spot, just above the knees, has a most erotic reaction. Many women report feeling rapturously passionate when they are squeezed by the hand just above their knees. It may well be that the ticklish woman is subconsciously telling a lover: 'I am ticklish here. Kiss me here and my response will even be greater.'"

Who'd have thought I'd make so much money without going to college?



I still have to pinch myself every week when I open my pay envelope—it seems too good to be true!

Especially when I remember how sorry everyone felt for me because I couldn't go on to college with the others in my high school class. "How are you ever going to make it now?" people kept asking me. "Without college, it's a losing battle. Everybody knows that!"

Well, the college boys left for school, and I got my first job. And it was tough going for a while, I'll admit that—one dull, routine thing after another. From pumping gas to driving a cab to working on an assembly line in a factory. I worked hard but never "struck it big."

Then I read an announcement like this one about the opportunities in Electronics.

I discovered that, with proper training, I could have my pick of thousands of glamour jobs—in fields like radio and TV broadcasting, automation, computer servicing, or even the aerospace program.

And I found out that as you move up the ladder in this booming field of Electronics, you can earn the kind of money that even a college man could be proud of—up to \$5, \$6, \$7 an hour...\$200, \$250 a week...\$10,000, \$11,000, even \$12,000 a year!

And—most important—I realized how easy it would be to get the training I needed to break into this great field. The announcement said I could learn everything I needed to know, right at home in my spare time, with a home study course from the Cleveland Institute of Electronics.

Well, to make a long story short, I enrolled with CIE. I found that their courses had taken what seemed like a complicated subject and broken it down into easy steps. Sympathetic instructors sent me letters helping me over the rough spots. I really learned fast. And here I am now, a respected Electronics man—earning so much money I still have to pinch myself.

Thanks to CIE, I don't have to envy the college boys anymore. In fact, there are some that envy me!

Send for 2 FREE BOOKS

This composite story is typical of hundreds told by CIE students who are now enjoying exciting new careers in Electronics.

Most of them decided on their new careers after reading our famous books, "How To Succeed In Electronics," and

"How To Get A Commercial FCC License." These books describe in detail the many electronics careers open to men with proper training. And they tell which CIE courses will best prepare you for the work you want.

Both books are **FREE** when you mail the coupon below. So send for them, and get ready to pinch yourself for not writing to us sooner. CIE, 1776 East 17th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

ENROLL UNDER NEW G.I. BILL—All CIE courses are available under the new G.I. Bill. If you served on active duty since January 21, 1955, or are in service now, check box on card for G.I. Bill information.

CIE Cleveland Institute of Electronics

1776 East 17th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44114

Please send me 2 FREE books describing opportunities in Electronics and how to prepare for them.

Name _____
(Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Age _____

☐ Check here for G.I. Bill information.

Accredited Member National Home Study Council. A Leader in Electronics Training
... Since 1934



CM-43

WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

MR. OLYMPIA



Larry Scott, "Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—just as you should—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! How about you?

MR. UNIVERSE



Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! Why wait? Rush!

MR. UNIVERSE



Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny. only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! Why not you!

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST— IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these

champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!



JOE WEIDER

Personal trainer of "Mr. America," "Mr. Universe," "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936—and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 16-61P.
Trainer of Champions since 1936
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25c to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____

(please print clearly)

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

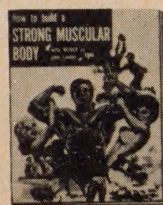
NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!



Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

ABSOLUTELY FREE!



MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

BIG STINK NOT LIKELY TO HAPPEN TWO YEARS IN A ROW AT CERTAIN BIG BEAUTY PAGEANT. FAKE MEDIC WON'T SLIP THROUGH SECURITY. CONDUCT "MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS" OF GIRLS IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM. GUY WHO DID IT LAST YEAR GOT AWAY CLEAN . . .

Newest call-doll gimmick is taking job on paydays as an office temporary. Just servicing the men on stairways can net her an extra \$100 besides her typing pay . . .



Stairway hustle

THEY'RE WORKING ON AN ANTI-SEX PILL FOR FEMALE DOGS. ENGLISH VETS SAY ITS ODOR WILL REPEL MALE MUTT FROM A BITCH IN HEAT. STILL TO BE SOLVED: PROBLEM OF LADY MUTTS WHO TURN VIOLENT AT DOGS WHO IGNORE HER . . .

High-class Fifth Avenue stores finding they can make lingerie sales soar with the under-25 crowd by using male salesmen . . .

LAW IN NORTH CAROLINA SAYS HOTEL PATRONS MAY NOT PUSH TWIN BEDS CLOSER THAN TWO FEET OF EACH OTHER . . .

Call girls are without doubt biggest suckers in the world. They'll get dental work done by dentist-clients, buy cars from salesman-clients, buy land from realtor-clients, etc., and invariably get gypped by gougers out to make back the cost of their entertainment . . .

THOSE NEW "HOT-PANTS" OUTFITS NOT ENOUGH FOR SOME GIRLS. THEY'RE WEARING "HOT PANTIES" UNDERNEATH—WILD LINGERIE DECORATED WITH FOUR-LETTER WORDS AND OBSCENE PROPOSITIONS . . .

New "sex stop" at one corner of a platform in Bombay's Victoria Terminus railway station allows

male travelers to visit a "quickie" operating surgery service for male sterilization. Men hop off the trains, have a vasectomy, pick up a cash reward of \$3 or a transistor radio and continue home . . .

MEDICS IN U.S., ENGLAND AND JAPAN ALL WORKING ON NEW ANTI-V.D. PILL THAT MAN CAN TAKE. WOULD RUSH MEDICATION INTO BLOOD STREAM THAT COULD KILL ANY KNOWN VENEREAL GERM OVER A 24-HOUR PERIOD . . .

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

PAROLE BOARD IN INDIANA KEEPING ITS FINGERS CROSSED THAT ONE PAROLED CON STAYS LEGIT. PROBLEM IS WHERE TO SEND HIM IF HE STRAYS SINCE HE'S UNDERGONE SEX-CHANGE OPERATION AND IS NOW A WOMAN. CONFINING HIM WITH WOMEN WOULD BRING RASH OF PROTESTS AND SENDING HIM BACK TO THE FELLOWS WOULD LEAVE HIM OPEN TO RAPE ATTACKS . . .

Mafia hit-men in Sicily can't help laughing at their American counterparts and the typical rub-out weapons they use—automatics, revolvers, submachineguns. Special Italian version of the shotgun is guaranteed to blow a victim right out of his shoes . . .

EVER NOTICE THAT HARDLY ANY BANK ROBBERIES ARE COMMITTED ON FRIDAYS.



Never on Friday

SINCE THAT'S STANDARD PAYDAY, BANKS ARE TOO CROWDED FOR ANY BANG-BANG STUFF. WHEN A JOB IS PULLED ON FRIDAY,



The only place
in America where you can
vacation in a bordello...

AMERICA'S WILDEST JOY HOUSE

You can take your own personal sex tour of the world in the most unique joy house. Every room is staffed by girls from different countries, each experienced in the love techniques peculiar to her native land

THE young woman gliding toward me from the shadows of the softly lighted room was superb, her high, firm breasts swaying gently beneath the silky *ao dai* dress she wore. Like most Thai girls she was light brown, with rich, straight hair down to her shoulder. And her legs, which I could observe through the slits up the side of her dress, were lithe and slim and very shapely. Where she differed from most other Thai girls was in the size and fullness of body. For she was much taller and fuller than the average.

I expected her to speak in broken English but she surprised me. "Mr. Simpson," she said warmly. "Hi, I'm Mai."

She came up against me and took my arm, a sweet, sensual smell wafting off her body and mingling with the faint odor of incense. "Why don't we sit down," she breathed, and pulled me deeper into the room.

She led me to an embroidered cushion that looked like a mattress. Smaller cushions were propped against the wall. "Here, let's sit here," she said. And as I did, she bent over me and arranged the pillows behind my back, her hair brushing lightly against my face. At this moment I could see from close up that she was bra-less under the tissue thin *ao dai*.

After I'd made myself comfortable, she left me, saying, "I'll be right back. I forgot the drinks."

She moved gracefully off, her sweet bottom swaying tantalizingly under that dress. Alone now, I looked around the room. At one end was a huge mattress with many pillows, a mattress much larger than the one I was sitting on. At the other end was a sunken tub surrounded by animal furs stretched out on the floor. Next to it stood a rack of colored bottles.

The girl came back with small cups of wine and nestled beside me. We sipped slowly and talked. In about 10 minutes I learned she was born in Thailand, grew up there, then came to this country and studied at UCLA.

In 15 minutes she was all over me, her tongue in my mouth, my hands



In the Japanese room a man can get a massage like this with a tingling vibrator. The girls are also schooled in the ancient geisha arts.



In the Italian quarters a man can get — besides sex — a taste of how the rich Romans in olden times used to take soothing baths.

**AN ON-
THE-SPOT
REPORT
By
FRANK
SIMSOM**

WILDEST JOY HOUSE



The Parisian boudoir is staffed by girls who can convince you that the French are the ones who invented sex.

fondling her lovely breasts.

"Oh, yes, oh that's fine," she said in a husky whisper. Then a moment later: "I want to bathe you."

She led me toward the tub and slowly, lovingly, took off my clothes, tracing gentle circles across my flesh with her fingertips and her lips as she did. When I was bare, she slid out of her clothes, too, exposing one of the finest bodies I've ever seen, and pulled me into the warm water with her. "I will bathe you first," she said. "For in Thailand it is customary for a woman to bathe a man first."

She bathed me with the water and with herself. And when we were finished in the bath, she rubbed me down with the lightest, smoothest oil I'd ever felt. I rubbed her down as well. Sensing that I was about to explode, she led me to the large mattress.

I can't begin to describe how fantastic she was. Nor can I remember how many times we made love that night.

What I can remember, though, are the little games and tricks she showed me that American women know nothing about. And when morning came, I had no doubt that I had stumbled upon a sex scene like few others I had ever experienced.

MY encounter with the Thai beauty occurred in the United States. In the northern part of the Midwest, to be more precise, at a place known to those who regularly go there as "The Resort of The

100 Nymphs." Whether or not the house actually uses 100 girls at one time, I can't say. What I can say is that the place is as wild a love establishment as I've ever visited—and, as a writer who specializes in reporting erotic scenes, I've visited some wild establishments in my time.

Unless you were tipped off in advance, you would, if you drove by the place, think it was simply a luxurious health-and-vacation resort. And up to a point, that's just what it is. Set in rolling, wooded hills, it has superb facilities for guys who like to golf, swim, boat, play tennis or work out in gyms.

Only those allowed inside the resort know it has other things to offer. But to get inside isn't easy. For one thing, the place is restricted to private members and their guests only. For another thing, the annual cost of a private membership is sky high. And everything else—the food, lodging and girls—is extra; a great deal extra.

Most of the private memberships are held by businesses for the entertainment and enjoyment of men they want to build up good will with: rich customers, rich would-be customers and valued employees (employees, in other words, who have earned a special bonus for one reason or another).

The best entertainment and enjoyment takes place inside a magnificent mansion that is separated from the guest houses and cottages. For in the mansion, girls from every part (Continued on page 69)



In the Swedish suite a smorgasborg begins the evening. After that comes a sauna, and any sex you can name — including three-in-a-bed.



Love, Mid-East-style, comes with a belly dance performed specifically for you.

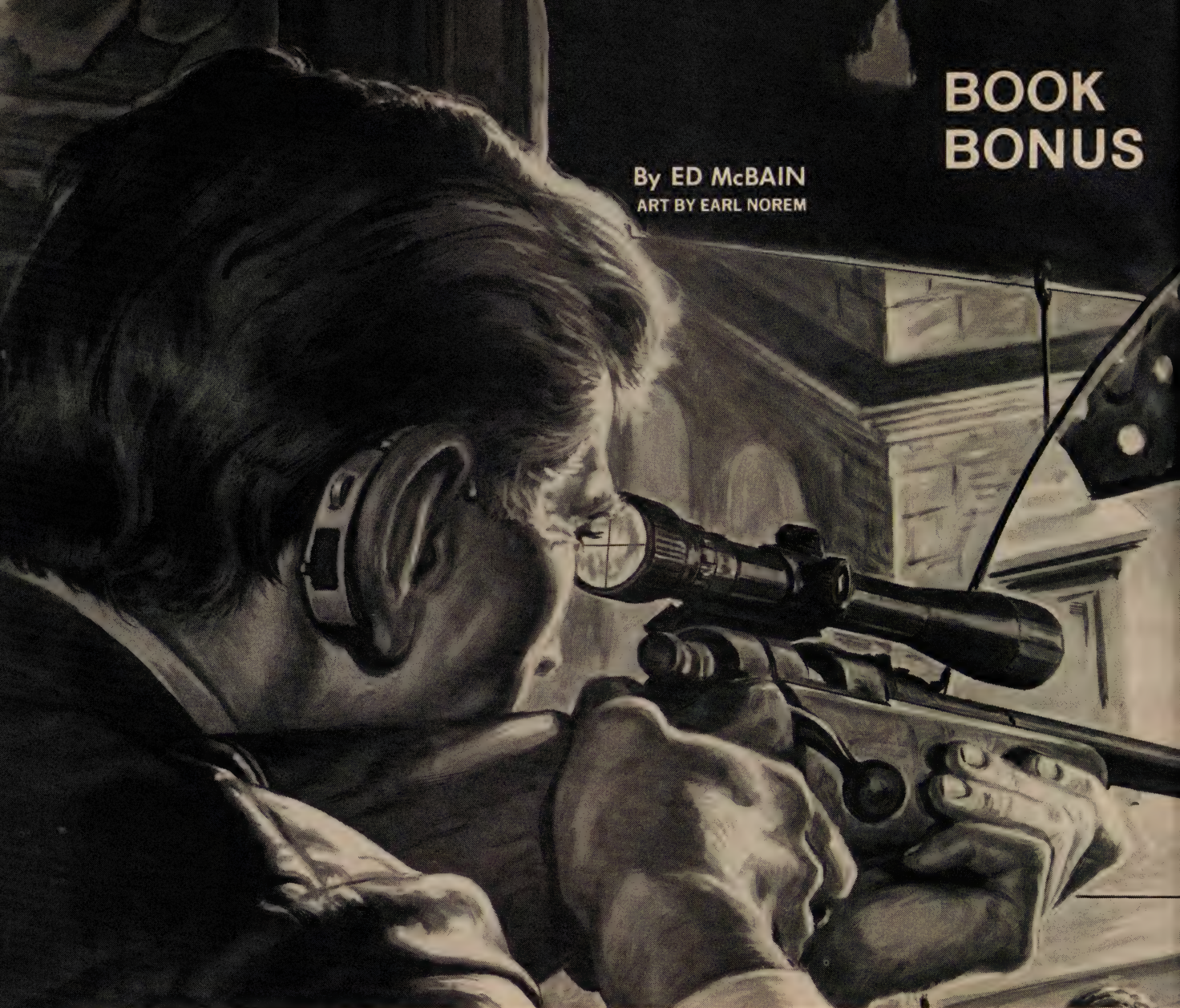


Though the girls are imported from every corner of the world, they have two things in common: They live only to please men, and they like Americans the best.

BOOK BONUS

By ED McBAIN

ART BY EARL NOREM



No street, home, office, store or police station was safe from the cold-blooded killer who had launched a mad, but genius-inspired plan to get \$1 million

DETECTIVE 2nd. Grade/Meyer Meyer of the Isola 87th precinct was on duty when the first call came on Tuesday, March the 5th.

"87th Squad, Detective Meyer," he said.

"Parks Commissioner Cowper will be shot to death tomorrow night unless I receive five thousand dollars before noon," a man's voice said. "More later."

"What?" Meyer said.

The line went dead.

He looked at his watch. It was four-fifteen P.M.

At four-thirty that afternoon, when Detective Steve Carella got to the squad-room, Lieutenant Byrnes asked him to come to his office for a moment. Byrnes

was sitting behind his desk in the two-windowed room, puffing on a cigar and looking very much like a boss (which he was). Byrnes asked Meyer to fill Carella in on the telephone call. It took Meyer approximately ten seconds to repeat the content of the conversation.

"Is that it?" Carella asked.

"That's it."

"What do you think, Steve?" Byrnes asked.

"Could be a crank," Carella said.

"Could be."

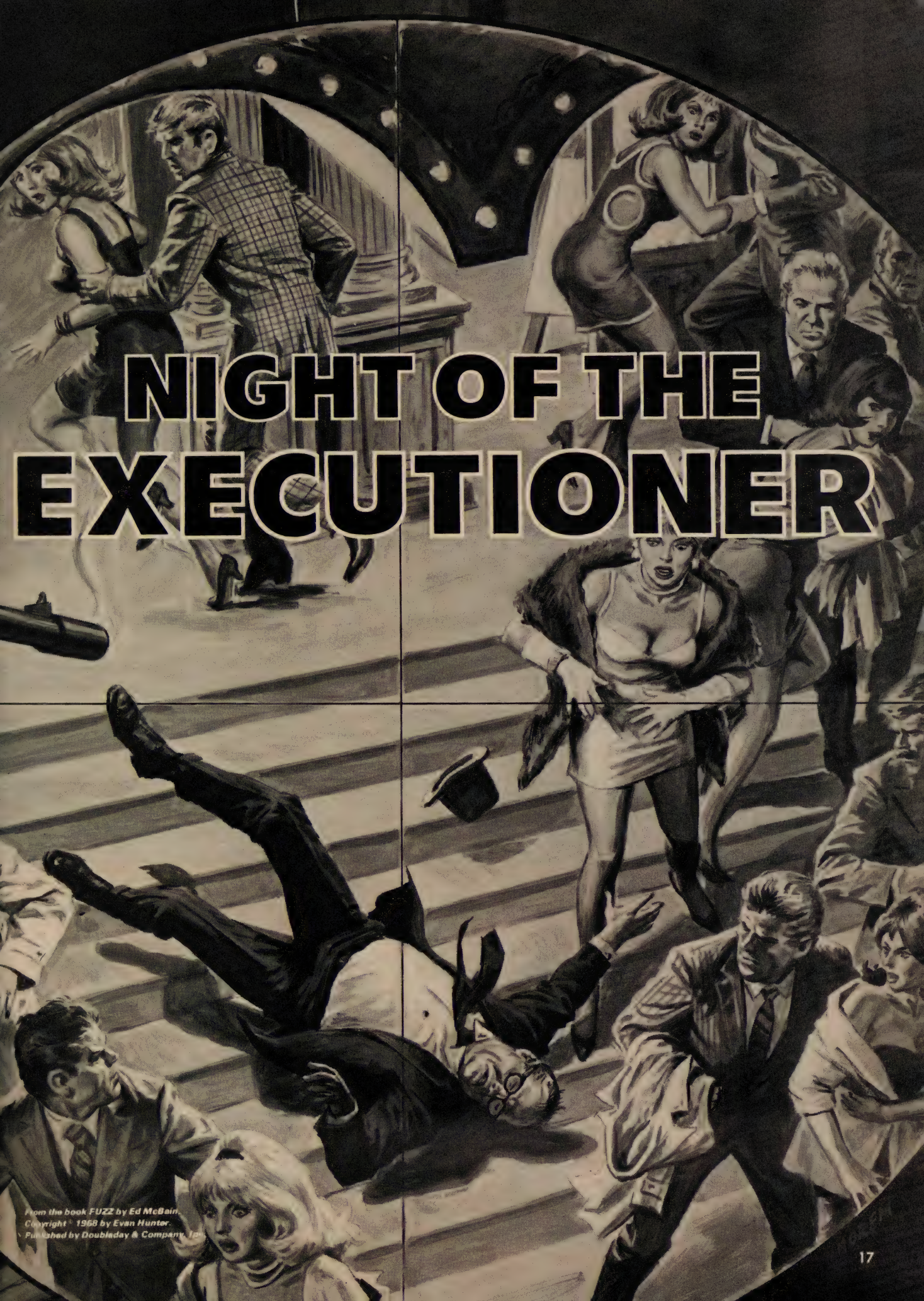
"Why *us*?" Byrnes said.

It was a good question. Assuming the man was *not*

(Continued on page 84)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ed McBain is a pen name used by Evan Hunter, author of **THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE**. And regardless of what name he uses, he is, as the Chicago Sun-Times Book Week pointed out, "a master . . . He hooks you . . . Holds you." This book "is a triumph."



NIGHT OF THE EXECUTIONER

From the book FUZZ by Ed McBain.
Copyright © 1968 by Evan Hunter.
Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



Ordeal of two weekend treasure hunters in California who were captured

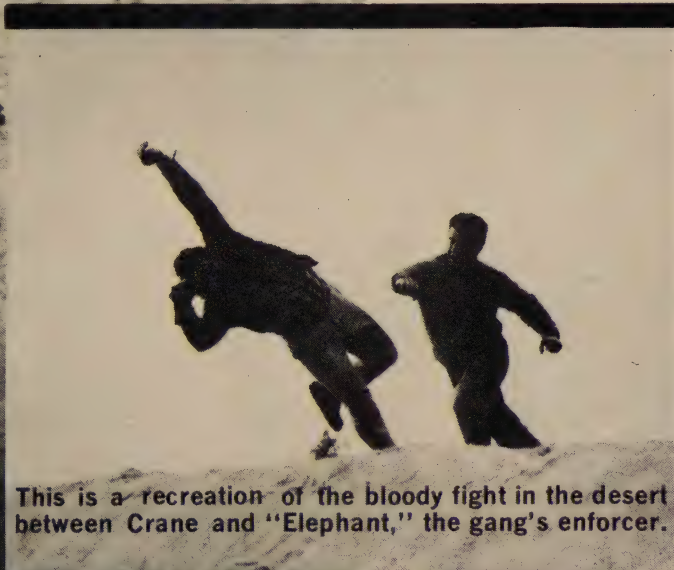
**THE
GOLD
MINE**

By HAROLD PRINCE

CYCLE RAIDERS



The deserted Lucky Sue mine is located in a California valley near Nevada. In the background is ghost town.



This is a recreation of the bloody fight in the desert between Crane and "Elephant," the gang's enforcer.



This photo of Jane, the mama who tried to seduce Crane and make him reveal where the gold was, was found in his wallet after it was returned.

by rampaging Angels



Gold hunters:
Hank Crane
& Cal Nevins.



"IT'S a dead end, Hank. A goddamn dead end."

"Thanks for telling me," Hank Crane sarcastically replied while running the beam of his flashlight up and down the solid rock wall of the mine. "If you hadn't told me, I never would have guessed it."

"We might as well go back and give ourselves up," Cal Nevins said. "Those cycle bums will find us soon enough. Maybe if we give ourselves up, they'll go easier on us this time."

"Buddy, if you want to give yourself up, go right ahead," Hank said. "But don't include me in your plans. Those cycle bums are the craziest bastards I ever met. There's no telling what they're liable to do next."

"Well, if we don't give ourselves up, what are we gonna do?" Cal asked.

"Look for another way out of this mine," Hank said. There's gotta be another way out. Nearly every one of these old shafts has a second exit."

Then, sighing heavily, Hank started back through the mine tunnel, moving very slowly and methodically, constantly on the alert for a hole or something that might lead them to a second exit and freedom.

The search for an escape exit ended abruptly about 10 minutes later. For as they came close to a sharp twist in the tunnel, they heard distant laughter. Hank halted in his tracks and put his arm out to stop Cal, who *(Continued on page 81)*



A million secret agents
locked in
deadly
combat...

THE GREAT UNDERGROUND SPY WAR

Every nation is in the espionage game. Their agents resort to sex, blackmail, murder and torture. Here is a look at some of their latest, most bizarre and brazen exploits; exploits which have been kept under wraps up till now

The Song Of Sirens, Red Style

WASHINGTON (AP) -- A former Soviet secret police agent has told the Senate of a Russian Mata Hari-type scheme designed to compromise foreign diplomats by supplying them and their wives with a stream of attractive bed partners.

In testimony released yesterday, Yuri Krotkov, who appeared under the name of George Karlin, said there is a...

CIA Spies in Red China

By Michael Morron
...formed by Western diplo-
...tribesmen, armed with
...three-pound radio equip-
...mountain valley airstrip
...called Nam Lieu rain
...known as Nam Yui. The
...which one Air
...is a small new functionaries caught
...up in the purges of the
...Cultural Revolution de-
...fected to a Nam Lieu...

By D. BOGEN



THE HIGH PRICE OF SPYING: A South Vietnamese suspected of sending messages to Hanoi was killed and strung up as a warning. Below: It is thought that Russians killed this agent of theirs in Italy because they felt he was dealing with U.S. while working for them.



THE world is being overrun by spies—literally overrun. All nations—the superpowers and the second-rate powers, but the superpowers in particular—are not only deeply involved in cloak and dagger activities, but getting more deeply involved daily: Right now full- and part-time spies number well over a million, and the number is steadily going up.

To get some idea of how widespread espionage is, look at these recent happenings:

- A former Soviet secret police agent testified in a secret session before U.S. senators that Russia has a corps of love girls whose job is to seduce foreign diplomats and then blackmail them into parting with important state secrets.

- The "director" of a Chinese acrobatic troupe visiting Mexico City was unmasked as one of Red China's most successful secret agents.

- A Russian plan to purchase Canadian farms along the U.S. border in order to spy on the U.S. was exposed by Canada.

- A top Iron Curtain spy was nabbed in New York "working" as a chauffeur.

- An African nation smashed a Chinese plot to obtain its top governmental secrets with

(Continued on page 66)



THE HIGH REWARDS OF SPYING: Germans who stole a Sidewinder missile (like this) from a U.S. base got nearly \$100,000 from Russia.

What every man should know about
the one female in four who must
periodically
explode

NORMAL WOMEN WHO GO ON SEX BINGES



FRED was convinced that Holly was a prude deep down inside of herself. For although they had been sleeping together for four of the six months that they had been dating, she rarely had an orgasm and she never wanted to make love more than a couple of times a week. Also, though she had a fabulous body, she seemed determined not to let him see it, never undressing in front of him and always turning out the light before making love. Finally, whenever he got affectionate in public she promptly put up strong resistance.

Then one night Fred got the surprise of his life. It happened when he called Holly up to ask her if she wanted to go bowling with him or take in a movie. Her answer left him speechless. She said that she wanted him to come to her apartment for some special love-making.

The words she used to describe the acts were words he had never dreamed he would hear her say—words

which he never before had heard any woman use.

That night, when he arrived at her apartment, she answered the door wearing a transparent negligee which accented rather than concealed her marvelous breasts and the rest of her body. When he reached to take her in his arms, she responded hungrily, and soon she was leading him into her bedroom for the "special" lovemaking.

In the bedroom, she had cans of cold cream and similar preparations waiting on a nighttable, which she used on him just as a professional masseuse might. First, she gave him a thorough back massage, then she rolled him over and began massaging his chest.

The massage quickly turned sexual, and before long Fred and Holly were both smearing cold cream on each other, hugging and performing a mutual act of oral sex. As their excitement mounted he got on top of her and made love the normal way. They then fell asleep in each other's arms. *(Continued on page 46)*

A new study prepared exclusively for **MEN** by Dr. Stanley Whelan



There are many different ways women on a sex binge seek release. One is to get their husbands to indulge them in novel sex. Another is to pick up a stranger in a strange town. Smart men who recognize what's happening, give in to their sex whims and have themselves the time of their lives.



**COUPLE FROM U.S.A. RESCUED
AFTER FANTASTIC ADVENTURE**

DARWIN, AUSTRALIA, March 27

—An American couple today revealed how they survived 76 days on an island swarming with crocodiles, and then 12 more days on a "miserable" raft.

"We figured," said Ed Weldon, "that we would be

safer at sea with the sharks than with the crocs, which were gigantic, and which covered the island at times like a wall-to-wall rug."

Weldon and his wife Myra, both originally from Cleveland, Ohio, left Darwin on

Two Men And A Woman Shipwrecked On

TRAPPED 76 DAYS ON 'CROCODILE ISLAND'

By NEIL TURNBULL
ART BY SAMSON POLLEN

Weldon and Langley were running low on ammo. They had to make every shot count.



A Reptile-Infested Hellhole In The Timor Sea

They were surrounded by a sea of bloodthirsty beasts waiting for their next move. With no food or water, Weldon knew they'd have to fight their way out

"I can't believe it!" Ed Weldon gasped as he stared at the reef where hours before his rented yacht, the *Laura S.* had run aground and imbedded herself in the jagged rocks. Only a few timbers bobbing on the surface indicated that the *Laura S.* had ever existed.

"She's gone!" he said more to himself than to his wife, Myra, and his one-man crew, Sam Langley. All three were standing on the moonlit beach of a small island in the Timor Sea,

some 400 miles off the Northwestern coast of Australia.

"Well, at least you didn't own the bloody old hulk," Langley said with a strained laugh. "And as islands go, this ain't so bad. Keep a signal fire up and we're sure to be rescued soon enough."

Weldon—a tall, rugged-faced aircraft parts salesman originally from Cleveland, Ohio—knew that Langley was lying about their being quickly rescued to keep their

(Continued on page 58)



SHE stood close enough to him for Charlie to feel the warmth of her thighs. "Charlie," she said. "Charlie darling." "Watch your step," Charlie told her. "I'm having a hell of a time keeping my hands off you."

"But I don't want you to keep them off me." She smiled and moved closer, her nipples gently nudging his chest. "I want you to put your hands on me. Anywhere you please. Everywhere."

"Sure," Charlie said. "That sounds good to me. But not here, not now." He backpedaled, hit a desk and stopped. "Not in your husband's office, damn it."

"I'll be honest with you, Charlie. I can't think of a better place."

Stella Marshall squirmed against him. Her hand burrowed inside his shirt and against his skin. Her fingers danced along his ribs. "Charlie, we've postponed this too long. I can't wait anymore. I just can't wait."

"If you keep this up, I won't be able to wait, either," said Charlie. "Listen, I get off work at 11:30."

"Charlie, I can't even wait that long. And I can't stay away from the house after midnight. My husband will wonder where I am. It's now or not

(Continued on page 73)

She was many things to many men, but to Charlie she was the answer to all his dreams—or so he thought until he learned the truth about her

stella's back room

EXTRA-
SPECIAL
FICTION





Another unknown soldier—The skull of a dead soldier was the eerie scene that greeted Cambodian troops who recaptured this mountain pass from fleeing Viet Cong guerrillas. The crumbled body was unidentifiable.



PHOTO STOPPERS

Stage fright remedy—Every performer gets the shakes when he has to do an audition and 6-year-old chimp Gigi is no exception. After her first audition for a TV show, her master treated her to a round of drinks.



Fun and games—The game is called “Libido” and the object is to answer the questions on the cards. With every wrong answer, the player must give up an article of clothing. The losers will be left in the buff, but one thing you can be sure of: they will never be sore.



Breakout attempt—A teenage mental patient from St. Paul Ramsey Hospital holds police at bay with a doctor as hostage. His escape was foiled when the deputy sheriff rushed in from behind and subdued the youth.



Shorts revolution—Picking up where the mini left off, shorts are now the rage with male-female fashion addicts. Men’s skinny legs can be remedied with the above custom leg-pants.



Flying bull—Miguel Perez, like all brave bullfighters, can face the fiercest bull and give no ground. But he’s also smart enough to know when to duck, especially if the bull is skilled in flying charges like this one.



Miracles can happen— That’s exactly how raceboat driver Harry Wellman felt about his miraculous survival after his boat flipped over on a 70-mile-per-hour turn.

Ulbricht's Prisoners

The East Germans began handing out prison sentences to American and other Western students in September. That was shortly after the Soviets signed the Treaty of Moscow, which angered Ulbricht by failing to insist on West German recognition of East Germany as a totally independent and fully sovereign state. Last week, a closed court in East Berlin sentenced two

— From TIME



He felt the dead man's icy hand as he lowered the lid.

At a hair's breadth away from escaping East Germany's "Prison of the Walking Dead," something went wrong, and he found himself sharing a box with a corpse



I CAN remember the precise moment when I decided that anything—even death—was preferable to being locked up in the Communist East German prison where I was being held.

The day was bitterly cold, and I paced my 6 by 12-foot concrete cell to keep from freezing until I grew exhausted. Then I went to the window and peered out between the iron bars. Beyond the bars was the prison's administration building—a squat, ugly, square thing. And beyond that was a towering, electrified barbed-wire fence. During World War II, the place had served as a Nazi concentration camp. It had been a horror house then, and it was worse now because, in more than 25 years, little had

been done to improve it.

"How the hell am I going to serve three more goddamn years in this place?" I thought. I had already put in four months and that was about as much as I could endure. Even the sickly yellow bulb that shone from my concrete ceiling night and day annoyed the living hell out of me.

The thing to do was escape. "It isn't hard," I told myself sarcastically. "All you have to do is get over the electrified fence, then evade the guards and their Doberman Pinschers on the other side who continually patrolled the cleared strip of land that circled the camp. Do that, boy, and you're free—free to wander deep in a pine forest behind the Iron Curtain."

The idea of escaping was preposterous, of course. And those

(Continued on page 62)

NICHT
RAUCHEN

VERBOTEN

**FIRST PUBLISHED ACCOUNT ANYWHERE
OF 1971's MOST INCREDIBLE ESCAPE**



Eddie Grimes' own nerve-grinding story

I BUSTED OUT OF A RED PRISON IN A COFFIN

As Told To **TOM CHRISTOPHER**

ART BY ED VEBELL

the girl with



nine lives



THOUGH she's only 21, Cindy Pendleton, currently of Phoenix, Ariz., has worked at nine different jobs in the past three years. Her latest is handling reservations at a Phoenix hotel. When asked to recite the jobs she's had, she only lists the interesting ones, like "traveling saleswoman, go-go dancer, dance instructress and swimmer in an aqua show."

She blames her many fields on boredom. "I get bored very easily," she explains. "In fact about the only thing that doesn't bore me is men. Maybe that's what I've been looking for—a job where I can meet oodles and oodles of men!"



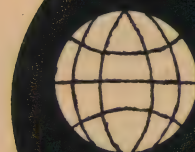
the girl with nine lives

AND how does she like her present job?

"Loads!" she exclaims. "So many men check into the hotel every day, and as reservation clerk I get to meet each one of them. And then there're the great Western sunshine and great Western he-men. Before I came here I thought ranches and cowboys were only things you see on TV."

SPEAKING of TV, that is another one of Cindy's favorite pastimes—next to collecting jobs and meeting Western men. "I guess I'm mellowing in my 'old age,'" she laughs, "but going out to fancy places bore me, too. I think I'm ready for an old-fashioned home, and old-fashioned evening of sitting, quietly and watching Matt Dillon."

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

LASER LOONY

Alfred Johnson killed his mother, father and family pets in an insane rage. He was committed to Broadmoor, Britain's special top-security hospital for the mentally disturbed, about 25 years ago. With the aid of drugs he became more stable and his good behavior earned him privileges—although he was never considered fit to be released.

For many years he was a parole patient and recently moved to a comfortable room in ward 3 on the third floor of Essex House. He was allowed to furnish his own 10-by-8-foot room as he wished and collect books. In Johnson's case he collected a small private library on electronics and had the latest books available. He was also allowed to buy pieces of equipment from the outside firms sent to him at Broadmoor by mail and paid for from his own bank account.

Early in 1970 Johnson complained of pain, and cancer was diagnosed by hospital doctors. But he was able to continue his normal routine until he was removed to Broadmoor's infirmary in July 1970. He died several months later, at the age of 60.

When his room was cleared by nurses, three TV sets, several radios and a mass of electronic equipment and spare parts were taken to the handicrafts center for use by other patients. Among the items was an oblong metal box crammed with coils, valves and wires, with a plug at one end and a tube protruding from the other.

Puzzled by the weird-looking contraption, an occupational therapy officer put it on a workbench, plugged it into a nearby outlet and switched it on.

Zap! Immediately a hole appeared in a half-inch-thick sheet of steel six feet from the tube. The shocked officer quickly realized what he had discovered—a home-made Laser beam.

The equipment was carefully locked away and a report sent to the medical superintendent.

Commented one member of the staff: "It was a great shock to everyone. Nothing like this has ever turned up in Broadmoor before."

"Alfred's knowledge of electronics was well known and he put it to good use—mostly repairing TV sets for the staff and privileged patients. He did much of the work in his own room, which was a converted staff room, and larger than the usual accommodation for patients. He could obtain any equipment by filling in a standard form provided for the purpose by the hospital. He simply wrote his name and number, details of the item needed, the firm who would supply it and instructions about payment. If the request was passed—and none of the staff would suspect what he wanted

it for—the order would be sent out. Arrangements for payment from his bank account would be automatic. He would receive the item by post in due course.

"He could easily have collected all the pieces he wanted for the Laser beam over a period of months and assembled them in his room. Nobody knows how long he had this. But it was certainly powerful enough to cut through window bars or a lock in a split second. It could have killed anyone who got in the way."

RED LIGHT SPRING

In most places spring brings out the flowers, the trees, the birds and other nice things like that. But in mid-Manhattan it brings out the prostitutes. And nowhere are this city's "ladies of the street" flourishing more than on West 49th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, where watching the girls make their pickups has become a lunch-hour spectator sport.

The current scene there is the type that makes Middle America howl with rage about the evils lurking in the "Big Town." Here it is: New York's own little "red light district" in miniature. It is comparable to the more notorious places in Europe: wide open, no one making any pretenses, no cops around to break things up.

If it's a mild spring day, and you are a man, you will only be solicited two or three times walking this block. But if the girls have had a bad day, you're likely to be hounded all the way down the street. The girls—20 of them or more—line up in the doorways, just like in the movies. Black girls, white girls; most with the obligatory bit of black leather, high boots, short skirts, shoulder bags, and silver wigs piled on top of their heads.

At noon construction workers come down from their girders, office workers fill the street and the block becomes a regular playground. Men stand in little groups and stare—or laugh at their own jokes. The guys in the hard hats grab a beer, open their lunch pails and settle in for the show. Sometimes they talk with the girls, but mostly they watch. The girls don't do much talking—it's not their lunch hour. They have work to do. Business isn't overwhelming, but it's steady. Every ten minutes or so a pair walks off into one of the doorways and up the stairs.

"What can I say?" drawled one of the girls. "It's a job. Other places you really feel like a whore. Here there's no covering up. It's wide open. People talk to you more. It's not as lonesome."

THE FACTS THEY CAN'T SUPPRESS

MONEY-

HUNGRY

DENTISTS

WHO RUIN

YOUR TEETH

JAMES Horan was a Vietnam veteran who ran a TV repair shop in Chicago until last year. Today he's dead, thanks to his dentist. It happened like this. One night in the middle of November he was jarred out of his sleep by a pile-driving pain on the right side of his face. He touched his cheek, found it was blown up like a grapefruit, and beat it over to his dentist as soon as the guy opened his office.

The dentist was one of those assembly-line guys, with three chairs, four nurses, and an office full of patients who were whisked in and out within minutes.

Almost before Horan knew it, his teeth had been X-rayed. Then his dentist gave him a general anesthesia and pulled out three teeth from the back of his mouth.

When he revived, Horan felt so delirious and light-headed from the anesthesia that he was barely able to move. He hardly noticed the gauze which was packed inside the hole where his teeth had been.

"You all right?" the dentist asked.

"Yeah, just a little weak," Horan replied.

A nurse helped him into an adjoining room where he rested for an hour. When he was ready to drive home, his dentist gave him some advice on caring for the wound.

"You had a bad abscess," he said. "I'm sure I got most of the pus out of your gums after I pulled the teeth. Just rinse the wound with this mild antiseptic I'll prescribe for you. Every hour, for the next two days, rinse it good. There's a gauze drain sticking out of the surgical wound. It's important that it stay in from 24 to 48 hours to drain the rest of the pus out. Do that and there's little chance of the infection spreading."

"Thanks a lot," Horan said. He paid the bill—\$72 for the X-rays, three extractions, gas and other stuff, and left.

Three days later, Horan returned to the dentist's office. "I've got pains in the stomach and my whole body aches," he complained. "Ever since I got my teeth pulled I've felt pretty dragged out. Then last night I sort of blacked out and this morning I vomited for a while. And I've got a tremendous



Finally, the outrageous truth about how a shocking number of dentists purposely ignore good dental practices in order to fill their pockets

By ARCHER SCANLON

headache."

The dentist looked into Horan's mouth. "Not too much to see," he reported, assuring his patient that there wasn't much to worry about. "There still seems to be a minor infection in your gums that hasn't healed yet. Just give it a couple of more days. Meanwhile, I'll prescribe an antibiotic. Stay in bed a few days and the infection will clear up. You'll feel like new again."

"Shouldn't I see a doctor for some tests or something?" Horan asked.

"There's no need for that," the dentist snapped, annoyed that Horan questioned his judgment. "I told you it's just a local infection. Go home and get into bed and you'll feel a lot better tomorrow."

He charged Horan another \$10 for the visit and prescription.

Horan went home. He died two days later. It happened just before dawn. His heavy gasping woke up his wife and she called police, begging for an ambulance. A police cruiser got to their apartment first, and when the (Continued on page 77)



A majority of teeth that are pulled would not have to be if dentists took the effort (like this) to save them. But they make more on extractions.

In the

Special Features of Extraordinary Interest

SEX DEVICES

—which help, which hurt

A small revolution is taking place in professional sexologists' attitudes toward mechanical sexual devices.

Until a few years ago a device such as the electric vibrator, for instance, was condemned across-the-board by medical authorities. Now many doctors are beginning to consider a device like the vibrator helpful.



Psychologists now agree that in some cases devices such as vibrators help men and women be better lovers.

Sexologists have found that women, when given a vibrator to massage themselves with, learn how to apply pressure to areas of their bodies—including sexual organs—which brings them heightened pleasure. Using this knowledge in bed, the women become far more exciting sex partners.

The vibrator also can be used by the man during sexual foreplay. He touches it to the

woman's sex organs in different ways until he finds the best way to turn her on. Then the couple makes love the normal way. Sexologists report that some couples who previously were sexually incompatible were able to have satisfactory sex consistently—and without mechanical devices—after experimenting with vibrators.

Dr. William H. Masters, of the famous Masters-Johnson research team, has found that vibrators can help frigid women achieve orgasm—sometimes for the first time in their life.

In Dr. Masters' experiments, women who never before could achieve orgasm applied a vibrator to the area of their clitoris. This stimulation made the women climax. After climaxing with the vibrator, many of these women developed the ability to climax during normal sexual relations also.

The vibrator likewise proved helpful in experiments with men who had difficulty getting or maintaining an erection. Many men who previously were totally or

(Continued on page 44)

YOU CAN BUY A GOOD USED CAR CHEAPLY

—a top salesman's tips

WHEN buying a used car, is there any way to go about it so you can be reasonably certain of not ending up with a vehicle that will cost you an arm and a leg in repairs?

To find the answer, MEN went to one of Los Angeles' most successful used-car salesmen—a man who, for the past 10 years, has earned nearly \$50,000 per year peddling second-hand cars. For a fee, he agreed to let you in on what to look for the next time you step onto a used-car lot. By following the expert advice of this salesman, who wished to remain anonymous for obvious reasons, you will be able to get the most car for your money.

The first thing to do is to look for a clean car. "If the original owner took pains to keep the exterior of the car clean," said the expert, "it's a pretty good bet he also paid attention to the mechanical parts."

In other words, check to see if the upholstery is soiled, if the floor mats and foot pedals are in good shape, if the car is free from dirty, unpleasant odors, the condition of the trunk. All of these will clue you in on what type of man owned the car, and whether or not he abused the vehicle.

By using your eyes, you can also tell if the car needs an extensive engine overhaul. Simply

SPOTLIGHT

start it and then look to see if an undue amount of smoke is coming from the exhaust. If there is, it's a sure indication that the car is an oil burner—and that means a lousy motor. You shouldn't touch a car like this with a 10-foot pole.

Nor should you touch cars that were once taxis. The average cab registers more miles in one year than you probably do in 10. But sometimes unscrupulous dealers will doctor a taxi so that it looks like an ordinary car. Yet here again, by using your eyes, you can tell if the car was once a hack. If it has the styling of a taxi—most are *(Continued on page 44)*

THE ATOMIC ENERGY MESS

—hidden menaces about "peaceful" atoms you must know about

"ATOMS for Peace" is the slogan. It was dreamed up by some bright guy in Washington, D.C., to describe the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's program which is going on right now to harness the atom for nuclear power plants, oil and gas exploration, and other peacetime pursuits.

It's a worthwhile program, one designed to benefit mankind. But still and all, given the nature of atomic energy, you'd expect that projects connected with the program would be carried out far from population centers until we were certain we had absolute control of the atom. Such, however, is not the case. And because of this lack of foresight, people have already been badly hurt by "atoms for peace." Some of these people who were hurt can be found in Rifle, Colo. It happened when the Atomic Energy Commission—which oversees atoms for peace—decided to set off an underground nuclear blast in order to free natural gas from rock formations near town.

The blast, as it turned out, was stronger than anyone thought it would be—and all hell broke loose. The town was shaken up, windows broken, trees uprooted, small houses knocked down. Rocks and sheets of dirt flew every which way.

It's pretty scary stuff. But things will become even more frightening in the future. Get this: A study conducted in 1957 showed that if a typical 100-200 megawatt hypothermal reactor's safety devices failed, the resulting nuclear explosion would kill 3,400 people, injure another 43,000, damage property worth \$7 billion, and contaminate an area the size of the state of California. Well, plants *(Continued on page 44)*

THE GREAT WHALE SLAUGHTER

—ruthless fishermen are wiping out the sea giants

ONE of the earth's noblest and most impressive creatures—the whale—is on the threshold of extinction, thanks to the greed of the international fishing industry.

In the old days of whaling, the whale was master of the sea. He could dive to 7,000 feet then abruptly surface beneath a small ship and capsize it. Once aware of his pursuers, he could speed off before a helmsman could aim his harpoon cord. In short, the whale gave more than it took.

Now all that has changed. Today's whale is a sitting duck. He is tracked by sonar, then attacked with harpoons fired from cannons. The tips of the harpoons contain fragmentation grenades, which explode like bombs inside the whale's head or body.

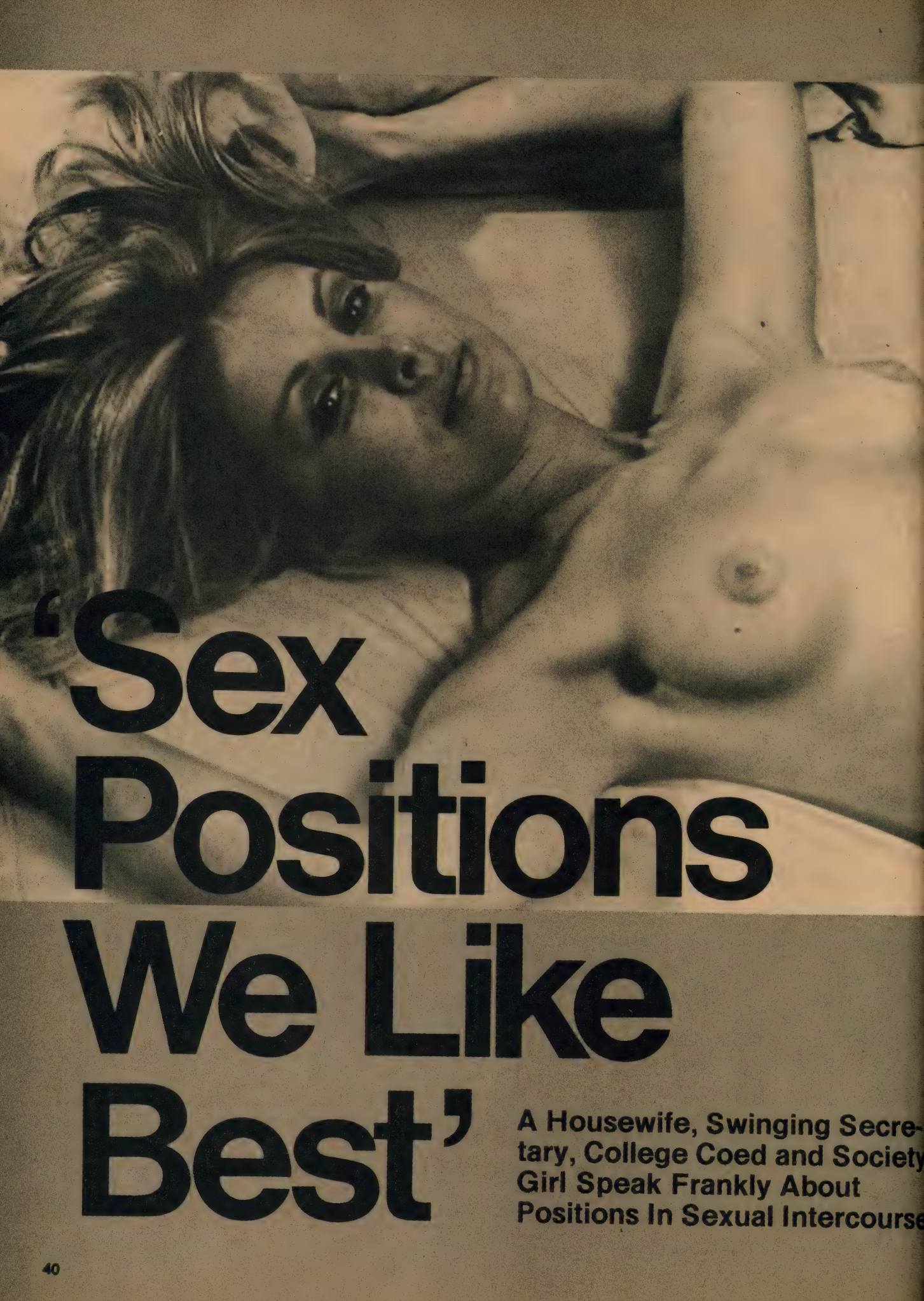


Once regarded as the masters of the sea, whales are on the verge of extinction, thanks to greedy whalers.

In the old days, whalers considered themselves lucky to catch one whale a month. Today, a whaler averages five to 10 catches a week. Over the past 10 years, more than 600,000 of the hapless creatures have been slaughtered. If the pace keeps up much longer, experts predict that there won't be any whales left in another 10 years.

There are eight species of whales. The largest is the famous blue whale, which measures 100 feet or more in length and weighs an average of 150 tons. Fifty years ago there were more than 100,000 of these marvelous creatures in the oceans. Today, scientists estimate, there are no more than 1,000.

The next biggest is the right whale, which averages 70 feet and *(Continued on page 44)*



'Sex Positions We Like Best'

A Housewife, Swinging Secretary, College Coed and Society Girl Speak Frankly About Positions In Sexual Intercourse

A round-table discussion tape recorded for MEN Magazine by

By DR. DORIS BLACKROCK, Ph.D.

"I said to Bill, 'We've been married for eight years. Eight years, Bill, and we never really tried any one new thing in the bed, you know? Now don't get me wrong. I mean, I really like what we have in bed, but we've been doing the same number the same way for eight years, and now the mattress finally has a hollow worn in it that just fits my back. I'm like jello in a mold there, you know?' So Bill gives me this look that means he doesn't like what I'm saying, and then growls, 'Okay, just what do you have in mind?' So I say, Bill, a woman we both know says she and her husband sometimes try it in a different way, with him going in from the back or something.' Bill looks at me a couple of seconds. Then he says, 'What the hell are you, some kind of pervert?' And then, honest to God, for the first time in our marriage he slugged me."

Sandra Whiting, age 28,
New York, N.Y., on tape
March 26, 1971.

SANDRA Whiting was one of four women I invited to my office to discuss a minor American tragedy: positions in sexual intercourse.

The women spoke of many things in covering this very specific and intimate subject: the positions they liked, the positions they didn't like, their disappointment in men who couldn't or wouldn't experiment, their open responses to men who did. And so on.

In the end they all agreed on one point: A man who will use a little of his imagination in regards to sex positions will reap enormous dividends. For the man who exploits positioning arouses a woman more often than not, which is to a man's benefit, as an aroused woman is a far more satisfactory bed partner than an unaroused woman.

The four women—who represented an unusual and, at times, volcanic mix—were all volunteers for this round-table discussion. They were either patients of mine or recommended by colleagues, and none had met before I brought them together. To protect them, their names have been tampered with.

Starting with the already-named Sandra, they were:

SANDRA WHITING: Age 28. Housewife. Strikingly blonde. "Gleaming" is a good word for her. Sandra generates a warmth which inspires a person to smile when first meeting her. I witnessed this effect on the other three when introduced: All smiled. Sandra's husband Bill is 32, a sales- (Continued on page 54)



Above: It has been found that a great percentage of American women dream about trying out new positions during lovemaking. In this article you'll find out just why.



Above: What happens when a man totally satisfies a woman's secret cravings? The women who participated in our discussions give some very startling and honest answers.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Doris Blackrock, sister of famed American sexologist, Dr. Charles Blackrock, received her Ph.D. in psychology in 1968 from the University of Zurich in Europe. She then returned to the United States. Now she has a private practice and engages in extensive research on the sex habits and attitudes of women. The author of one book, *American Women and the Sex Revolution*, she will have another book published this year, *Sex-Starved Women*.

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

continued from page 11

COPS KNOW IT WAS PULLED BY AN AMATEUR, SINCE NO PRO WOULD TRY IT . . .

Despite the rise in joblessness around country, some states still have openings for prison guards. Especially the case in Minnesota. Pay has improved in field in general and some states even get college men applicants . . .

SHOCK LINE

HORRIFYING FACT OF THE MONTH: AVERAGE AMERICAN NOW WORKS 2 HOURS 43 MINUTES OUT OF EACH DAY JUST TO MAKE HIS FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES! BY CONTRAST, SAYS THE TAX FOUNDATION, INC., HE LABORS ONLY 2 HOURS 21 MINUTES TO TAKE CARE OF ALL HIS FOOD, TOBACCO, HOUSING AND CLOTHING NEEDS . . .

Almost a third of the students interviewed at four medical schools—two in the east, one in the midwest, one on west coast—are presently using marijuana, recent study by six psychiatrists reveals . . .

RESEARCHER IN NYC KEPT TRACK OF THE TIME HE WASTED OVER AN EIGHT-MONTH PERIOD ON THE TELEPHONE WAITING FOR A



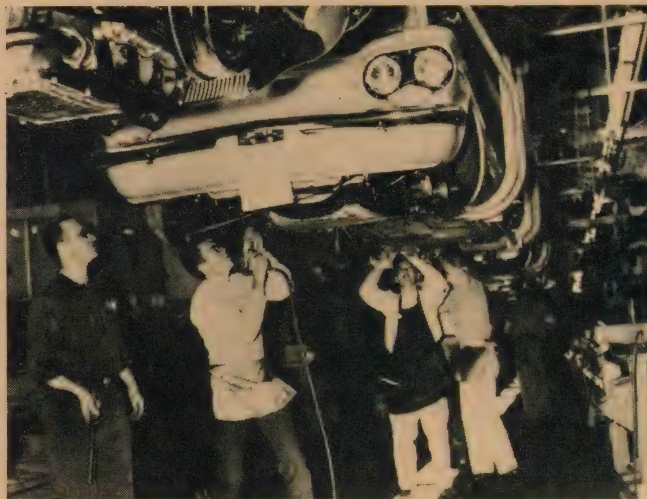
Wastin' time

DIAL TONE, TRYING TO REACH INFORMATION OR THE OPERATOR, REDIALING CALLS THAT PRODUCED STATIC, SQUEALS OR SILENCE, ETC. TIME LOSS WAS STAGGERING 61 1/4 HOURS . . .

Terrible truth about nuclear power leakage is that 2500 babies have been killed by deadly radioactive gases from the "normal" operation of a nuclear power plant during past 10 years in Illinois. Disclosure was made by Dr. Ernest J. Sternglass, director of Dept. of Radiology at the Univ. of Pittsburgh. The radiation leakage was within Atomic Energy Commission acceptable limits—but that was before scientists discovered that women and especially children had a greater sensitivity to radiation poisoning . . .

UNDER THE HOOD

"MOONLIGHT BAYS"—DO-IT-YOURSELF REPAIR AND SERVICE CENTERS FOR MOTORISTS OPENING UP THIS YEAR IN ENGLISH CITIES. CAR OWNERS WILL RENT



Friendly repair party

SPACE FOR ABOUT \$1 AN HOUR, BE PROVIDED WITH TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT AND HAVE A MECHANIC HANDY FOR ADVICE. IF IDEA CATCHES ON, PLAN IS TO INVADE THE U.S. . . .

How much weight can you give a statement by a used car salesman that an auto is in good condition? None. How would he know anyhow? On a big used-car lot, cars are brought in, shined up and whipped into just enough shape to start. A great many cars are never checked by anyone—unless the customer does so before he buys . . .

NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND REALLY TRUSTS AN ODOMETER READING WHEN BUYING A USED CAR. BEST RULE OF THUMB TO JUDGE TRUE MILEAGE ON A HEAP THAT READS 30,000 MILES IS TO LOOK AT THE RUBBER ON A PEDAL. IF IT'S WELL WORN, BE MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS. IF IT'S SPORTING NEW RUBBER, FIGURE THE REAL MILEAGE AT 60,000—OR MORE . . .

Plastic bumpers with "memory" will probably eliminate expensive replacements on GM models by 1973. Plastic dents like steel to absorb crash energy but it never forgets the shape it's supposed to have. Heat treatment will pop it back into shape. Coming in another five years: body parts made of a metal alloy with similar memories . . .

AUTO EXPERTS SAY TIME TO TRADE IN A CAR IS WHEN NEEDED REPAIRS COME TO 25 PERCENT OF THE RESALE VALUE. CARS DON'T GET YOUNG. WHEN IT'S TIME TO DUMP, DUMP

FAST. FORGET ABOUT SENTIMENT, ABOUT BEING FOND OF THE CAR. ONCE BIG REPAIRS START, MORE ARE ON THE WAY. RISK FACTOR IS ALL IMPORTANT AND THE SMART OWNER WILL GRAB SOMETHING FOR HIS HEAP WHILE THE TAKING IS STILL GOOD . . .

JAPANESE SAID TO BE SET TO BREAK THE SPEED BARRIER ON ELECTRIC CARS. SCIENTISTS THERE HAVE DESIGNED ONE THAT CAN DO 65 MPH—TWICE AS FAST AS ANY OTHER ELECTRIC MODEL. SECRET IS THAT THE MOTOR CAN FUNCTION AS A GENERATOR, RECHARGING THE BATTERIES WHILE THE CAR IS IN MOTION BUT NOT NEEDING PROPULSION . . .

Test your driving I.Q. on this one: Most single car accidents occur: (1) at busy intersections, (2) on straight roads after dark, (3) on wet or icy curves, (4) on multi-lane roads. Answer is number 2—by a wide margin . . .

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

WORST CITY IN WORLD FOR A MARRIAGE LASTING IS MOSCOW, RUSSIA. OFFICIAL FIGURES SHOW THAT 10 PERCENT OF MARRIAGES LAST LESS THAN A YEAR. STRAINS OF YOUNG COUPLES OFTEN HAVING TO SHARE CROWDED LIVING QUARTERS WITH



Divorce trap

RELATIVES OR EVEN STRANGERS MAKES BUST-UPS INEVITABLE . . .

Hard to believe, but overtime rates for plumbers in New York area goes over \$20 an hour . . .

IN YOUR LIFETIME YOU'LL CONSUME ABOUT 100 TONS OF FOOD AND BY THE AGE OF 70 YOU'LL HAVE SPENT SIX FULL YEARS EATING . . .

Forget that baloney about politics being a man-killing job. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. finds that Congressmen live longer than other men. Death rate of

all Congressmen taking office after 1930 was 20 percent less than that for men in the general population . . .

Medical researchers have found that when a monkey really wants sex the only thing that will take his mind off it is booze . . .



What's good for the monkey . . .

PRO GAMBLERS SAY THE ONLY WAY TO BET ON BASEBALL GAMES IS TO BET ON A TEAM THAT WON ITS PREVIOUS GAME. THAT WAY YOU HAVE TO RIDE A TEAM'S WIN STREAK—AND THE MOST YOU CAN LOSE IS ONE GAME . . .

UP AT THE FRONT

BIG BLACK MARKET FOR GI BABIES DEVELOPING IN THAILAND. THEY'RE SELLING FOR \$75 TO \$500. BABIES, OFFSPRING OF THAI WOMEN AND AMERICAN GIs STATIONED IN THAILAND, ARE HUSTLED TO WEALTHY CHILDLESS COUPLES AND FOREIGNERS. MANY YANKS HIRE THAI WIVES FOR THE DURATION AT \$100 A MONTH. NOW YANKS ARE BEING RETURNED TO U.S. AND THAI WIVES WHO HAVE NO WAY OF SUPPORTING THE BABIES, ARE PUTTING THEM UP FOR SALE. BABY GIRLS, IF THEY LOOK WESTERN, COMMAND TOP PRICES . . .

If Viet war doesn't end soon, look for new two-man rifle to be introduced to combat. Equipped with mirror-eye view of gunsight, weapon allows second man to zero in on target. Gun's not fired until both men agree shot is on target . . .

NEW BREAKTHROUGH: GIs WILL NOW BE ALLOWED TO BRING GIRL FRIENDS INSIDE CAMP GROUNDS OF 7th PANZER GRENADIER DIV. OF U.S. ARMY, NOW STATIONED IN BONN, WEST GERMANY. DIVISION SPOKESMAN SAID THIS WAS EFFORT "TO IMPROVE THE ARMY'S IMAGE." . . .

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

WHALE SLAUGHTER

200 tons. There were more than half a million in the oceans a century ago; now there are no more than a few hundred.

The finback whale's ranks have thinned from 400,000 a decade ago to 100,000 today; the sperm whale has slipped from 600,000 to about 250,000. The smallest whale of all, the tiny (60 feet, 75 tons) sei, has dropped from 150,000 to 75,000.

The gray whale, once almost extinct, has gained in recent years; his ranks now number about 10,000. But the famous humpback whale, which once existed in tens of thousands, now has been reduced to just a few thousand, and the splendid bowhead numbers only a few hundred.

The biggest villains among the whalers are the Russians and the Japanese, who, between them, share 85 percent of the annual catch. Recently the Japanese have begun to see the light. Scientists in Japan have formed the Committee for the Protection of Whales and are urging their government to curb the Japanese whalers. But the Russians are as hard-nosed and selfish as ever. They won't even permit inspectors from the International Whaling Commission—which attempts to enforce a quota among the whalers—to board their ships!

The United States is doing what it can. It has placed whales on its official "endangered species" list and has forbidden the import of any products made from the animals' bodies. But while this action reduced the market for whale products by about 20 percent, the other large users—England, France, Russia and Japan—remain indifferent.

Unless these countries take official action—and fast!—the whale's days are definitely numbered. ● ● ●

CHEAP USED CARS

four-door sedans—look for holes or dents on the roof, where taxi lights usually are. Many times the original taxi insignia will show through any cover-up paint job the dealer might give it. And when you take it for a test drive, pay attention to the "feel" of the ride. A car that was once a cab will give you a bumpy ride, and the transmission and rear end will be noisy as hell. If you have any suspicion that the car was once a taxi, walk away from it.

While on the subject of test drives, our

used-car expert expressed astonishment at the number of people who buy vehicles without actually taking it out for a trial run. On this point he declared: "If the dealer refuses to let you take the car out for a spin, he's afraid of something. You should be, too—of him!"

But assuming he lets you take it out on the road, that's no sure-fire guarantee that the car is the sweet-running machine he's told you it is. Spot check the car's running ability in the following way:

First, let the car warm up. When you pull out of the lot, the transmission or clutch should not give you the slightest hint of slipping. During your first few minutes of driving, go slowly. If the dealer beside you urges you to go faster, he may be trying to hide some trouble in the engine. Later, when you do pick up speed, "feel" the ride. Does the steering wheel wobble in your hands? Do the front wheels play from side to side? Are there any grating noises coming from the motor? All these are signs that the car you're riding is due pretty soon for a major repair job—and a costly one.

Finally, step down hard on the brakes and come to a quick stop. The front wheels should brake smoothly. Get out of the car and inspect the skid marks. If they're too long, you're not only riding a lemon—you're riding a death trap.

If your car passes muster after all these tests, ask the dealer if you can rent it out for a week or two. If he consents, it means he's got complete confidence in the machine—and chances are you can have too.

As he got up to leave the interview, the salesman snapped his fingers as he suddenly remembered something. Then he chuckled and said, "One other thing: When a guy is seriously interested in buying, he should check the dealer out with the Better Business Bureau first. If the dealer is a con merchant, you can bet plenty of previous customers have complained about him. And if they have, avoid him like the plague!" ● ● ●

SEX DEVICES

partially impotent developed the ability to have full and lasting erections after a few sessions in which a woman applied a vibrator to the penis, the testicles and the surrounding bodily areas.

Another device which has proved helpful to impotent men is the artificial penis. The apparatus is a molded plastic or rubber reproduction of an erect penis, and is placed over the impotent man's penis before he attempts intercourse.

Sexologists have found that many men, after using this device, were able to get and maintain normal erections—again, without a device—for the first time in years. The sexologists reason that these men were impotent because they had anxiety about the

sex act and their ability to perform it. The artificial penis gave them the confidence they needed and, in the process, overcame their impotence.

Not all devices, however, rate the sexologists' seal of approval. Quite a few have been found to be totally useless or even harmful.

Among them:

The "French tickler." This is a rubber condom with a number of small studs on its tip and along its sides. In theory these studs are supposed to stimulate the female's vagina in a way that the normal penis cannot, and thus make the sex act exquisitely pleasurable.

It sounds good in theory, but it doesn't work in practice. As the Masters-Johnson team and other researchers have recently discovered, the vagina itself is almost totally insensitive to stimulation. The female's excitement—and, ultimately, her satisfaction—results from stimulation of the clitoris.

The coronal ring. This is a circular device which fits around the tip of the penis just below the head. It is made up of one or two rings of spherical rubber or plastic studs.

In theory it works just like the French tickler. And, like the French tickler, in practice it doesn't work at all.

The clitoral brush. This is a toothbrush-like device which protrudes from a ring placed around the base of the penis just before intercourse. It is built in such a way that it rubs against the clitoris during normal sexual movements.

Again, the theory is fine. But the practice leaves something to be desired. Women who have made love with men wearing the device report that it irritates rather than stimulates.

Even with sexologist-approved devices like the vibrator and the artificial penis success is not assured. In many cases just the thought of using a mechanical device of any sort is enough to turn a woman off. But, according to the sexologists, an increasing number of couples with sexual problems are being helped by one or another device. And in some cases couples report mechanical devices have saved their marriage. ● ● ●

ATOMIC ENERGY

with 1,000 megawatt reactors are presently on the drawing boards for Alabama, California, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—and by 1990 every nuclear plant in the United States will be at least 1,000 megawatts.

Even if there is no nuclear explosion, catastrophe could still result from a conventional explosion—of the sort that might be caused by saboteurs connected with one or another underground radical group—provided that the explosion was big enough to rupture the plant's radiation-containment dome.

"If that were to happen and weather conditions were right," says Dr. Gofman of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, "it could contaminate an area reaching from Richmond, Virginia, to New York City for the next 100 years."

What does the Atomic Energy Commission say about all this?

The AEC would say—indeed, has said—that the chances of an accident or sabotage were practically non-existent.

(Continued on page 46)

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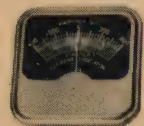
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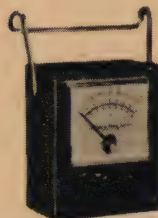
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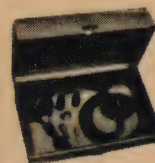
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But are they? Let's look at what happened at a nuclear energy plant at Rocky Flats, Colo., one which the Atomic Energy Commission says is its safest. Since 1953, the plant has had over 200 fires. And on Sunday, May 11, 1969, a fire destroyed enough plutonium at the Rocky Flats plant to build seven Nagasaki-type A-bombs. Right after the fire, scientists found that radioactivity within a five-mile radius of the plant had increased from five to 300 times more than was considered normal.

Accidents and sabotage aren't the only things people have to worry about when it comes to harnessing the peaceful uses of atom. Another legitimate concern is the way atomic waste is being disposed of. Most of these wastes are stored underground in storage tanks that are supposed to be leak proof. But are they? For eleven storage tanks at the Hanford works have already spilled "some liquids into the dry soil beneath the tanks." And those storage tanks are only 180 feet away from underground water. Hanford also dumps "diluted" wastes into the Columbia River, where animals living in the water, or drinking the water, have registered as high as 40,000 times—that's right, 40,000 times!—their normal radioactivity count.

We could go on and on, citing countless incidents to demonstrate the dangers in getting rid of such waste, but the National Academy of Sciences said it all: "None of the major cities at which radioactive wastes are being stored or disposed of is suited for safe disposal of any manner of radioactive wastes other than very low-level liquids."

Frightening, isn't it? But there's more.

Two top atomic scientists, Dr. John W. Gofman and Dr. Arthur R. Tamplin of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, California, believe that "atoms for peace" may eventually kill more Americans every year than the Hiroshima and Nagasaki A-bombs combined!

They also believe that if everyone in the United States receives the maximum dosage of radiation which AEC regulations now considers safe, the following will happen:

32,000 Americans will die each year from cancer, leukemia and other diseases which have been linked to radioactivity.

Another 150,000 to 1,500,000 future Americans—yet unborn—will die of genetic mutations caused by radiation absorbed by their parents.

An inestimable number of Americans, present and future, will suffer nonfatal—but serious—diseases related to radiation.

The answer is not to chuck "atoms for peace" out of the window. We need atomic energy to provide the power which our ever-growing civilization demands, and if we are to remain the richest and strongest nation in the world.

No, the answer is to make the Atomic Energy Commission more safety conscious—to insure that no matter where an atomic reactor is situated, or where atomic blasts take place, there is absolutely no danger to us or to our children. ● ● ●

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WOMEN WHO GO ON SEX BINGES

(Continued from page 23)

When they woke an hour later Holly wanted to take a shower—with Fred. There they had sex standing up under the hot spray of water. But Holly wasn't through. For after she served dinner, she had him make love to her a third time—this time on the living room floor.

The next morning they had sex again as soon as they awoke. When they finished, Holly disappeared into the bathroom and, after showering alone, returned to Fred wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around her wet hair like a turban. Fred was so excited by her nudity that he was ready to go at it again. But she teasingly made him wait until they finished breakfast—which she served and ate nude—before they performed one final act of lovemaking and left for work.

After three full days of extraordinary lovemaking, Holly's need for wild, non-stop sex began to taper off until she became the old Holly in many ways—desiring sexual intercourse only a few times a week and rarely achieving an orgasm. The only real difference was that now she would be a bit more vigorous in bed—vigorous and enthusiastic. Otherwise, she was the same old prude until, nine months after her sex binge, she went off on another one. By this time, Fred was totally confused. How could one girl be so low-keyed about sex most of the year, and turn into a virtual nymphomaniac for a few days?

He shouldn't have been amazed, though. As an increasing number of psychiatrists and psychologists are finding out, sex binges are anything but rare and puzzling. A large and ever-growing number of American women are going off on them. It is the lucky man who is around when the sex-binge moods hits a woman, and if he learns to understand and recognize the tell-tale signs of when a girl is ready—signs which will be pointed out later in this article—he is in for some of the wildest lovemaking he's ever known.

BINGES may last anywhere from a few hours to a few days. They may involve the woman's regular lover—be her husband or boyfriend—or they may involve one or more total strangers.

In any case, the women who go on these binges are not nymphomaniacs. They are normal American housewives and single girls who suddenly feel the need for far more passionate and intense sexual experiences than they usually get.

To date no formal research study of sex binges has been undertaken. However, by comparing notes with other psychologists and psychiatrists, by examining case histories, and by interviewing women who report having gone on one or more sex binges it is possible to piece together a fairly accurate picture of the overall situation.

Several interesting facts and trends immediately emerge:

1. The age at which a woman goes on her first sex binge may be anywhere from the late teens to the mid-forties, or even older. And once a woman has gone on one, chances are good that she'll continue to do so for the rest of her life.

2. Most women would be satisfied to go on

a binge with the man presently in their lives—husband or boyfriend. But because they fear their man's reaction—that he'll think she's "gone bad"—they turn to secret affairs with other men.

3. Almost anything can set a woman off on a binge. The thing that triggers her might be a cake that didn't turn out right, a quarrel with a salesclerk, or a problem with the family car. One of the most frequently reported "triggers" is the weather: Women go on sex binges almost twice as often during the summer as in any other season, and the first day of the binge usually is a rainy day!

4. Sex binges are not limited to American women, but they are far more common in the United States and in other highly-industrialized societies where the day-in-and-day-out pressures women in general face are much greater than in all other kinds of societies. Projections, based on the informal data presently available, indicate that as many as 20 to 25 per cent of all American women between the ages of 18 and 40 now go on at least one sex binge every couple of years. And the percentage is expected to increase in the years ahead as women assume more and more responsibilities and, thus, become subject to even greater pressures from which they'll need some form of release. A sex binge provides that release.

The basic reason of all sex binges is, as has been pointed out, the need for far more passionate and intense sexual experience than the woman usually gets. My studies indicate that there are several distinct types of binges, each with its own peculiar underlying psychological cause. If we understand these causes we should be able to predict approximately when a woman will go on her next binge.

One of the most common causes, strangely enough, is sexual guilt. The case of Laura is a good example of how it works.

Laura is a tall, attractive, single girl who is 25 years old and works in the credit department of a large department store in Arlington, Virginia. She had a strict religious upbringing, particularly in the matter of sex.

But Laura, could not practice what her church preached. She would try to suppress her sexual desires, and she would succeed for a time. But then her impulses would get the better of her.

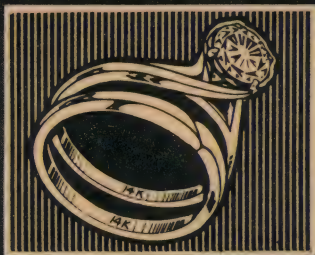
"The first time it happened," she relates, "was when I was 19. I'd been going with this boy for over a year and I'd always refused him. But one night I had a few drinks too many and he got me very excited. We made love and I lost my virginity. I felt terrible about it afterward. I felt so horrible about it that I didn't go out with another man for four whole months."

She held herself in check for four months, and her appetite for sex continued to grow. When finally she let herself go, it was like an alcoholic going "off the wagon"—one drink wouldn't suffice.

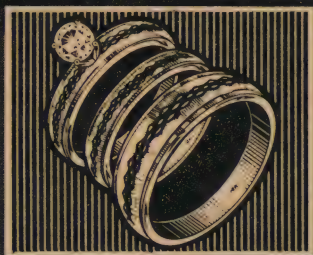
"I was like a crazy woman," she reports. "For about a week I went out with a different man each night—all strangers, people I had never seen before. I let them pick me up in bars and I made love to every one of them, always on the first night. Sometimes I did it two or three times in a night, then went right

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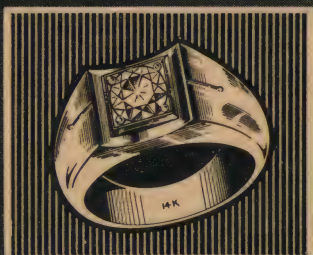
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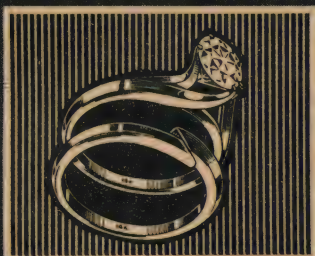
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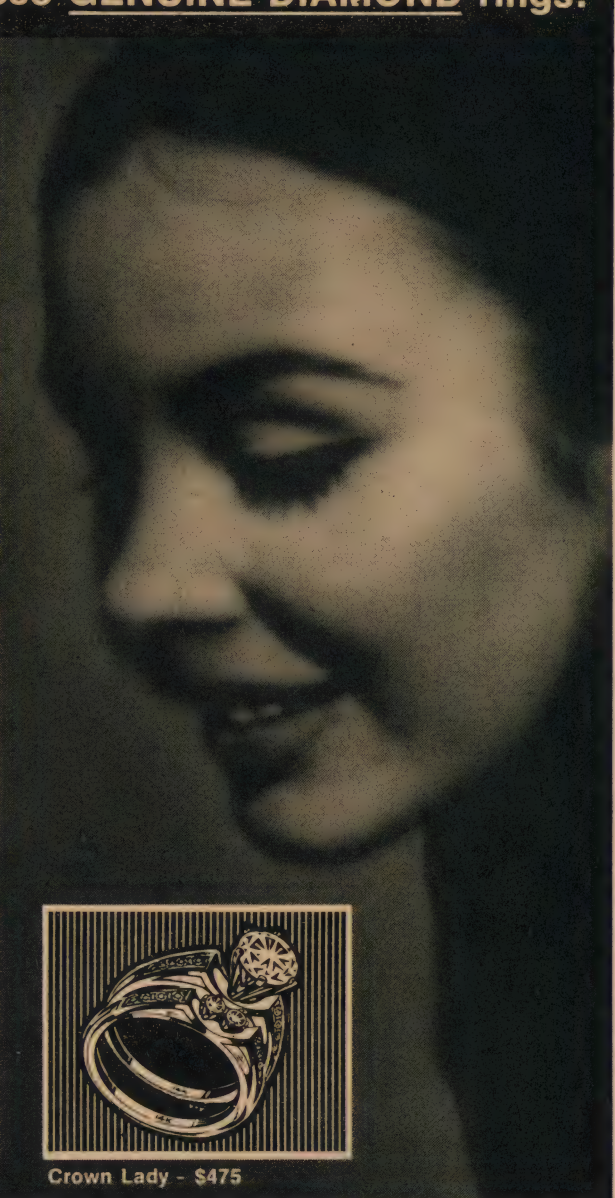
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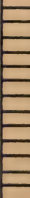
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back out the next night and did it again."

Eventually her guilt got the better of her and she went, sexually speaking, "on the wagon" again. Fearing that even a good-night kiss would be the first step on the road to intercourse, she refused all offers for dates. This lasted for another few months, then her sexual desire overcame her guilt and she had another round of hasty first-night affairs. These were followed by another period of abstinence, which in turn was followed by another round of hasty, first-night affairs, almost five years, after which Laura sought professional help because she feared that she was a nymphomaniac.

She was not, of course, in any way nymphomaniacal. Her problem was that her moral philosophy toward sex had put her on a hopeless treadmill of frustration.

By refusing to date men because she feared her control would weaken, she deprived herself of any chance of meeting one man, getting married and thereby becoming involved in a relationship which would permit her sexual gratification under circumstances which she found morally permissible. At the same time, long abstinence increased her desire for sex. This increased desire hastened the onset of the next binge. And the binge made her feel guilty, which strengthened her resolve not to date any more men.

Fortunately for Laura, psychotherapy broke this self-defeating pattern of behavior. Soon after psychotherapy began, she started going out on normal dates. Several months later she met a young man whom she especially liked. They began having sexual relations, and now are engaged to be married. Hopefully, in their marriage, Laura will find sexual gratification which is consistent with her moral code.

However, it would be falsely optimistic to expect that she will overcome completely the feelings of sexual guilt which have been instilled in her over a lifetime. Chances are good that guilt feeling will prevent her from giving herself fully to sexual congress with her husband, and that as years pass their relationship will become less satisfying from each person's point of view. If this happens, her sex binges most probably will resume.

HAPPILY, the underlying causes of most

women's sex binges are not nearly so complex—or hard to deal with. With a great many women, the root factor is simply the everyday pressures of life.

"It happens with me about once every five or six months," says Josephine C., a 35-year-old mother of three who also works full-time as a forelady in a dress factory. "The pressures of my job, and of having three growing kids, start pushing in on me, and I know there's only one way to get it out of my system. 'Let's leave the kids at my mother's, Tony,' I tell my husband, 'and let's take a little vacation.'"

Tony and Josephine usually spend a weekend in a nearby town. If their financial situation at the time won't permit this, they simply stay at home. They don't do anything sexually that they don't normally do—only they do a lot more of it.

"It's amazing," Josephine points out, "how much a few days of good, satisfying sex can relax you and put you back in the mood to work. After Tony and I take our little vacations, I feel like a new woman."

Sex binges like those which Josephine goes on are, of course, extremely healthy. Psychologists have long known that sex is the greatest tranquilizer there is.

When job pressures or other pressures build, the best way to get on top of them is to totally relax. And the best way to totally relax is through sex.

But women generally do not have the same opportunities for casual sex that men have. While it is undeniable that any decent-looking woman in modern-day America can find a sex partner just about whenever she wants one, the fact remains that most contemporary American women simply are not psychologically equipped for casual sex, regardless of how they talk. Unlike men, they are conditioned from childhood to think of sex first and foremost in romantic or moral terms. Thus they suppress sexual desire in situations where men would have no hesitation about seeking sexual release. And sexual desire, like steam in a boiler, continues to gain pressure as it is held in.

The ultimate result is that, while a man gains sexual release at regular intervals, a woman—or, at least, most present-day American women—deprive themselves of that release until the pressures for it becomes too great to bear. Then they go on sex

binges.

Often, as has been noted, the man with whom the woman goes on her sex binge is her own husband or boyfriend. However, it doesn't always happen this way. A case in point is that of Jean.

All the guys who hung out at The Carousel had eyes for Jean, the sexy brunette cocktail waitress. But they had learned from experience that she wasn't to be had. When any of them asked her out she always replied politely—but quite firmly—that she was happily married, the mother of two young children, and that she didn't believe in playing around.

She didn't play around either—not for six and a half years of marriage. Then, one night, Ralph Sorrentino came into town. He was a new bus driver on the Chicago run and had twelve hours to kill before his return trip.

He asked her to come to his hotel room after work for a drink. When she declined the invitation, he invited her to spend a day or two with him in Chicago sometime.

"I said his invitation sounded interesting and that I just might," Jean recalls. "So I took his address and phone number."

Two weeks after she met him Jean told her husband that she wanted to go to Chicago for a weekend to do some shopping. Ralph met her at the bus depot, they went to his apartment and made love. They made love three times that night and once the next afternoon. Then Ralph left on another trip—but not before he introduced Jean to Pat, another driver.

Jean had an affair with Pat also before she finally returned home to her unsuspecting husband—and to the guys at the Carousel, who remained convinced that, sexy though she was, she could not be had.

"As I look back on it," Jean reflects, "I realize that Ralph was just somebody who happened to be there at the right time. It wasn't that I especially liked him or anything. Of course, if he wasn't nice, I wouldn't have met him. But it wasn't because he was nice that I met him. I was really ripe for a binge, and just about any man would have been okay."

Why was she ripe for a binge?

For one thing, she had been on a treadmill. She was working nights in the cocktail lounge, and during the day she was a housewife—taking care of the kids and her husband. In addition, after six and a half years of marriage, her husband's lovemaking had become too mechanical, too routine. She wanted—in fact, she *needed*—to find some unusual release from the everyday routine. The tension built up to a point where she was ready to explode—only her explosion was a sex binge.

"I knew about three months before it happened that I was ready," she recalls. "I had no idea of how it would happen, or who the guy would be. But I knew as sure as I'm alive that it was going to happen, and soon. If it didn't happen with Ralph, it would have happened with someone else."

After her weekend in Chicago with Ralph, Jean dated him several more times. Then they stopped seeing each other and she resumed a life of marital fidelity. But it lasted less than a year.

"I knew I was due for another affair and there was no way around it," she says. "I hadn't met anyone recently in town whom I thought I could see without having to worry that word would get around, so I went to Chicago again for a weekend of shopping—or so I said."

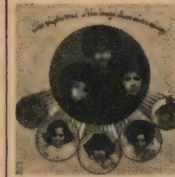
In Chicago she had affairs with two men, each of whom she picked up in a bar. Then she returned home with her appetites well under control. Her husband never suspected that anything was amiss, nor did any of the townspeople. Nor were they aware of any of the subsequent sex binges that she went on—and continues to go on even now.

Still it is important to note that Jean did



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not consider taking up the numerous offers from the men who frequented the bar where she worked. She did not want to become an object of town gossip.

Most small-town women, like Jean, are careful not to play around in their own communities. Those who live near larger cities generally arrange to spend a weekend or longer in that city. They then have sex with men whom they pick up in bars or on the street, or to whom they are introduced by girl friends.

A surprisingly large number of women report that they have at least one girl friend with whom they share their sexual secrets. Often both women are involved in sex binges at approximately the same time, and each helps the other carry out her "underground" affair.

In other cases, a small-town woman will have a special lover—not her boyfriend or husband—whom she dates specifically for the purpose of getting outside sexual kicks. Often with a married woman this lover will be someone she knows from her neighborhood—perhaps a milkman or television repairman—who can enter her home without arousing suspicion. With a single woman it can be almost any man.

WHY would a single woman need an "outside" lover? Why not just scrap her regular boyfriend and become involved with the other man?

The fact is that many single women are planning—or hoping—to marry men who can provide them with certain comforts and a certain life-style. Unfortunately, these men are not always capable of providing the love-style which their future brides require. So the future bride is unfaithful even before the marriage.

"I don't feel guilty about it," says Fran, who readily admits that she is unfaithful to her fiancée, Paul. "I'm sure that he'd be getting something on the side if I wasn't giving him the satisfaction he wanted. Why shouldn't it work the same way for me?"

The history of Fran's infidelities with Paul is typical of the sex binges I have studied.

"I wasn't a virgin when I met him," she recalls, "but there had been only one other man in my life and I'd only made love to him a few times. Paul was my first real love. He taught me everything I know about sex. Before him, I never enjoyed it.

"But then, after we'd been seeing each other for nearly a year, our sex life seemed to lose its spark. I can't say that there was something specific that he was doing that turned me off. He still treated me the way he always did, and I never got the feeling that he didn't love me or anything like that. But I wasn't fully satisfied with him, and I had to admit it: something was missing."

Fran did not rush immediately into another affair. But, a month or so later, the opportunity arose for a discreet indiscretion—and she took advantage of it.

She had been selected to be the maid of honor at a friend's wedding. The wedding was to be held in a nearby town, and Paul was not going to be there.

Fran went to the town the day before the wedding to participate in the traditional rehearsal. Arrangements had been made for her to spend the night at the bride's parents' home. One of the men in the wedding party was a houseguest there also.

"It was a hot June night," Fran now recalls, "and I was feeling really sexy—hot weather always makes me that way. After dinner this male guest asked me if I'd like to go for a ride to cool off, and I said yes. We drove around for a while in his convertible, then he stopped alongside a small lake and we got out and sat on the shore.

"He had a six-pack of beer with him and we drank a can or two. Then he suggested that we go swimming. I reminded him that we didn't have our bathing suits with us, and he said, 'Well, let's go skinny-dipping. I'm sure no one will see us.'

"I was hesitant, but I finally did it—maybe it was the beer that made me braver than usual. Anyway, we swam for a while, then we sat on the shore to dry off. He reached for me to kiss me and it all felt very natural to me. I just returned his kiss and the next thing I knew we were making love."

Fran did not see the young man again after the wedding. But having had sex with him created a desire for sexual variety.

"I just felt that one man wasn't enough," she says candidly. "I loved Paul, and I still do. I wanted to marry him, and I still plan to. But even though I enjoy sex with him more than with anyone else, it isn't enough. Every so often I need someone else on the side. I guess it will always be that way."

Not many women have—or acknowledge—quite the appetite for variety that Fran has. But a great many take

"outside" lovers for reasons other than variety. One of the principal reasons is a fear that a husband or boyfriend is not sufficiently sexually liberated to accept uninhibited behavior on the part of the woman.

Let Betty, a young housewife from Kansas City, tell her story:

"I never was exactly a run-around, but John wasn't the first man in my life, either. Well, one of the first times that we made love, I touched him in a certain way from behind. He was shocked and wanted to know where I had learned about that and how many lovers I had had before him and a lot of other intimate things. Naturally I played all my past experiences down and told him that I had just done what I did because I thought he'd like it. But from then on I never did anything with him except normal, straight, him-on-top, me-on-bottom sex.

"I've heard him say several times lately that he thinks I'm frigid. That isn't true. But I've always held back after that first time because I was afraid he'd lose respect for me."

Betty holds back with John, but lets herself go with other men whom she meets either at work or in social situations. The fact that she lives in a large city makes it easy for her to carry on her relations with them while at the same time making her husband believe that she is faithful.

"I'd like to let loose with him," she says, "but I don't dare. So I hold it in, and, when it builds to a certain point, there's nothing to do but let it out."

Betty has "let it out" thus far in eight binges during the four and one half years of her marriage. Three of these were one-night affairs with men she met casually. Others were weekends or long-running affairs with men she has known for a while.

IN summary, it can be seen that, while sex binges may result from a number of causes, they invariably signify one thing: the need for far more passionate and intense sexual experience than the woman is presently getting. If a man is alert to certain signs and signals, he often can predict approximately when a woman will go on her next binge.

Does she seem unusually restless and fidgety? Does she appear to be—or, more tellingly, actually complain about being—bored?

Does she complain that her husband or boyfriend—or men in general—tend to take her for granted? Or underestimate her intelligence?

Does she give any indication of being unable to keep her mind on one subject for a substantial length of time? For instance, does her attention drift while she is reading a book or watching a movie or participating in a conversation?

Does she seem more interested than usual in talking about sex—or in reading erotic books, seeing erotic movies, et cetera? Or—the reverse—does she seem less interested than usual in talking about sex, in reading erotic books, seeing erotic movies, et cetera?

While none of the above, of itself, is definite proof that a woman is going to go on a sex binge, all of the above are fairly reliable indicators of sexual frustration. Combined with what the observer may know about the woman's own personality and general mannerisms, they often can serve as a signal that a sex binge is forthcoming.

Sex binges, of course, are psychologically harmless—assuming that they do not involve compulsive, uncontrolled behavior—and can be psychologically quite healthy. The wise male will be the one who learns how to read his woman's sexual mood and the sexual moods of other women around him, and to take advantage of the periods when she hits peaks of passion and desire. ●●●



"No, I didn't turn the chair off, I thought you turned it off!"

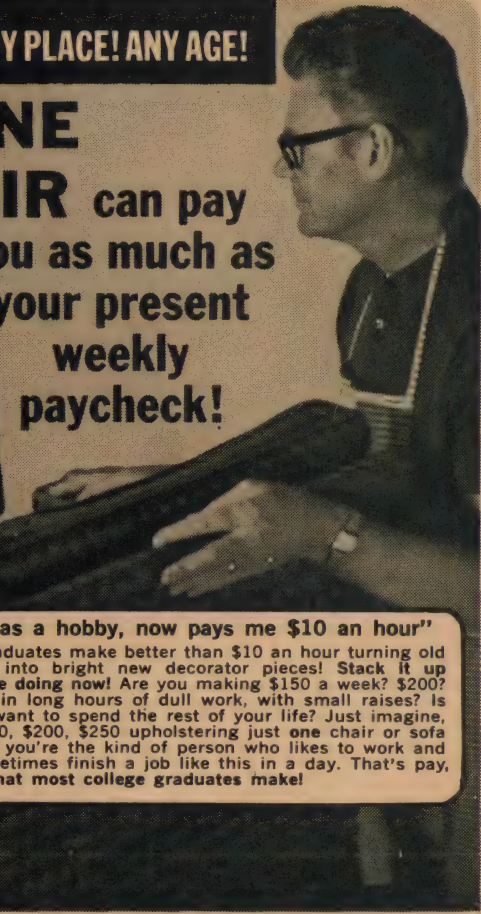
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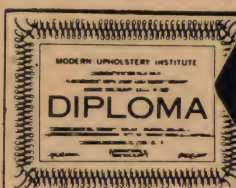
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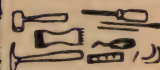
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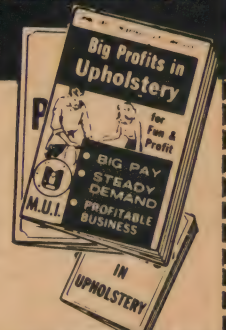
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Inside Tips For Smart Buyers

CONSUMER CONFIDENTIAL

KILLER DARTS—When a kid's toy can take out an eye or cause a penetrating wound to the brain, it's time we did something about regulating the industry. That's what some top consumer groups are urging after hearing actual medical cases that resulted from several dart games on the market. These lethal playthings consist of steel-tipped, half-pound, foot-long darts, with fins or wings at the tail to make them fly on line. Idea of these darts is to throw them into the air, letting them dive-bomb down into the ground. Trouble is, too many of them are finding children's eyes, heads, other parts of the body as targets. Pressure groups are after the Federal Government to crack down with tighter enforcement of the Toy Safety Act.

FTC SINKS ITS TEETH IN—There's one toothbrush manufacturer that's recently felt the wrath of Federal Trade Commission watchdogs. The FTC has demanded the company stop pushing a particular brush it makes because it is treated with mercury—an element that is dangerous to your health. Not only that, but the FTC is also insisting the company stop advertising its product as a germ fighter, since the brush does not kill germs that cause mouth infections.

DON'T CHOKER ON YOUR CORVAIR—If you own a Corvair, this is the warning government safety experts have issued: You may be breathing in hazardous carbon monoxide fumes drawn in through the car's heating system. Immediate signs are unpleasant fumes inside your car, eye irritation. Possible deadly effects: drowsiness at the wheel, even unconsciousness. A bulletin from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration admits the problem exists in some Corvairs and constitutes a po-

tential health and safety peril. What can you do about it now? If you notice fumes when your heater is on, make sure you drive with a window of the car open enough to allow fresh air to circulate. Note: GM no longer makes the Corvair—this applies to cars manufactured between 1961 and 1969 model years.

UNSAFE SCHOOL BUSES STAY AS IS—Despite terrible injuries suffered by children in school bus crashes—injuries caused because of faulty design in the vehicles themselves—the Federal Government is not going to force any remodeling. All the National Highway Safety Bureau will commit itself to is setting up new standards for driver education and maintenance on the buses. Reason given for not forcing interior designs to be reshaped along injury-free lines is rising taxpayer revolt against any more upping of their share of the bills.

THE ASPIRIN BUNKO GAME—Take it from a group of investigators: the only real difference between competing brands of aspirin is price. "The public deserves to be fully informed that one brand of aspirin is no better than another, despite the fact that one may be priced at double the price of its competitor," insisted Rep. Fred B. Rooney of Pennsylvania in a letter asking the FTC chairman to take action. What the investigating group really wants is a mandatory rule that manufacturers label their products to the effect that chemically they are no different than any others.

SCIENTISTS BLAST DETERGENTS—According to a group of top scientists, about 80% of all wash-day detergents contain enzymes that are so harmful to consumers' health that they should be pulled off grocery shelves. Not only are consumers endangered by the enzymes in these products, but factory workers who package the stuff also break out in toxic skin rashes, other allergic reactions, and respiratory ailments.

RALPH NADER IN THE KITCHEN—With mercury contamination on the nation's front pages—especially in the controversy over whether or not tuna fish is safe enough to be eaten—Ralph Nader, the consumers' all-out crusader, is planning to open his own test kitchens. Idea is to check out a variety of products for their metallic content—not just mercury, but other dangerous contaminants. What the Food and Drug Administration and the Department of Agriculture are worrying about is that if Nader comes up with damaging evidence he might start negligence actions against both federal agencies.



Nader's raiders in your kitchen?

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EXCITING
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2 piece
set
crotchless
pantie

PLUNGE BEAUTY

Plungest plunge in dreamland! Bedtime Baby Doll...almost TOTALLY FRONT-LESS...Lavish Lace ruffles the neck and bottom. Baby-brief Bikini crotchless pants have wide front ruffles. In Black or Hot Pink, both with Black Lace trim. Sizes: Small (32); Medium (34); Large (36). #Z3-4828

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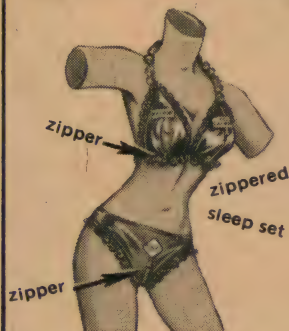


3 piece
set
sheer
lace

LESS-ON

Next best thing to sleeping nude! Sleep bra and brief bikinis are mere wisps of nylon and lace. Sheer see-through nylon jacket is more of a come-on than cover-up! Hers for fun and games. In Black or Orange. Misses sizes: Small (32); Medium (32-34); Large (38). #Z3-4234

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zipper
zippered
sleep set
zipper

TRAFFIC JAM

No fair fanning the Stop light! Zippers on see-through-sheer bra cups say "Keep Off" and "No Parking." Zipper-crocheted panties cry "STOP!" All nylon, in Black lace straps and trim. Red with Black. One size fits all. #Z3-4322

\$8



panty
set

CUT-OUT CAPER

Here's a baby doll set that's openly irresistible! Bits of her peek through the cut-out design. The rest is sheer nylon and completely see-through. In Black, Red or Hot Pink, with Black lace trim. One size fits all. #Z3-4148

\$9

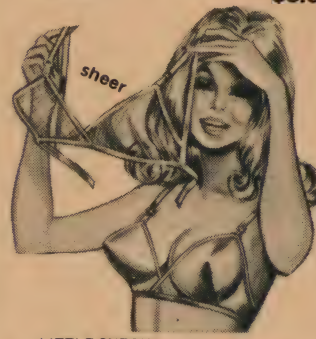


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TIFFANY

She'll display each bust like a treasured gem! Sheer nylon lightly underwired cups divide and mold her deftly and surely. The bust it builds up is much more bra-beautiful than bra-less. Choose her in Black or Nude. Sizes: 32-34-36-38; No cup sizes needed. #Z4-5063

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sheer

LITTLE SNEAKY

Invisible to the naked eye! Unseen support in nylon nude gives her the hold-up she wants, in the barest possible way! Shapes her with complete deception for the new-est see-through fashions. Marvelously skintoned and Black. Sizes: 32-36 A, B and C cups. #Z4-5020

2 for \$5.99



A



B

C

MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE

A CAMELOT
In your fondest dreams, she'll look like this! Top is sheer, see-through and scoop-necked, with flowing lace-edged sleeves. Double nylon skirt falls from elasticized Empire waistline. Deeply lace-hemmed in Light Green or Sun-Yellow. Sizes: Small (8 to 10); Medium (12 to 14); Large (16). #Z3-4067

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B CULOTTE
Way out-but really "in" is this solid color nylon tricot culotte. Elasticized Empire waistline assures clinging fit. Kabuki sleeves, wide legs. Green, Pink or Lilac. Sizes: Petite (6 to 8); Small (10); Medium (12 to 14); Large (16). #Z3-4061

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C ANGEL PIE
Pure heaven for ravishing relaxing! Acetate jersey culottes are all-over floral printed, rise high under the bustline for elasticized Empire elegance. Angel-wing sleeves, a super-scoop neckline. In multi-color print as shown or similar. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. #Z3-4113

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MIGHTY MITE

This brief, brief pantie has no crotch at all! Nothing but lovely-lovely lace! High-cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist...lace and more lace trim, wouldn't you know it's a copy of a Continental import! Nylon White, Black, Red or Lilac. Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. #Z3-4475

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SEX POSITIONS WE LIKE BEST

(Continued from page 41)

manager, and a narrow-viewed, physically overpowering man. She studied merchandising at college until their first child was born six years ago. She had hoped to become a department-store buyer. There is another child age four.

LESLIE PIKE: Age 24. Graduate student at college, working on a master's degree in art history. Leslie's family is not wealthy, but is well connected; the roots grope back to the times of early Connecticut colonists. Leslie is not a beauty; she herself admits this. However, she is tall and angular, and has the bearing of girls who sail boats and ride horses. In other words, she possesses elegance and dignity. Leslie is the least of the four girls one might suspect of deep sexuality. Yet although she is no nymphomaniac in any sense of the word, she is voracious.

CONCEPCION BONITO: Age 23. Waitress and student. She possesses the best of the genetic inheritances of each of her Spanish and Indian ancestries: Black hair; black eyes; skin that is perpetually tanned, even in winter. She is "riches enough for any man," as the conquistador Cortez is supposed to have said of the Aztec women he saw in Mexico. And she is as explosive as Sandra Whiting is mild. Concepcion fled her religious, superstitious and impoverished family to come to New York to educate herself and make the kind of life she could never know at home in the state of Durango, Mexico. She has been "liberated" only six months. In her terms, this means that she finally permits herself to have intercourse with various men without fear. But this does not mean she was untouched until six months ago. No. In fact, when she told her age at the time of her first sexual experience, the urbane Leslie literally fell from her chair.

GLORIA McGAR: Age 23. An advertising-agency secretary who left the San Francisco job famine to find work in New York. This is a red-haired girl possessing green eyes. The word "swinger" could have been coined for Gloria McGar. She dropped the first clue of her love for unbridled living early in the taping session. Introducing herself, she said, "My friends sometimes call me "Horny." When Sandra asked, her. Gloria replied: Because sometimes I'm so horny I'll ball a guy a half hour after we've met."

All four women met with me at my office and I tape recorded what they said, editing only to meet the space requirements of *MEN Magazine*. The round-table discussion follows.

BBLACKROCK: I'd like to begin this by reading something aloud from a fine book, *Complete Sexual Fulfillment*: "Most of the Western world accepts without question in the fact that in sexual relationships the husband should be on top of his wife. This position is supposed to allow the husband to control his wife's movements by the weight and mass of his own body, and to give him a psychological advantage by putting him in a dominant position. There are many reasons why this position is not advantageous, especially for the couple not yet sexually accustomed to each other. But tradition would have it that, in our society at least any other position for the sexual act is a deviation from the norm . . . It is impossible to refute this tradition strongly enough."

GLORIA: So what else is new?

BLACKROCK: I think it would be a good

idea to restrain all comments, including facetious ones, until I finish. Another fine writer, a Dr. Caprio, feels there are five positions which form the bases of all others. (1) The husband-above position. (2) The wife-above position. (3) The sitting position. (4) The side position. (5) The position from behind. For the sake of discussion, I think we should accept this number. Now, does anyone have an immediate reaction they'd like to tell us about? Who'd like to speak first? I think Gloria might.

GLORIA: I'm not Women's Lib or anything like that, but I don't think variety in sex, especially in positions, is too much to ask. However, the men aren't giving it to us, and they're not going to. I mean, it's a fact of life. We dig that fact. So I hate to say it now that I've come here, but what's there really to talk about?

LESLIE: Not so fast. We're all here to talk, so let's try.

(The conversation now turned to a direct discussion of positions.)

SANDRA: Let's do something positive, like draw up a list of positions we like best, and tell why.

CONCEPCION: Your husband, Sandra? How does he make love to you? Only missionary style, I suppose.

SANDRA: Missionary style? What's that?

CONCEPCION: You know. *Cara a cara*. Face to face. Same old thing. Man top, woman bottom.

SANDRA: Yes, that's the only way he makes love to me. Or was until recently.

GLORIA: (Hooting in laughter.) I guess that's known as looking up to face your maker.

LESLIE: (To Sandra.) Have you ever given him some idea you'd like to try other things? Broaden the field, so to speak . . .

SANDRA: Yes, I have. In fact I brought it up about a month ago, for the first time, although it'd been bothering me for a couple of years. I said to Bill, "We've been married eight years . . ." (Here Sandra made the remarks quoted at the very beginning of this article, closing with "he slugged me.")

GLORIA: Slugged you? Wow. Too much.

CONCEPCION: Where I come from, men slug women every day.

LESLIE: But has anything changed since he hit you?

SANDRA: (Reddening.) Well, you know . . . Yes. We finally tried it with him entering me from the rear.

LESLIE: How did you persuade him? He had his mind pretty well made up.

SANDRA: He persuaded himself.

LESLIE: How? Getting this out of you is like pulling a horse's teeth. How did he persuade himself?

SANDRA: He asked Marsha's husband about it, and he said it was worth a try. That it was exciting.

GLORIA: Who's Marsha?

SANDRA: Marsha's the woman who told me she and her husband try different positions every once in a while.

GLORIA: Was it dynamite? I mean, it must have been dynamite because it was the first new position you had tried in eight years.

SANDRA: (Her face reddened again, but she did not speak.)

CONCEPCION: (Teasing.) Ahh-hah. Shame, shame, Sandra. You're holding back.

ALL: Yes . . . Come on . . . No holding back . . .

SANDRA: (Reddening even more.) Well,

yeah. It was kind of dynamite.

BLACKROCK: Dynamite isn't really a good descriptive adjective. Can you be specific?

SANDRA: Okay. Here it is . . . We tried it with me on my elbows and knees on the bed, Bill right behind. At first, we were Laurel and Hardy at a sex lecture. You know—awkward! Was I bashful. And was Bill clumsy. He kept falling out. But right away it felt different than it ever had before.

GLORIA: You bet your sweet ass it did.

SANDRA: That's a dumb pun considering the position I'm talking about. And as far as I'm concerned, Gloria, I can do without anymore of your dumb puns.

GLORIA: (Impatiently.) Don't get so uptight.

CONCEPCION: (Sternly, quietly.) You are the uptight one. Where I come from a woman who has a mouth like yours gets stomped.

GLORIA: If I came from where you came from, honey, I wouldn't mind being stomped, since nobody has shoes.

BLACKROCK: That's enough, girls. Let's get back to Sandra.

SANDRA: Well, the position gave Bill a chance to touch me like he never did before. You know, it gave him a chance to touch me down south.

LESLIE: Will you be mad if I say clitoris for you? Just so we'll all know what you're really talking about.

SANDRA: (Sighing noisily.) No, I'm not mad, Leslie. I'm just not used to being so frank. Anyway, Bill had never been big on touching me. Not even in the foreplay part. I guess you'd say Bill is a little conservative. But in this new way it seemed as though his hands just naturally gravitated to my—my clitoris. And when he began touching me there, I began moving. Trying to get away, and trying to push close at the same time, if you know what I mean. There were almost too many thrills all at once. As for Bill, he was knocked out by my reaction. He said something like, "Hey hon, it's been so long since I seen you turned on like this, I hardly remember." And me turning on began to turn him on more. Finally, we both went completely wild—like animals.

LESLIE: What was the climax like? I hate to be so clinical but I think that's what we're all waiting for.

SANDRA: Well, you know . . . I almost hate to tell because it makes me seem so . . . so physical.

ALL: (Waiting in silence.)

SANDRA: I fainted!

GLORIA: Fainted? Boo-oom. That's dynamite all right.

BLACKROCK: That never happened before?

SANDRA: No. And let me tell you, it scared the hell out of both of us. It almost set Bill back eight years in his lovemaking right there. He thought I was having a heart seizure.

LESLIE: Did it set him back?

SANDRA: No. Not finally.

CONCEPCION: How come? A man like that? I would think . . .

SANDRA: (Smiling, reddening, but obviously pleased.) Because once I'd gotten a taste of that kind of sex, I wasn't about to let it go just because Bill was scared. I told him he had to be proud of himself, because only a really good lover can make a woman faint. I kept telling him fainting didn't mean heart attacks . . . I got him to do it again a little later. This time Bill began whooping and then he fainted . . . or almost fainted. He said it had something to do with the way that the underside of his penis had been stimulated. He never knew about that kind of excitement. But how could he? We'd neither of us ever really come that way before. And when we married, we were both virgins.

GLORIA: There's another version of that

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position that some account exec at the agency in 'Frisco showed me. He called it the "Wheelbarrow." Talk about fainting . . . Let me clue you in. I didn't faint, but I felt like I was coming for hours.

He bent me over the bed and propped my elbows on a pillow. Then he stood behind me and picked up my legs, like they were wheelbarrow handles, literally. Then he sort of wiggle-walked right into me. Can you picture this scene? Him holding my legs like a wheelbarrow? Well, let me clue you in. I've never gone over the top that strong before. Ned went to medical school before taking up advertising and he explained the anatomical nuts and bolts of the whole thing. I had to look up some of the words later but he said it was so intense because my vulva was upside down in relation to his organ in that position. That meant the nodule of my clitoris was in direct contact with his penis. He said, "Gloria, it is impossible not to achieve maximum clitoral stimulation in this wheelbarrow position."

BLACKROCK: Does anyone else have anything to say before we move on?

LESLIE: Would you believe it hanging from the ceiling from an old inner tube, just above the man's body?

CONCEPCION: How hanging?

LESLIE: As though it was a child's swing. Sitting in it.

GLORIA: You bounce all over the place.

LESLIE: Yes, but what dynamite!

BBLACKROCK: According to Kinsey in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, about 35 per cent of the women over 40 and 52 per cent of those under 40 say they like to reverse the so-called "normal" male-female roles and mount their husbands. The woman-superior position, this is sometimes called. According to Kinsey, "... some gynecologists . . . recommend that the female should be above in order to affect the anatomic relationships which are most likely to bring her to orgasm. Certainly our histories include instances of females who were unable to achieve orgasm in any other position." In addition, the Makovsky Study done by the Harvard people indicates that women who prefer this position unanimously resent their husbands when they refuse to share it . . . Does anyone have anything to say about this variation in position?

CONCEPCION: (Hesitantly.) I have something I think is of importance here. In Mexico, the part where my family lives, such a thing is unheard of. A woman on top. No 'Never.' It would mean to the man that he is weak.

LESLIE: You've never made love this way, then?

CONCEPCION: Oh yes. But only since I am in New York.

GLORIA: Oh, come off that, honey. You're telling us you were a virgin until you came here.

CONCEPCION: (Surprised.) No. Why would one tell such a lie as that? Since I am 10, I am not a virgin.

LESLIE: Ten? You really mean that? Ten?

CONCEPCION: Yes. I know now such a thing surprises everyone here, but where I come from, no. After 10, there are no more virgins hardly.

GLORIA: Ten is unbelievable.

CONCEPCION: It was my father's brother. And my father shot him for it.

ALL: (Long silence.)

CONCEPCION: What I want to say important is that not until I come here can I get used to the notion that it is all right to be with a man without feeling the terrible guilt . . . At home, even when a man forced you, you feel terrible guilt. But here it is different. For one thing, I have broken with tradition. I can do it with a man and feel clean. But this is the thing I mean: I can no

longer do it missionary style. It reminds me too much of all the men I knew back home in Mexico. Even when a man is good in this ordinary way, I still want some other way. I especially like the woman on top way. I do not sleep with a man twice if he will not allow me the woman on top way. Even the Spanish men up here do not understand this and smack me when I want it. But some of the *Anglos*, the *Anglos* understand. I know one now. An Irish man named O'Rourke: he is what you say "something else" . . . He understood me right away. I have not been with him often for O'Rourke has many women. But when I am with him, he places me on top of him right away, the minute we are in the bed. He tells me he knows that if he gives me this way first he can do anything he wants with me afterwards.

LESLIE: Just what we've all been talking about here.

BLACKROCK: In the February 1970 issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, a psychotherapist wrote something that really fits in here: "It is normal for a woman to enjoy intercourse astride her partner, but it is not, if it is the *only* way she can experience satisfaction. While some women may indeed have aggressive tendencies which they act out in coitus, others must always be the ones who mount because of timidity and fear of power and authority. They cannot take pleasure in intercourse in a position identified in their minds with their own submissiveness." Now, none of you really seem like that kind of woman, but Concepcion's attitude comes close.

LESLIE: I think I object to both that article and your statement. Even if it the only way a woman can enjoy sex, why should it be abnormal? Men like Sandra's husband have one way they like—on top. Men have had it for centuries and they're not considered abnormal.

GLORIA: I agree with Leslie on this. She's telling it where it's at. If a woman likes something too much she's a freak. Right? That's what the psychotherapist just quoted as saying. It's the same old thing women always have had dumped on them. Now, Concepcion's had this experience that's turned her off for ordinary face-to-face sex. Does that make her a freak? Hell, no. At least not in my book.

CONCEPCION: (Trying to say something about this, but unable to because her new-found ally is talking so fast.)

GLORIA: Let me finish, okay? Concepcion should hang onto this O'Rourke. He sounds

like he's got it and that's pretty rare. What I'm saying is, I like different positions. And there's no reason I should be denied them. I really like balling with both my man and me on our sides. For instance, when I'm on my side, I feel like that his thing is filling me up till I'm bursting.

SANDRA: It seems that anyway you look at it, trying different positions is worthwhile. From the man's point of view, it can conserve energy and turn his woman into a highly aroused animal which makes her better to love with. From the woman's point of view, the change of pace is exciting. Speaking from personal experience, now that Bill and I have broken the ice, I'm going to try to get him to try lots of different change-of-pace positions. Or at least to allow me to try them. I have a yearning, for example, to tuck a pillow under my backside—

LESLIE: That's not a position.

BLACKROCK: You're right, Leslie. But it's related to positions. And it can be utilized to make for far better sexual relations. For instance, I know for a fact that women often complain to their gynecologists that their men's penises are just too large and cause discomfort. Or, they voice an opposite worry, that they themselves are abnormally cavernous and cannot properly embrace a man's penis. These worries can be shot down. If a woman uses her body well, most physicians feel, there is no such thing as mismatched sexual organs. Unusual positioning can help frustrated people match nicely. And a properly placed pillow is an enormous aid in creating an unusual position.

LESLIE: I know just what you mean, Dr. Blackrock. You see, I, to put it bluntly, am big. Very big inside. But when a man cooperates with me, we have no problem. That is, we both achieve maximum pleasure. The position I require to minimize my bigness is the one in which I sit on a man's lap, facing him. This seems to line up both our bodies in a way that permits deepest penetration.

GLORIA: That's dynamite. You can rock back and forth like you're on a rocking chair.

LESLIE: More than that. I can sink way down on a man. Everything seems to touch bottom. And I can control my thighs more easily. I can squeeze them together like a vise and close up the extra space he can't fill. Would you believe that because I can do this, one man I know claims I saved him from homosexuality.

GLORIA: This we've got to hear.

LESLIE: It's simple. He's a little small; no magic six inches, only five-and-a-half maybe. Now that's not really small, but he thought it was. And the woman he was married to reinforced this belief by calling him "Peanut." When another woman made the same sort of cruel comment, he went to pieces. That is, he began to experience great difficulties when trying for an erection. He was thinking of going over to the fags because one told him fags wouldn't care whether he was big or little. Which is a lie . . . But anyway, my heart melted when I learned what was eating him because he was, basically—a really nice man. So I took him to bed and showed him that he hadn't really been short-rationed. I sat on his lap facing him, and just literally engulfed him with my thighs. I squeezed just a little tighter than usual, that's all, and I showed him. He fit just beautifully. And any man who fits me can't be too small, huh?



"Please, Mother, I already know how."

THE discussion rambled on following Leslie's anecdote for about another hour. To end it, each of the women was asked what she thought was the most important thing brought out in it. And Gloria summed it up best. "Position in life isn't everything," she said, using one of her irrepressible puns. "But in sex it sure helps." ●●●

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TRAPPED ON CROCODILE ISLAND

(Continued from page 25)

spirits up. But he did have a good point about the island not being so bad. They had spent all afternoon exploring it, after making it to shore in a dinghy, and had found several springs of fresh water, fruit trees and edible wildlife he and Langley could shoot.

"Well, at least we won't starve while our rescuers are looking for us," Weldon said. "Unless," he added, you shoot as badly as I do, Langley."

Langley laughed, then started for the dinghy. "Come on," he said, "let's get some supplies. We'll camp on the beach tonight and work out some plan tomorrow."

The dinghy was a few hundred yards up the beach, where the vegetation and trees curved sharply, running to land's end. All three were walking side by side when Weldon saw them: dark shapes crawling out from between the trees. At first, he thought the dark shapes were shadows of tree limbs swaying in the wind. Then he heard the grating rustle of claws scraping the sand and saw the rows of sharp teeth gleaming in the moonlight.

"Sam!" he cried. "What the hell are those?"

Sam Langley's thin, youthful face went slack with fear when he turned in the direction Weldon was pointing. "Oh, my God, it's one of them islands!"

"What do you mean?" Myra asked in confusion.

But before Sam could offer one word of explanation, Myra let out a scream of terror in recognition of what Sam meant by "one of them islands." For now, the crawling shadows materialized in the moonlight as a scabbling reptile horde.

"Crocodiles," Weldon shouted with horror. "Hundreds of them."

All three of them could now see the crawling horde spreading over the sand as more of the creatures appeared on the beach, blanketing it like a vast, oozing, black-green carpet of death, slowly moving towards them.

The rubber dinghy in which they had made it to shore still lay more than 100 yards up the beach. "Come on," Weldon shouted, motioning to Myra and Sam to follow him as he rushed frantically toward the dinghy. "We gotta get to the dinghy." But before they were half-way to it, dozens of the ugly beasts had cut them off.

As his terrified wife's screams rang in his ears, Weldon looked around for a land escape route. Spotting a high rock outcropping toward his left, he grabbed Myra by the hand and yelled, "That way. None of them are over there yet!"

As they raced across the sand, a new horde of crocodiles began appearing ahead of them. Weldon drew his revolver and kept running, tugging Myra after him. "Ed, stop!" she yelled shrilly. "Sam fell!" Myra pulled away from him. Weldon turned and saw that Langley had tripped and stumbled to his knees. He started to lurch erect and fell again. Myra darted back to help the young sailor just as a 15-foot-long croc slithered out of the pack and headed toward Langley as it hissed its attack cry. Langley squirmed on to his side, and fired his revolver into the croc's gaping, cotton-white mouth until the gun's hammer fell on an

empty cartridge. The dying croc flipped over.

"Ankle's twisted," Langley muttered in pain when the Weldons reached him. "Can't walk . . ."

Weldon hefted Langley, slung the man across his shoulders and staggered toward the rocks. Myra ran beside him. Behind them, dozens of crocs were ripping away at their dead comrade's upended belly.

Ed Weldon was close to exhaustion when they reached the crest of the rock spur, which was too steep and smooth for the massed, thrashing animals to climb. "My God, what have we stumbled upon?" Weldon asked. But none of them dared to answer the question, remembering those terrifying snapping jaws that now surrounded them.

They spent the night on the rocks, none of them able to get much sleep, least of all Weldon. "Fine vacation this turned out to be," he thought to himself over and over again. "Who would ever believe this could have happened when we started out three weeks ago?"

THE Weldon's vacation-adventure idea was born about a year after Ed was transferred by his Cleveland, Ohio-based company to Sydney, Australia, where he headed the firms sales department.

On weekends, Ed and Myra spent their time at what they loved most: sailing. They would rent a sailboat and go off for two days to enjoy the calm serenity of the Tasman Sea. But their weekends at sea was not enough to sate their thirst for adventure.

"What we should do," Ed said one day to his wife, "is go off for a month and really explore. Have us a 'real adventure vacation.'"

Myra agreed, and in late July of 1970, they travelled to Darwin, on Australia's Northwest coast. Their plan was to leisurely explore some of the hundreds of islands in the Timor Sea which lay between the sub-continent and Indonesia.

They rented a small, cheap and old—sailing yacht named the *Laura S.*, and hired an experienced, 28-year-old unemployed coastal seaman, Sam Langley, as their guide. Langley had made many sailing expeditions into the islands of the Timor Sea and was pretty familiar with the area. The Weldons felt safe in his hands.

For the first two weeks the voyage was pleasant and uneventful. Then, on the evening of August 18, the *Laura S.* was caught in a vicious tropical storm. All night they fought to keep the vessel afloat in typhoon-force winds, yet saw both masts break like dry matchsticks snapped by a giant's unseen hand.

When the storm cleared in the early morning light, the yacht was rudderless, and the small auxiliary engine died with a wheeze after half an hour's use. They were now drifting aimlessly, at the mercy of the Timor's unpredictable currents and the wind.

Just before noon that day, they saw an island on the horizon. Half an hour later, the *Laura S.* ran aground with a grinding lurch on a submerged coral reef. Although there was only minor flooding in the hold, they decided the safest move would be to head

ashore. After the men strapped on their revolvers and hunting knives—the only weapons aboard the yacht—Weldon, Myra and Langley loaded the rubber dinghy with tinned food and canteens of fresh water. Then they rowed to land, a distance of less than 200 yards.

As often happens in the aftermath of severe storms, it was an abnormally hot and still day. The sun pounded down with pitiless intensity. They hauled the laden dinghy ashore, hurried for the shelter of the trees. They spent the afternoon exploring the thick belt of forest that ran down the middle of the island. Huge stretches of it were dark-watered, swampy, primeval tangles. But other areas were lightly wooded, the tree branches alive with tropical birds, monkeys, tiny koala bears.

As they walked back toward the beach, they discussed their plight, which none of them still considered very grim. "You're supposed to be back at work next week," Myra told her husband. "When we don't turn up in Darwin, the government is bound to send out search planes. They'll spot the wreck."

But when they reached the beach and looked out toward the reef, their optimistic hopes died as they saw the floating timber where the *Laura S.* had been.

That was when they were faced by the hundreds of crawling beasts that chased them up to the rock spur.

"God," Weldon said, looking over the mass of crocs which surrounded the rock. "Where could they all have come from?"

"Those are Indonesian crocs," Langley said. "Only kind able to swim big stretches of salt water. They use special islands as breeding grounds. No one knows why. They mate, lay their eggs and leave. Whole bloody place must be crawling with the bastards."

"But why didn't we see them earlier?" Myra asked.

"When we landed the sun was blistering hot. They don't come out of black water when it's like that. Dries their skins. Pray it's another scorcher tomorrow." Then they settled down to a sleepless night.

THE next day was humid and overcast. Without food or water, the shipwrecked trio huddled atop their rock sanctuary, surrounded by a crawling sea of crocs. The milling reptiles had ripped apart the rubber raft, and scattered the castaways' supply of canned goods all along the beach. Weldon considered making a run to rescue the food before the incoming tide washed it away. But there were only five bullets in his revolver. Those would have to be saved for greater emergencies.

On the third day they got their first break—a bright, scathing sun. Like wraiths, the masses of crocs slipped back into the trees. Weldon descended to the beach and found that only a can of peaches and a tin of dried beef had escaped the waves.

"I'm sure of one thing," Weldon said when they had gulped down the food. "We can't stay here. What if we hit a stretch of overcast days? We'd be trapped far from the food and water on the island. Better set up a decent home while we still have the chance . . ."

They chose a grove of broad-trunked *kuali* trees at the western end of the forest, far from the swampy lagoons where the crocs sought refuge during periods of heavy sunlight. And it lay with quick walking distance of a spring of clear water. Unable to work because of his injured ankle, Langley kept watch with the revolver while Weldon and Myra feverishly erected a platform of liana-vine-lashed sticks between two thick, dividing tree limbs. The sun was going down when the platform—little different from a child's tree house—was finished.

They helped Sam Langley to mount the platform, then Weldon made a dash to the

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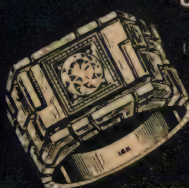
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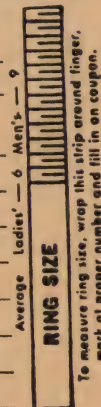
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spring, filled the empty food tins with water, and hurried back. He barely made it in time. Already, crocodiles rustled through the brush on every side. Three of the giant beasts were moving toward the base of the tree when Weldon scurried up to safety.

In the days that followed, Langley and the Weldons evolved a bizarre way of life. Except for brief periods of fishing expeditions on the beach and scurrying dashes into the woods for food and water, they spent all of their waking and sleeping hours on their crude tree house. While Myra hollowed out gourds for water and food receptacles, the men extended and strengthened the platform. They weaved the strong liana vines that hung everywhere into vast nets, extending the strands from tree to tree until they were able to travel hundreds of yards in any direction without setting foot on earth. This enabled them to gather coconuts, fruit and birds' eggs in comparative safety.

Their main hope of rescue was a signal fire they had built on the beach. Unhappily, it could be ignited and kept going only when the sun drove the crocs into hiding. And such days were becoming increasingly rare. Although they said nothing in front of Myra, Weldon and Langley knew that the Timor Sea's rainy season was beginning. The rain itself didn't worry them for the area was never hit by the unending torrents of the Central Pacific islands, but they knew the sun would increasingly lie behind heavy overcasts, bringing out the crocodiles.

"WERE turning into a pack of apes," Sam Langley said bitterly on their third week on the island. "I actually get dizzy when my feet are on the stinking ground!"

Weldon had to agree with him. By now, both men were heavily bearded, their clothes ragged and torn after weeks of living in the trees. Myra's shorts and a striped blouse were ripped in so many places that the flesh of her full, white breasts was partially exposed. Often, during those nightmarish weeks, Ed Weldon caught Langley oggling at Myra's semi-exposed breasts with gleams of desire in his eyes. Ed said nothing. Their chances of survival seemed slight enough without letting himself fall into the jealous-husband role. Since circumstances forced them to live within a few yards of each other, it seemed doubtful that Langley would ever attempt to do anything but look at Myra. Weldon himself had made love to Myra only four times, during sunny days when Langley was off on fishing expeditions.

On their fifth week—and 36th day—on the island, Ed decided that it would be madness for them to just sit on the island, waiting for a rescue which apparently wasn't coming. For nearly two weeks dark clouds and drizzling rain had trapped them in the trees. Surprisingly, they were all in good physical condition. Weldon now understood why the island was a natural breeding ground for the crocodile hordes. The thick forests were heavy with fruit trees, and provided copious amounts of natural food for the monkeys, birds and small marsupials that thronged in the branches. The animals, in turn, provided food for the swarming crocs—and the castaways as well. Both Langley and himself had become amazingly skillful at stalking and killing animals, which were cooked by Myra in a rock-lined "fireplace" gouged out of an ironwood-tree bole. It was the very fact that they had accommodated themselves to this weird life that most frightened Weldon—that and Sam Langley's increasingly nervous, erratic behavior and his increasing oggling at Myra. Obviously the young Australian was on the edge of a mental crack-up. He often didn't talk for hours at a time and stared numbly out at the empty sea.

"We have to get away from here," Weldon

said firmly. "We might live for years in this hell until, like Sam said, we're no damned different from the monkeys!"

"We'll be found," Myra cried. "I'm sure of it!"

Weldon shook his head. "Hasn't been a sign of a search plane. They've written us off, figured the yacht was lost in the storm. Can't be any other explanation."

"What do you suggest?" Langley asked, a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"We'll build a raft. It might give us a chance to reach the mainland."

Langley laughed harshly. "You're crazy, mate! We'll never be able to survive down there long enough to handle a job with all those crocs roaming about."

"THEN we'll build it up here," Ed Weldon declared. The raft was their only hope so they began work the next day. They hacked away at tree limbs with the hunting knives, and lashed the logs together with vines. Incredibly, the entire project was managed above ground. The raft's widening frame took shape on a mass of netted vines suspended eight feet over the forest floor. While the men labored on the raft itself, Myra manufactured airtight floats out of large gourds by drilling holes in them with the point of a knife, emptying the pulpy interiors, carefully sealing the holes with tree sap, and tying them in clusters to the underside of the raft.

It was the gourds that, indirectly, caused Sam Langley's death. After they had used up the supply of gourds within range of their tree house, Weldon and Langley were forced to descend to the ground and search for others, taking advantage of the increasingly brief periods when the sun drove the crocodiles into dark water.

It was during one of these expeditions, when Weldon was searching through a patch of brush near the beach—a quarter of a mile from "home"—when he heard a distant female scream. He drew his revolver, ran back into the forest. Halfway to his goal, clouds moved across the sun and light rain began to fall.

When Weldon reached the tree house, Langley was nowhere in sight. He scrambled up a knotted vine rope to the central platform. Myra was crouched under the frail roof and was sobbing. Her blouse had been torn half off and her naked breasts heaved frantically. Clutched in her hand was Langley's knife. The blade was coated with fresh blood.

Gasping, she told Weldon that Langley had attempted to rape her. Trying to fight him off, Myra had grabbed the knife from his belt, plunged it into his right shoulder. "I didn't want to hurt him . . ." she cried. "I know he's going crazy . . . He yelled and rolled off the platform, ran away . . ."

His vision turning scarlet with rage, Weldon took his wife in his arms, shouted out into the trees: "Get back here, you son of a bitch!"

For minutes there was silence. Then Langley's pain-wracked voice yelled from a thicket: "You'll shoot me!"

With effort, Weldon lay down the revolver. "Come on in, Sam," he said in a calmer tone. "While you still can. Before the crocs smell your blood. No one's going to hurt you, I promise."

At last, clutching his wounded shoulder, Sam Langley lurched into the open. "Couldn't help it," he whined. "Tried to stop myself but I couldn't help it!"

As Langley started toward the tree house there was the sound of scrabbling of claws. Dozens of blunt, ugly snouts penetrated the brush. With astonishing swiftness, every foot of ground beneath the platform swarmed with hungry crocodiles, crawling over each other to get at Langley.

Cut off, the young Australian seaman climbed a slim eucalyptus tree and reached desperately for one of the vine nets they had extended from the central platform. But his injured right shoulder wasn't up to the exertion. He lost his grip and hung from the vine by his left hand for a moment. A row of razor-sharp teeth closed around Langley's ankles. His single howl of agony was cut off in seconds as he fell amid the reptiles and disappeared beneath their thrashing bodies.

When the crocodiles vanished back into the undergrowth, the only thing left of Sam Langley was a bloodstained tennis shoe . . .

Langley's violent end intensified Weldon's determination to flee the island. For the next two weeks, he and Myra labored to complete the raft. At last on the 56th day, the job was done—but they still faced the frightening task of hauling the heavy raft to the sea. The cloud cover was now almost constant. Day after frustrating day, they waited for a glimpse of the sun.

ON the afternoon of October 23rd—and their 64th day on the island—the clouds parted and bright sunlight beat down on the island. He and Myra worked with frantic speed. Four slashes of his knife cut away the raft's supports. They lowered it to the ground with a line fixed to a center log and looped over a tree limb. Gourds filled with food and water had been lashed aboard beforehand.

When the raft was safely on the forest floor, Weldon and his wife slipped their arms through crude shoulder harnesses and started dragging it toward the sea. Their bodies strained and they were drenched with sweat. Yet they tugged the raft on and on. Weldon glanced repeatedly at the sky, and saw threatening gray wisps crossing the sun.

Then the crocs were there, crawling on to the broad stretch of sand that lay between the Weldons and the sea. So far they hadn't been spotted—but Ed Weldon knew they couldn't turn back. More reptiles probably lay behind them than ahead!

They halted briefly to get their breaths. Weldon handed Myra the revolver, helping her out of her harness. "Don't shoot until you have to," he said in a grating whisper. "We only have five bullets. Aim right between their eyes."

The Weldons' escape to the sea actually took less than 45 seconds. But to Ed Weldon it seemed an eternity. Every muscle in his body ached as he hauled the raft over the sand. From the corners of his half-blind, perspiration-flooded eyes, he saw packs of crocodiles swerve toward them. The first animal, aimed itself at Myra and scraped her legs with its flailing tail. Myra fired. The hissing croc flipped over, and became a helpless meal for his fellows—and a diversion from the Weldons. The gun roared again . . . a third time . . . a fourth. Then the surf swirled around his ankles. He dropped the harness and began hauling the raft into deep water. "We made it!" Myra gasped. They had, but they lost more than half their rations in the race to the sea.

TWELVE days later—on November 4, 1970—the Australian geodetic-survey ship City of Brisbane plucked Ed and Myra Weldon out of the sea. Both were found semi-conscious and dehydrated aboard the wallowing raft.

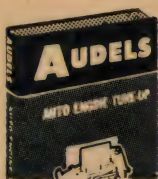
The Weldons are still residents of Sydney. However, they have lost their once passionate love for adventure. "We've decided to take up skiing," he told a newspaper interviewer after they were released from the hospital. Reminded by the dumbfounded reporter that Australia didn't have a single ski slope, Weldon shrugged and replied, "That's why Myra and I are taking it up."

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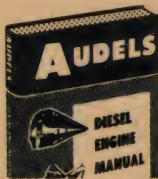
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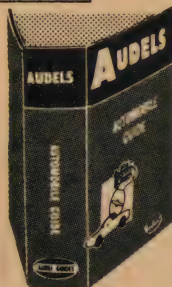
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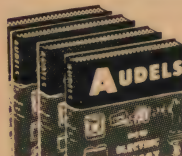
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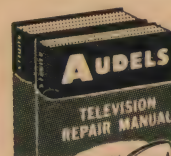
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COFFIN ESCAPE FROM A RED PRISON

(Continued from page 31)

few who had tried it had wound up in the prison's cemetery, which was in a clearing at the edge of the pine forest and which I, like most other inmates, could glimpse part of. Yet I knew then that if I could figure a way to bust out that offered me one chance in a thousand of succeeding, I would take it. It would be worth the chance to see my home town of Jefferson City, Mo., again.

That one chance in a thousand came out of the blue a few weeks later. It happened when two guards appeared in the corridor and opened the door to my cell to let in one of the workers at the prison to clean up. The worker was a stoop-shouldered, white-haired man who was one of the few persons I ever saw except for the guards. The old man and I always nodded to each other and, sometimes when the guards moved out of earshot, exchanged a few words in German. Most of the time the guards stood directly outside of the cell. But this day they moved on down the corridor to another cell, and the man came up close behind me at the window.

"Not a very pretty view, eh?" he asked, in German, and nodded toward the cemetery.

"No," I answered, "but I wonder if I might not be better off there than rotting away in here."

"Is it that bad for you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "It's that bad."

Speaking carefully, he then whispered: "If there was an opportunity to escape, would you take it?"

I nodded.

"Even if the opportunity was dangerous? Even if it meant that you would be executed immediately if you were caught?"

"Yes," I said again without hesitation.

He nodded. "There are a few of us here who might help you. But as I indicated, it will be very dangerous for you. I will speak to them and talk to you about it another time." He had finished mopping the floor and was turning away as the guards approached again.

"But how is escape possible?" I asked in a hurried whisper.

"Through the cemetery," he whispered back. Then he left with the guards—leaving me perplexed and more than a little fearful.

"It could be a trick," I immediately thought. The Communists might have decided to dispose of me and were using the old man as a decoy to trap me in an escape attempt so they could kill me.

But even if it were a trick, I knew I'd still risk it. As I said before, four weeks ago I had concluded that anything, even death, was preferable to living out endless days in my cramped cell. I collapsed on my bunk and my mind wandered back to the beginning of the nightmare, to that moment about seven months earlier when I decided to see East Berlin as part of my first trip to Germany.

I had begun the trip with a visit to West Berlin, which was where my mother had lived when my father, who was part of the American Army of Occupation after World War II, met her. After marrying, he had taken her back to his home in Jefferson City. But she kept in close touch with her relatives, and when two of her elderly cousins visited us in Jefferson City—where I was

born and raised—it was agreed that I would visit them the next year in Germany.

The visit with my mother's cousins—elderly, unmarried sisters, Ursula and Freida Mueller—was pleasant. But it was the city of Berlin itself that I enjoyed most. It was the first time I had ever been in a European city, and I explored every foot of it right up to the Berlin Wall. The idea of seeing what was on the other side of the wall intrigued me, and then and there I made up my mind to go.

Of course no one is permitted to cross into East Berlin just because he chooses to visit. But I found, after asking around, that the East Berlin government's travel agency, the Reiseburo, was the place to apply for a visa. I went there, told them I was a tourist from the U.S.A., and that I'd like to visit East Berlin for a couple of weeks since I'd be returning home soon and might never have a chance to return to Germany.

Looking back now, I think my very innocence in making such a simple request was what got me through. The Reiseburo granted me permission and made arrangements for me to lodge at a small hotel in East Berlin. My visa allowed me to stay for 10 days.

My mother's cousins were very worried when I told them what I had done. They warned me that it could be dangerous, that if anything happened to me while I was behind the Wall there was really nothing my country could do for me since the United States did not recognize the existence of the German Democratic Republic. But I ignored their concern, excited by the prospect of actually visiting behind the Iron Curtain. I assured them I would keep out of trouble and I would be all right.

Even so, it wasn't quite that easy to get from one side of the Wall to the other. Because there is no air travel between East and West Berlin, I had to fly to Copenhagen, Denmark, change planes, and then fly on to Schönefeld Airport in East Berlin, just outside West Berlin. On my return, I was told, I would follow the same route backwards.

Despite all this, my trip into East Berlin went off without a hitch and the Reiseburo had a car waiting at the airport to take me and other tourists who had arrived with me to a hotel. My room there was clean, neat, and quite comfortable, and I quickly made friends with three other Americans staying at the same place—a couple of students, and a young man who was writing a history of Germany before WW II. After sightseeing all day, I would eat my evening meal with them.

Also living at the hotel—which was more like a huge rooming house than a hotel in the American sense of the word—was a beautiful young German girl, Greta Linden, who quickly became part of our group at our evening meals. Greta was a tawny blonde, tall and shapely, and 21 years old—a year younger than I. She worked as a secretary at one of East Berlin's auto assembly plants, and was, she told us, studying English in her spare time.

From the first moment I met her I decided to spend as much time as possible with her. She didn't rebuff me. That is, she would go out with me and even introduced me to a

relative—an old man whom she called Uncle Oskar, whose last name, like hers, was Linden, and who lived in a small apartment near our hotel. But she always kept a certain distance between us.

In quick order, I came to regard her as something of a mystery woman because often she would abruptly leave me, disappearing for an hour or two without offering an explanation, or mumbling something vague about having to go somewhere. When I tried to question her about these times, she would simply smile and shake her head.

Given the place I was at, it would have been wise for me not to butt into Greta's affairs any further. I knew that even then. But I couldn't help myself as I was falling deeply in love with her.

So when Greta disappeared two nights before I was to leave East Berlin, I didn't just forget it. Instead, I went everywhere looking for her, and finally discovered her sitting alone, drinking coffee on the terrace of a small outdoor cafe not far from her uncle's apartment. As soon as I sat down opposite her, I could see that she was disturbed that I was there. Her face was very pale and when she lifted her coffee cup to drink, I could see her hands trembling.

"For God's sake, Greta," I said angrily, "why have you been hiding from me? You know I only have two nights left. Don't you care anything for me?"

She leaned over close to me and put her hand on mine. "Edward," she said urgently, "I do like you. I like you very much. Perhaps too much. But you must not see me again. I can be trouble for you. Very bad trouble."

She got up. "I'm going to leave now," she said firmly, "and I want you to stay here. Do not follow me." She walked away quickly and soon disappeared. I was so astonished that I couldn't have followed her even if I had planned to.

I don't know how long I sat, but when I stood up to leave two uniformed "Vopos," as the *Volkspolizei* (People's Police) are called, stepped from the shadows and called, "*Stoi! Stoi!*" ("Stop! Stop!")

The "Vopos" quickly grabbed me by both arms and hurried me across the street, where they shoved me into the back of a green police car despite my protests. Although I asked a stream of questions, neither of them answered me on the drive to the police station. The two policemen—one in front, one in back of me—led me into the bleak building which housed the *Staatssicherheitsdienst*—State Security Service—and there my visa was taken away from me. Then, for the next 12 hours, more than a dozen plainclothes police questioned me.

At first I thought they suspected I was some kind of secret agent. I kept trying to explain that I was just a machinist who was on a holiday. They didn't, however, seem interested in what I did for a living back in the U.S., and kept asking who I had come to East Berlin to see. As their interrogation continued, my mood changed from anger to weariness and, finally, confusion.

It wasn't until almost 10 hours had passed that they first mentioned Greta Linden's name. From then on, as I was able to piece together from their questions, I realized that they suspected Greta of being a member of the East Berlin underground who helped East Berliners escape to the West. I was told that the police believed I had been guilty of aiding her in the work. I kept explaining over and over that I knew nothing of Greta's activities, but they didn't believe me—or chose not to believe me.

The next weeks I felt like I was living in an insane asylum, for I was questioned and re-questioned. Finally, I was brought to trial, and charged with espionage and trying to smuggle East Germans out of the country. I was found not guilty on the serious charge of espionage, but was convicted on the other

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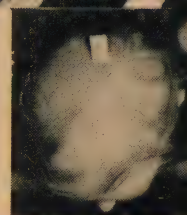
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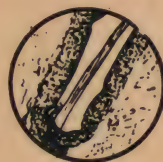
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charge and sentenced to three years in prison.

(Later I learned that several other Americans were arrested and convicted of various offenses in East Germany around the same time I was. Rumor had it that the East Germans had become fearful because so many Americans were beginning to visit East Germany that they might, in time, cause unrest. Thus they decided to cut down on the number of tourists by making an "example" of a few of us. Whether or not the rumor was true, or whether the Communists really thought I was in on a plot with Greta, I'll never know. I only know that they made sure that I was imprisoned.)

IN the days that followed my whispered conversation with the old man who cleaned my cell, I learned, in brief snatches, what his escape plan was.

I would take the place of the next inmate to die in the prison and be smuggled out in his place in a coffin, for burial in the cemetery outside the walls. Helping me would be several of the prison workers and, most important of all, the prison doctor.

The old man did not inform me what the workers and the doctor were to do. He just demanded that I trust him and—when the time came—the doctor. It was very scary stuff, and there was a far better than even chance that I was being set up so that the Communists could eliminate me. But I decided to play along, still feeling that anything was better than sitting in that goddamn prison.

When the time came to put the plan in effect, the old German shoved a handful of pills at me, saying I should swallow them all that night. The pills would, he went on, induce a fever and a rash in me and, when that happened, I was to call the guards. The guards, in turn, would remove me to the prison hospital; the doctor, he concluded, would take over from there.

I was terrified that night when I gulped the pills down and went to sleep, wondering if I'd ever wake up again. Next morning I did awaken all right, but I felt awful. I was running a high temperature and my body was covered with a scarlet rash from head to toe. As soon as I called the guards, they rushed me to the hospital.

The doctor, whose name was Otto Jannings, immediately placed me in isolation in a private room, and saw to it that several of the prison officials viewed my rash and temperature. After they had gone, Jannings came in and sat at the foot of my bed.

"The worst is over now," the doctor said. "They won't be anxious to visit you again soon since I told them you might have typhoid fever. But we're going to have to work fast because I already have a corpse in the morgue that I must prepare for burial tomorrow. It happens to be the body of one of the guards—a fellow who was homeless and without a family so he'll be buried here. But you'll have to be ready to help us bury his body in the basement of the morgue tonight and take his place in the coffin."

He told me to rest until night. Earlier he had told me that once we disposed of the dead guard's body, I would remain in the coffin overnight and it would be carried out for burial the next day. He assured me there was no danger of the coffin being put under the ground that day. It would be left in a shed in the cemetery overnight until the special grave detail prepared the ground the next day. I would make my escape during the night the coffin was in the shed. The doctor and some of the workers would supply me with clothing, food, and water. Once I left the coffin, I would have to make my way back to West Germany, and freedom, on foot. Then he gave me a shot that he said would bring down my fever and clear up the

rash.

It was near midnight when Jannings and the worker who had cleaned my cell led me from the hospital room to the morgue. It was a damp, chilly room dimly lit. There were several naked cadavers, plus a good number of coffins there. Jannings and I lifted the dead guard's body by the arms and legs and, with the old man leading us, carried it to the basement of the morgue. There, we laid the body in a deep hole in the earth floor which had already been dug by some of the other workers in on the plan. We then covered up the hole.

Back in the morgue, the doctor gave me extra clothes, food, and water and I climbed into the coffin and pulled down the lid. The doctor told me that he would keep everyone away from the hospital room where I was supposed to be until I had a chance to get away. Afterwards, he and some of the others would break a window in the hospital room, saw a couple of the bars off, and report that I had somehow managed to escape.

"Remember us," Jannings said, "when you get back to your country. There are many of us over here who still believe in freedom."

Of course I couldn't sleep that night. Long after midnight I finally had to crawl out of the coffin to stretch my legs. I kept my eyes away from the dead bodies as I walked back and forth. Suddenly I heard a noise outside the room; the sound of approaching footsteps. I started back to the empty coffin when I saw the door knob to the room start to turn. The guards had decided to make an unscheduled inspection of the morgue. I don't know why, perhaps one of them had heard my pacing back and forth.

The door began to slowly swing open. I was 15 feet away from my coffin—too far away to make it before I'd be spotted by the guards. For a mini-second I froze. Then I noticed that I was standing next to a coffin in which a real corpse lay. Fighting down the urge to vomit, I crawled into the pine box, settled down next to the cadaver and eased the lid shut.

Every nerve fiber in my body quivered from disgust and fear as I heard the guards stomping around the room. My hand rested on top the dead man's, and the icy feel of his touch sent shivers up and down my spine. Still, I dared not remove my hand, for I was fearful that the slightest sound coming from inside the closed coffin would give me away.

Finally, after about five minutes—but what, to me, seemed like a lifetime—I heard the door to the room close. I carefully lifted

the lid of the coffin, peered out from behind the slit, and once satisfied that I was alone I climbed out. My body was bathed in a cold sweat, and I shook violently from head to toe from the dual experience of nearly being discovered and of laying side by side with a corpse. In time, I managed to calm down and climb into my own coffin. But etched on my mind was the horrible feeling of sharing a coffin with a dead man.

The rest of the night passed slowly. Then, early the next morning I heard voices outside the coffin. Next thing I knew, the coffin was lifted and carried for what seemed like a long distance. Finally the coffin was set down with a hard bump and there was silence again. After waiting a long time I gently raised the lid and saw that I was in the small wooden shed in the cemetery—just as I had been told I would be. Outside I could see the rows of wooden crosses. I eased the lid back down and, exhausted, slept.

When I awoke, it was night. I could hear dogs growling as the guards patrolled the cleared strip of land between the prison and the cemetery. I ate some of the food and drank some of the water, and changed clothes. Then I left the coffin, secured the lid, and slipped out of the shed.

As I ran, crouching, through the cemetery toward the forest the dogs, sensing something, began to bark furiously. But I continued on, ducking down between the graves every time the searchlight on top of the prison swept in my direction. I finally reached the woods. I still expected the dogs and their guards to come after me, but apparently the guards didn't believe their dogs. So after a while I knew I was free.

I spent the next three days and nights making my way back to East Berlin, which wasn't difficult since I spoke German and my clothes looked like any other workman's. In the city, I went directly to Oskar Linden's apartment. Greta's uncle didn't look like he was glad to see me, but of course he agreed to help me escape the country. He told me then that he and Greta and several others were members of the underground and had helped smuggle refugees out of the country. Greta was safe, he told me, hiding in West Germany. But he warned me not to search for her. West Berlin, he explained, was full of Communist agents who, no doubt, were looking for her. If she heard that an American was asking questions about her whereabouts, she might be tempted to leave her hiding place to find me. That, he added, would bring her into the open, where she stood a good chance of being found by the Communists.

But sensing my disappointment, he smiled and said, "Cheer up, my friend. In a year or two the Communists will forget about her. Then you can return and take her back with you to the United States, where she will always be safe."

He supplied me with a passport which took me, by train and ferry, to Malmo, in southern Sweden. I had one more bad moment when a Vopo, who spoke perfect English, asked me a question about my passport as I was leaving East Berlin. I almost answered him before I realized that, according to my passport, I wasn't supposed to be able to understand English. When I shrugged, he repeated the question in German. I answered, and he passed me on.

From Sweden, I flew straight back to the U.S., and to Jefferson City. I still have had dreams sometimes about that tiny cell and coffin in East Germany, and to this day I don't like crowded closed-in places, like elevators, which never used to bother me. In fact everything that happened to me in East Berlin seems like a nightmare—everything except Greta. Soon that year will be up and I'll be heading back to West Berlin—to find Greta and return with her. ● ● ●



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What is needed is the right kind of training. You can't strike it rich in today's job market with nothing more than muscle. Nor can you hang onto an old-time job skill while an electronic monster with buttons replaces men around you. It's like driving a buckboard down the Jersey Turnpike. The fuzz would locate you fast and send you out to pasture.

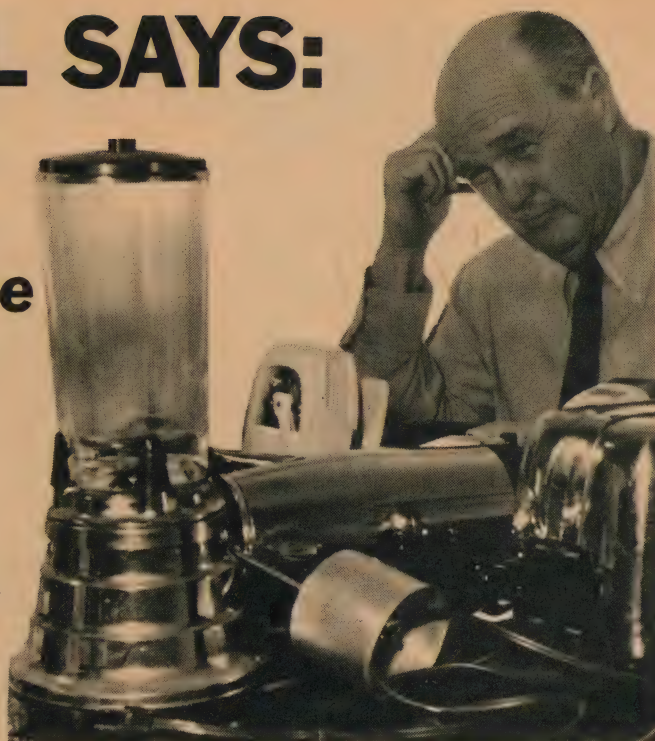
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The opportunities in this field are all the better because you can prepare for them fast. There's one short, sweet course you can take right in your own home and it covers everything. I'm referring to a home-training course offered by the Appliance Division of National Radio Institute—one of the biggest and oldest home study schools of its kind.

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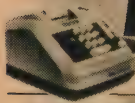
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UNDERGROUND SPY WAR

(Continued from page 21)

an Oriental "Mata Hari."

● Diplomats in Asia revealed that the
CIA is sending spies regularly, and deep-
ly, into Red China.

Today's spy scene was perhaps best
described by intelligence Specialist David
Calder as "a frenzied, somewhat mad
twilight arena where betrayal and intrigue
are interspersed with brilliant successes as
well as monumental blunders."

The largest of all the cloak and dagger
organizations is, all experts agree, run by
Russia's KGB, whose headquarters at 2
Dzerzhinsky Street, Moscow, is just a stone's
throw from the Kremlin. The KGB employs
some 25,000 full-time intelligence specialists
(as opposed to 15,000 by the CIA). These
specialists direct the activities of nearly a
million more people, most of them part-
timers, in Russia, Russian satellite nations
and the world at large.

Naturally, an espionage system of such
enormous size engages in a great variety of
operations, some of which are extraordinarily
wild. Take, for example, the activities of the
love girls who, in actuality, are part of what
is known as "Russia's Love Corps."

In secret testimony a few months ago
before the U.S. Senate's Internal Security
Subcommittee, a former Soviet secret police
agent—a man who defected to the West and
who testified under the name of George
Karlin—revealed how the Love Corps works.

Foreign diplomats are set up for
blackmail, Karlin explained, by tempting
them with a steady stream of skillfully
trained, attractive Russian bed partners.

"Once the diplomat has taken the offered
bait," Karlin went on, "the threat of
exposure is usually enough to get the victim
to reveal many of his government's highly
guarded secrets."

During his nine days of closed door
testimony, Karlin told the senators how he
had personally provided a former French
ambassador, Maurice Dejean, with several
attractive bedmates. When asked how this
particular blackmail mission worked out,
Karlin said that one of his superiors later
told him that "our success with the French
ambassador was one of the greatest in the
history of KGB's inside operations."

Further knowledge of this particular
operation has also come from Vera
Murolov, a stunning 24-year-old brunette.
Vera was a Love Corps girl until she defected
to the West, having fallen in love with a
Danish embassy attache she had been
instructed to seduce. Presently married to
the young Dane and living in England, Vera
described the "colossal 'love institute'"
where the KGB trains spies of both sexes in
the art of seducing men and women attached
to the foreign embassies in Moscow.

"Once a diplomat is successfully lured into
an affair," Vera then went on, "the
blackmail material is obtained through
hidden cameras and tiny bugging devices.
Even if the man cautiously insists on having
sex with the lights out," Vera continued, "it
will do him no good. You see, there are
always cameras on hand loaded with infra-
red film that take excellent, detailed pictures
in the dark."

UNDERSTANDABLY, sex being one of
man's basic drives, it is exploited to its
fullest by the KGB. Also fully exploited is
greed, particularly greed for money. The
KGB has a hell of a lot of loot to spend to

get what it wants from money-hungry
people. Take the case of the Soviet's recent
attempt to steal a French-built Mirage
III-E interceptor—one of the hottest
military aircraft being flown today.

The Russians were desperate to get their
hands on a Mirage-III-E for in Israeli-Arab
aerial combat over the desert, Israeli pilots
flying Mirages repeatedly downed the latest
and best Soviet MIGs. As the Russians saw
it, a foreign power that equipped these
Mirages with special electronic jamming
equipment might well be capable of
penetrating Russian air defenses and
delivering a nuclear weapon. Thus, the
Russians wanted to study the Mirage first
hand in order to prepare a defense against it.
And thus, the KGB decided to pay a huge
sum of money to have a Mirage III-E stolen.

Through a variety of intelligence sources in
the Middle East, it has now been learned
that Masson Badawi, a Lebanese stooge in
the employ of the KGB, approached Lt.
Mahmoud Mattar, a Lebanese air force
fighter-pilot. After some preliminary drinks,
Badawi came directly to the point. "I have
friends who want something you can
deliver," he told Mattar. "It's a French
Mirage III-E interceptor. They're willing to
pay as much as three million dollars!"

Mattar, who flew one of the Mirages
purchased by Lebanon from France, asked
for a few days to sleep on it. A week later,
when Badawi again contacted him, Mattar
agreed to the plan. From here things moved
swiftly. A few days later Mattar was
introduced to Vladimar Vasiliev, a KGB
agent attached to the Soviet trade mission in
Beirut. Then, after some routine
questioning, Vasiliev explained the plan he
had mapped out for the young flyer. After
taking off on a routine training flight in the
Mirage, Mattar would head out for sea. Once
away from land he'd issue a "Mayday" call
(the international distress signal) and dive to
a point below radar coverage. Next, he'd
change course, and at this low altitude head
for Baku, inside the Soviet Union, where he
would be met by Russian aircraft that would
escort him to an airbase.

"Meanwhile," Vasiliev grinned, "your
superiors will think that you crashed at sea
and the matter would end there."

The theft of the Mirage was scheduled for
October 3, the date of Mattar's next training
flight. Mattar showed up at Vasiliev's
apartment on the night of September 30 for
his final briefing, and the \$200,000-advance
they had agreed upon in the form of a
certified check drawn upon the Moscow
Narodny Bank, Ltd.

But moments after Lt. Mattar had
accepted the check, there was a knock on the
apartment door. When Vasiliev opened it
slightly, he saw about a dozen uniformed
Lebanese soldiers in the hallway, their guns
drawn. Vasiliev quickly shut the door. But
while trying to bolt it, he was attacked from
behind by Mattar, who had only been
pretending to go along with the Russian plot
to steal the Mirage III-E.

Soon bullets were flying every which way
in the apartment. Vasiliev was hit and so was
another high-ranking KGB agent by the name
of Alexander Komiakov, who had been
hiding in the apartment to protect Vasiliev if
things went wrong. In fact, Komiakov got hit
with five bullets from the raiding Lebanese
soldiers.

With the bank check, the detailed flight

THIS IS A TRUE STORY* Details in our file #3789. Only the name of the graduate has been changed to protect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.

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plan and the wounded Russians, the Lebanese government presumably had an ironclad case when they revealed the Soviet plot to the world's press that same day. Events, however, took a different turn when the Russians, realizing they had been duped by Mattar, decided to brazen their way out of the mess with the aid of Egypt, Syria and Iraq, all of whom depend heavily on Russia for military aid. First, the Russians got the countries to put the squeeze on Lebanon to hush things up. Then the three Arab countries, through their newspapers and radios, described the Mirage affair as a deliberate American scheme concocted to sabotage Soviet-Lebanese relations.

The propaganda barrage worked well. So well that America came out of it smelling like a garbage heap, and Russia like a rose. In fact, the Lebanese apologized for shooting the two Russian KGB agents and released them to Russian diplomats so that they could be taken back to the U.S.S.R. for tender loving care.

THE only one who fared worse than America in the incident was Lt. Mattar, the Lebanese fighter-pilot who valued honor above money. Threatened by the KGB for having torpedoed its plan, Mattar now lives in hiding, never knowing when a KGB assassin may be zeroing in on him.

Mattar has every reason to be extremely fearful and cautious, too, for few cloak and dagger organizations today are as effective as the KGB when it comes to assassinating "enemies of Mother Russia." Here are just a few examples:

Nikolai Khokhlov, a high ranking KGB agent who defected to the West with vital information, was doggedly pursued by Soviet agents. They caught up with him in Frankfurt, West Germany, and one of the

Soviet agents managed to slip a large serving of radioactive thallium into Khokhlov's coffee while the former KGB man lunched with friends in a cafeteria. After he collapsed, Khokhlov was rushed to a hospital. Here his skin turned a hideous brown and his hair began to fall out by the handful. Worse yet, the poison soon began converting his blood into plasma. It was only through the use of massive transfusions that Khokhlov's life was saved.

Walter Krivitsky, another defecting Soviet spy official, wasn't that lucky. In New York after his defection, Krivitsky, while boarding a bus in Manhattan, realized he was being followed by a hired Soviet KGB killer, a Dutchman by the name of Hans Breusee. Panic-stricken, Krivitsky skipped town and visited friends in Virginia. A few days later he was driven to Washington, D.C., where he planned to catch a train. But Krivitsky never made the train. The following morning he was found dead in a room at the Hotel Bellevue by a maid. A dum dum bullet fired into Krivitsky's head at close range had scattered his brains over the sheets and wall.

Then there's the assassination of Lev Rebet, as revealed by his assassin, Bogdan Stashynsky. Not long ago, the KGB ordered Stashynsky—one of their best agents—to liquidate Lev Rebet, an exiled Ukraine leader. The death weapon to be used by Stashynsky was something straight out of a James Bond novel: It was a metal tube about eight inches long that came in three sections, each section screwing into the other. The bottom section contained a firing pin that triggered a metal lever in the center section, and this metal lever, when activated, crushed a glass capsule containing prussic acid, a highly toxic poison. The poison would then escape from the tube in the form of vapor. When fired from a distance of two feet, the victim, as test after test on animals

demonstrated, would drop dead almost immediately upon inhaling the poisonous vapor, which left no trace of any kind. To protect Stashynsky in case the poisonous vapor accidentally blew his way, the KGB gave him an antidote—a tablet to swallow shortly before firing the weapon.

After arriving in Munich, West Germany, Stashynsky picked up Rebet's trail from information given him by the KGB, and on the third day he managed to corner his victim in an office building. There, on a flight of stairs, Stashynsky fired his weapon. In turn, Rebet spun and fell dead.

The murder may never have come to light if it weren't for the fact that Stashynsky had married an East German girl. Tired of life under Communism, she was anxious to escape to West Berlin and she persuaded Stashynsky to join her. However, in the usual interrogation of escapees, West German authorities became suspicious of Stashynsky and continued to pump him until he broke down and admitted that he was a KGB assassin. He was then tried for Rebet's death in a West German court, where his secret assassin's weapon was made public.

IN the world of espionage, the KGB got high marks for "The Rebet Affair." For regardless of the fact that Stashynsky had defected and revealed information highly embarrassing to Russia, the operation had achieved its main objective, the liquidation of a hated enemy.

" 'The Rebet Affair' was just one in a long string of successes for the KGB," said an American intelligence expert in Washington. "Those boys have quite a record—one that's much better than ours, which is only natural."

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enjoy a huge advantage over America and countries like America in the cloak and dagger world. Here is how the intelligence expert in Washington explained it:

"The battle between the world's espionage organizations is an uneven one at best. In an open society such as our own, for instance, Russia can readily gather vital intelligence information with relative ease. Access to technological journals can be bought for the newsstand price. Blueprints of various kinds and even patent designs can easily be gotten, sometimes by simply walking into the patent office. And U.S. city directories, some showing the location of power stations, bridges and other vital information, can be picked up almost any book store. By contrast, even a simple thing like a telephone directory is not available for general public use in Moscow."

The same disadvantages holds true for our allies, with the U.S. often the victim. For example, in October of last year, three West Germans were tried and convicted for stealing an American Sidewinder missile from an air base. They shipped the whole missile to Moscow by airfreight, for which they paid \$83.88. They received \$84,000 from the Soviets in exchange.

"It couldn't happen in Russia," was the way one American security officer commented on the case. "Any crate leaving Russia for shipment to a foreign country—particularly a Western country—gets a thorough inspection. Rarely do we inspect outgoing freight."

THE Red Chinese spies do not share the same advantages as the Soviets—at least inside the United States—for Red China has not as yet been officially recognized by the U.S., and, hence, doesn't have a diplomatic toehold inside this country that can be exploited the way the Russians do.

But what happens when the Chinese do gain a diplomatic toehold in a country is illustrated by what happened in Zambia, a newly emerged African state. There, Chinese spies attached to a trade mission offered a tempting bribe to an African trade union official if he would use his influence to trigger off a paralyzing strike. The African union leader refused and later was found dead in his demolished car. Examination of the wrecked vehicle revealed traces of plastic explosives under the hood.

And there is the case mentioned at the beginning of this article—of the Chinese spy master who was caught in Mexico City while posing as a member of an acrobatic troupe. In the near future, we can expect the same kind of treatment the Chinese gave Zambia and Mexico, for Red China is just a hair's breadth away from gaining entry into the United Nations. When it happens, Red Chinese agents will be able to operate out of their country's U.N. mission headquarters in New York.

Still and all, Red China isn't doing all that badly in the U.S. because of the fact that we're an open society. She's buying every technical book, magazine and journal she can get hold of, which means she's doing a hell of a lot of buying. Some of the reading material is purchased openly through publishers and distributors, and some indirectly through "front" organizations and agents in nations friendly to the U.S.—West Germany, England and Switzerland, for but a few examples.

Eventually, this invaluable technical knowledge ends up at Post Office Box 88 in Peking, and is then carefully studied.

American intelligence knows about Post Office Box 88 because it is spying on Red China. And, from all available indications, our cloak and dagger operations must be pretty extensive. One indication: a recent newspaper dispatch to America from

southeast Asia declared that CIA "spy" planes have been flying armed agents working for the U.S.A. as far as 400 miles into Red China on spy missions. Another news dispatch declared that the agents were tapping Red Chinese telegraph lines.

"The fact that we'd been conducting such missions inside Red China may come as a surprise to many Americans," commented one Washington observer, "but it shouldn't. The simple truth is that we're involved in the underground spy war up to our eyebrows, and have been since the end of WWII when the CIA was first set up during the Truman administration."

THE CIA doesn't match the KGB in sheer size and numbers, but it's big enough. About 10,000 people work at the \$46-million CIA headquarters building in Langley, Virginia. Five thousand more are located at other sites both in the States and overseas. In addition, the CIA has an underground spy army of thousands of sub-agents and local informers who feed a wide variety of information into CIA-financed undercover organizations located throughout the world.

With a budget that allows it to spend some five million dollars a day, the CIA operates three airlines for its own use and has become involved in projects so secret that even professional Washington insiders can only guess at them. For example, a CIA installation described as "Building 213" at the Naval Gun Factory in southeast Washington has cost the taxpayers \$10 million. But what goes on inside the building is something that even most senators who must vote on the CIA budget don't know.

That the CIA—amongst other activities—supplies money and weapons to various groups such as Cuban and Asiatic exiles, is fairly well known. Sometimes, however, the projects can get pretty hairy. For example, the CIA actually used B-26 bombers in support of an unsuccessful effort to get rid of Indonesia's former President Sukarno. And in a recent column, Washington correspondent Jack Anderson described six assassination attempts on Cuba's Fidel Castro by the CIA.

SO far we've covered only the spy apparatuses of the three superpowers, for they are the ones with the most stakes to lose in the struggle for power in the world. But the increasing use of spies is something not peculiar to the big three powers alone. France, England, West Germany, Japan, and the nations of the Middle East and Africa—nations big and small, rich and poor alike—are very much engaged in today's spy war. In West Germany alone in recent years, 25,000 people reported to their government that they had been asked to spy for various foreign countries.

"When you're eating in a West German restaurant," quipped one British journalist, "it's possible that the pretty waitress bringing you your drink is working for the CIA, while the head waiter is employed by the KGB. And to show you how out-of-hand the spy game can become, both the waitress and head waiter may be playing the role of double or even triple agent. Or they may simply sell what useful information comes their way to the highest bidder."

Since spying is as old as man's history, dating back to biblical days and beyond, there is little reason to believe that it will taper off in a world where fear and anxiety are the hallmarks of our times. "So long as man distrusts his fellow-man," says one intelligence specialist, "there is little hope for change. Unquestionably, spying will remain part of the human scene for a long, long time to come."



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WILDEST JOY HOUSE

(Continued from page 15)

of the world make love as they would at home, in suites that recreate the interiors of framed bordellos in their part of the world.

This writer discovered the resort while in Chicago researching a book on groupies, those young nymphets who chase after rock 'n' roll stars.

I had taken a night off from work to go to a party at a friend's house. The friend introduced me to a friend of his, telling him I was Frank Simpson, the writer who specializes in on-the-scene reports of bordellos around the world.

The man, having read some of my work, was impressed. He was also a little drunk. Soon, he was confidentially telling me, "I know a bordello that beats them all. Beats every one you ever visited."

I smiled, having heard such claims many times before. "Is that right?" I said.

"Yeah, that's right," he replied. "You've never seen anything like this place. Girls from every part of the world. And every girl terrific—both to look at and in the sack."

"Where is this place?" I asked.

"Uh, uh. Can't tell you. It's a secret. It's a private membership thing."

"Yeah, sure. I've heard that crap before. Listen, friend, I think you're daydreaming."

"No I'm not. I'm not." He put his arm around me. "Listen, I'll prove it to you. You just can't tell anybody where it is, or that I took you there. Okay?"

"Fine. When do we leave?"

"This weekend. Here's my card. Call me at the office tomorrow. Okay?"

I called him. He sounded reluctant to take me now, but he couldn't back down. After all that boasting at the party, his ego was on the line. So he gave in often making me promise once again not to reveal the exact name and location of the place.

He picked me up on a Friday morning early in April. On the long, long drive into the country, he filled me in on the resort.

"Couple of smart guys started it four, five years ago," he said. "They figured there was a legitimate need for a men's health resort; you know, where big companies could send their employees to for a rest. Well, they were wrong. Most of the companies they contacted weren't interested. I know because they came to me and I told them what I guess nearly everybody told them, I wasn't interested in a male Turkish bath in the woods for myself, my employees or my customers. It wasn't enough to spend good money on in this day and age."

"Apparently, they got the idea. They'd sunk a hell of a lot of dough into the place and they figured they'd better open it to women also if they weren't gonna go broke."

"But before they did, the girlfriend of one of the guys came up with another idea. This girl, who had once been the mistress of an international playboy, suggested they open up a unique bordello nearby. She figured that if a health resort for men only which featured a special bordello didn't attract lots of business money, nothing would. The two guys who started it all agreed with her, and left recruiting the girls to her. So she went

out and got the best girls she could, traveling to Europe, South America, Asia and just about everywhere else."

I smiled at that. "How the hell they keep a place like this secret?" I said. "Seems to me like everyone in Chicago would know about it."

"Well, sure, a lot of people do know about it from word-of-mouth. But it's private, remember? A private club. Guys who go there don't shout from the rooftops about it, or at least not about the women, because they don't want their wives or girlfriends to know. And they're careful about which of their friends they tell, because they don't want to spoil a great thing. So a lot of people, women included, only know the place as a health spa. They don't know there's a cat house there, too."

"I'll tell you something," I said. "I don't know that I'd take the chance if I were a businessman. If it ever came out, my company's reputation would be ruined."

"Oh, no," the guy laughed. "That's the beauty of it. It is a legitimate health spa. That's why the house is kept separate from the rest of the facilities. When we get there, you'll see what I mean. If it's ever exposed, all the membership firms have to do is plead ignorance. The can say the house was set up nearby without their knowledge, that it has nothing to do with the resort."

The resort turned out to be as magnificent as the guy had been saying it was. We drove through a gate and then passed through a half-dozen acres of heavily wooded ground before we even came in sight of the main buildings. On the rolling hills behind them you could see the golf course. The swimming pool—the the outdoor one—was off to the left, winterized now and not being used. Tennis and basketball courts were off to the right.

Inside the largest building, I discovered that along with very plush card rooms,

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television rooms, bars, and such, there was a splendidly equipped gym, steam bath and swimming pool. Inside, there was also something else.

Women.

There were girls working behind the check-in counter, girls working as gym attendants, girls working as waitresses. Not many, but quite a few for a men's spa. And each of them was one sweet piece.

I mentioned this to my new-found buddy while he was giving me a guided tour. "Oh, a few of the girls at the house double over here on straight jobs during the day," he said. "To earn some extra bread. But you've gotta be careful. Don't mess around with them over here."

"Why the hell not?" It seemed to me contradictory to everything else he'd said.

"Because we'll be thrown out. The management runs the health spa strictly as a health spa to keep it legitimate. If you want sex," he said, pointing out through a window, "you have to go to the mansion which is behind those trees I'm pointing to. That's where the bordello is."

THAT night I visited the bordello, which was about a quarter-mile walk from the resort buildings and outside the grounds of the spa. It was housed in a huge ex-mansion, and you knew merely by looking at it from the outside that it would be something special inside.

Entering, we were escorted into an expensively furnished lounge. On the walls were photographs of girls, and over each photograph was a small spotlight. But over half of the spotlights were off because, as I learned, these girls were either not on duty or were not currently working. "The only time we keep a house full of girls," I was told, "is during the peak season—summertime."

The sofas and easy chairs were occupied by about 10 girls and a surprising number of young guys who were dressed casually and who didn't look at all like the kind of guys who pushed pencils behind desks for a living. They weren't that kind either, as I was to discover. For they earned their livings in blue-collar jobs, and were here on a fun weekend thanks to bosses who appreciated them.

After a while, I began to scan the lit photographs on the wall until my gaze fell on a beautiful Thai girl, and I asked one of the women in the room how I could meet her. I was told she was free, and given directions to her quarters. Her name, as it turned out, was Mai.

In the morning I asked my little Thai girl

what the house specialties were at the moment. She cuddled against me and teasingly shook her breasts against my chest. "You mean I'm not specialty enough for you?" she asked.

"Just curious," I said.

"Frank Simpson, you name it, we'll give it to you. We've got a room with mirrors, if that's what you like. We've got a room where you can watch sexy movies. We've even got a room with the most peculiar furniture you've ever seen; it twists and bends in a 100 different directions for 100 different you-know-whats."

"How about the girls. What are their specialties?"

"Well, there's a Swedish girl who's got a sauna in her suite, if that's what you mean."

"Yeah, that kind of thing. Anything more like that?"

"Well, there's this African girl. I don't know what she does, but you get some awful funny noises out of there."

"I know what she does. I've been to Africa."

Her cool hand stroked me. "Can we do it?" she said.

"You're not strong enough."

"Well," she huffed, then she giggled, said something in Thai, and began nibbling at my body until she had nibbled me into such an excited state that I possessed her again. About an hour later, after resting up, I asked her if there was an Arab girl in the place. She said there was.

"I would like to try her," I said. "Does that upset you?"

"Of course not," she replied. "We girls are all here for your enjoyment." Then she dressed and led me to the Arab girl's quarters. After checking to make sure she was alone, Mai told me to go in, adding, "I'll tell the boss what's happened so she can add the Arab girl to your bill before you leave." Here, she stood on her toes and gave me a warm kiss. "Every minute with you was wonderful," she said.

The Arab girl turned out to be small, dark and strikingly exotic with an interesting personal history. For she was an exchange student from Beirut, Lebanon, who dropped out of the University of Miami, went back home and found she ached to return to the United States. Money held her back. She had none and her father, who was a not-very-successful flour merchant, had little to spare. Her opportunity to return came through a chance meeting with the woman who set up "The Resort of The 100 Nymphs."

The Arab girl's quarters were layed out like a sheik's tent, the kind you used to see in those multi-million dollar movie



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extravaganzas. It had everything: wine, oil baths, silken cushions and a lute. When I first laid eyes on her, she was wearing a silk robe.

She was on me almost the minute after the introductions. She tore off the robe and pushed surprisingly large breasts into my hands. "Ay," she screamed, "ay, ay." Then she said something in Arabic which I didn't understand but which sounded sexy as hell. Next she ripped off my clothes, thrusting her hot little body against me, and away we went.

Arab women are good at two things: Oral sex and sensuous body movements, learning both at an early age. And this Arab girl had learned her lessons well.

Later, when we were soaking in the oil bath (Arab baths always come *after* the sex), I asked her if she liked the resort.

"Oh, yes," she said, very enthusiastically. "This wonderful place. In my country, we have no places like this. Maybe in the old days, yes. But now, no."

"That right? You like your job then?"

"Oh, yes. Miss Jones only pick women who like the job. She ask me if I like giving pleasure to men before she hired me. I said yes, very much. Because it gives me pleasure." She said I do fine.

"What does she pay you?"

"Half of what you pay. You pay her \$30. I get \$15. Plus tips. I make \$300 a week, sometimes more. Next year I will retire and go back to Miami and marry an Arab boy who goes to school there. We will be rich, no?"

"Can I meet Miss Jones?"

"Sure. You must pay her anyway."

When we were finished the little Arab guided me downstairs to an office. She knocked and in we went.

THE woman I'm calling Phyllis Jones

(which is not her real name) turned out to be a tall, blonde, Scandinavian-looking woman, about 35. She had one of those faces that let's you know she's done everything, and which turns you on instantly. She also had a full, mature woman's body that exuded casual sexuality.

"Mr. Simpson says he would like to talk to you," the Arab girl said.

Phyllis Jones cocked an eyebrow. "Oh?" She looked at me, then turned to the girl. "Thank you, dear. You can go."

She brushed some hair back from her eyes and asked me what I wanted. I sat down and told her who I was and why I was there. She got angry immediately.

"I don't know who brought you here but, he shouldn't have done it," she said. Her eyes burned. "What are you going to do now?"

"Don't worry," I said. "I promised not to reveal the location of the resort if I write an article. You can trust me on that. If I revealed half the places I visited just for MEN magazine, there'd be a lot fewer houses around."

Her tongue slid out and moistened her lips. "Oh, and what do you think of this place? Compared to the others?"

"Very nice. Very imaginative."

"That's because I think the way to hold men is with variety." She shifted in her seat and her lush breasts danced invitingly under her loose sweater. She, too, was bra-less, like all the girls I'd seen when I first came in. "I think men get bored more easily than women. They always want to be trying out something different, or some different woman."

"And women aren't like that?"

"Some of them are. But women, I think, are more interested in sex, period. They don't need all that variety to keep them excited. They can give variety, and they like to, but they don't need it themselves."

"Is that what you look for in your girls—the ability to give variety?"

She laughed and sat up straighter, thrusting those breasts at me. "Some of that, certainly. But I look for girls who like doing what they're doing here. That's most important. You can go around and interview all the women here and you'll find out that every one of them enjoys this. It isn't easy to find women who enjoy prostitution, not even at what they earn here. But these girls are special that way. They're really marvelous, uncomplicated, very feminine girls. And they're in a beautiful setting, away from the dirty cities. Here they can be free and natural."

It sounded like a sales talk to me—a dreary one—so I changed the subject. "How about the cops?" I said. "How do you keep them off your back?"

"That's not my problem. The people who run the resort take care of that. There are only a few state troopers around here anyway, and I doubt that they know the truth about this setup. If they know anything, it is that this house is just a rooming house for the girls who work at the resort. There's no reason they should be suspicious."

"Somebody told me you have more than 100 girls during peak season. That's extraordinary. You must really travel all over the world to find them."

She smiled. "Well, to tell you the truth, most of them are American girls. I could never bring in that many foreigners. You just can't get the necessary visas and work permits; it's really a problem. So what I try to do is keep about 20, 25 foreign girls here year 'round, then supplement them with homegrown women the rest of the time. They're not hard to get."

"For example, summer is the slow time for model agencies—and our busiest time. And I've got a lot of friends in the agency

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business. So they just keep an eye out for me and let me know when they've got a likely girl."

She was toying with a small pendant that hung between her breasts, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her hand as it brushed back and forth against the breasts, making them sway under the sweater. She knew I was watching, but didn't give a damn. "Believe it or not, we also get girls from colleges," she said. "I advertise in college newspapers. The ads are very discreet, very carefully worded. And when we get a response I send one of two women who work for me to interview the girls. You've got to be very careful but these two interviewers are very experienced. We haven't had a single problem yet, and we've gotten some of our finest girls from the campuses."

"I spent the night with Mai, the Thai girl. Is that how she was recruited?"

"Uh huh. That was a real piece of luck to get a girl like her. One in a million."

I thanked her then, got up and left. She reminded me to come back again that night—if I wanted.

I got a few hours sleep and by mid-afternoon was down in the bar drinking with a guy from Detroit, an assistant foreman in a machine shop who'd been treated to a three-day weekend vacation by his boss.

"We had 150,000 eye sockets to get out in two weeks," he explained, even though I didn't know what the hell an eye socket was. "I beat the deadline by two days. They shoulda' sent me here for a month for that."

"You got a complaint, huh?"

The guy laughed. "Nah. You kidding. This place is unbelievable. You ball all night, have a few drinks, go out and ride a horse or shoots some baskets, then ball all night again. It's paradise. What could be better? Even the food's good."

"You married?" I asked.

"Sure. This is perfect for married guys. I'll come home with some snapshots showing me playing handball or drinking booze with the president of some bank, and my wife will flip. She'll never get suspicious. I mean this is a big moment to her—her old man out with the big shots in their own private club."

Later that day I ate with a guy who'd come all the way from St. Paul. He worked in a plant that made heating and cooling equipment and he'd been given the vacation as a bonus for a suggestion he made showing how to save money on production of gas heaters. I asked him what he thought of the resort.

"Amazing. I was in 'Nam back in '64-'65, just before all the big action began. And we—me and the guys—made a tour of some of the finest whore houses in the Orient. There was this one place in Japan we got to that we spent four days in. Never left the place. We must've made it with two dozen different chicks each. We took movies of each other balling; it was like a four-day orgy."

"How's this place compare?"

"That's what I was getting to. Of all the places I've been to, that Jap place included, this is the best. You know why? It's relaxed. And you got variety. You don't have to ball all day to entertain yourself. You can go out, get a big feed, get some exercise, then take your choice. Nice and easy, no hurry. Lots of girls always available—good looking girls, too. Wouldn't it be great to bed down with all of them?"

"Is that what you're planning to do?"

"Well I got a week to work my way down the line. Who knows, maybe I'll make it. By the time I get through, I'll tell you one thing: I'll have had it all. There won't be anything that's done anywhere I won't know about. Right?"

I went back to the house that night and helped myself first to two Swedish

girls—Kirsten and Ingrid. Kristen was a typical Norse woman; tall, long flaxen hair, high upturned breasts. Ingrid was darker, from the North, an earthy-looking chick who reminded me of Sophia Loren.

They were both wearing short white robes, like judo jackets. "You like first a Swedish massage?" Kirsten said. I said sure.

They stretched me out on a table, lovingly removed my clothes, then slammed into me. Swedish massages are rough, but after the pain you really feel good. The girls were both skilled—they could've given massages with their tongues—and if you can see yourself lying out on a massage table while two fine hunks of women go at you, you've got the picture.

Afterward, we bathed in the sauna, then retired to the bed. When we were finished, Ingrid suggested another Swedish specialty. "Would you like to watch Kirsten and me?" she asked.

"Do what?" I said, knowing the answer ahead of time.

She puckered her nose as if to tell me, "Just guess," then she and Kirsten fell on each other. And when the two girls really got going they invited me to join in, which I did.

In the morning I looked up one of the American college girls. Her name was Jill and believe it or not she had freckles, a pug nose and a bobbed haircut—brown hair, of course. The kid next door.

That not being my type, I said, "Let's sit down and talk a while." We sat down on a couch in her room. She was wearing loose slacks and a button blouse, very plain. "You know, I asked your boss to fix me up with a college girl," I said, "but you look like you never got out of high school."

She laughed, a nice, throaty laugh. "I graduated Northwestern last year," she said. "Sociology."

"How the hell you end up down here."

"I answered an ad. It said 'Women with adventurous spirits, good looking and willing to live out in the country.'"

"Were you surprised by what the job turned out to be?"

"Yep. But I liked it. My specialty is the sociology of sex. I'm a Masters and Johnson fiend. So this was a natural."

"Prostitution?"

"Oh, God, you make it sound so terrible. It's perfectly natural. I mean, if you look on sex as the giving and taking of pleasure, why is it wrong to make it your profession? What's wrong with giving pleasure? How many people you know get pleasure out of their jobs?"

"Had you had any experience before?" I asked. A stupid question, but I couldn't think of anything else at the moment.

"For money? No. For fun, lots of it." She leaned toward me and her breasts were sharply outlined against the sheer blouse material. They were twice the size I'd first thought. Her mouth dropped and her tongue slithered out and wet her lips. "I'm really very good, you know. I think I'm better than all those foreign girls put together."

"That right?" Suddenly she didn't look like a kid to me.

"Only one way for you to find out," she said.

The girl knew what she was talking about, let me tell you. She knew it all. She had the most incredible natural body movements that I'd ever seen. And she was hot; it was like having five women at once, all of them driven out of their heads by some unheard of aphrodisiac.

When my three-day weekend finally came to an end, I left "The Resort of The 100 Nymphs" with one regret: I hadn't gotten to play any handball, which is something I love. But at the same time I knew if I had to do it all over again, I would do exactly what I had done the first time. After all, there's a time and place for everything.

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STELLA'S BACK ROOM LOVER

(Continued from page 27)

at all, Charlie, and you're the one who has to make the decision."

"Yeah," Charlie agreed. "Yeah."

He walked to the door and looked out into the empty bank. Then he closed the door and snapped the lock. When he turned around, she was already tugging off her blouse. He wasn't surprised to see that she wore no bra.

"I'm not usually this bold. I usually like to have the lights off when I undress," she said.

Charlie cleared his throat. "You're going to undress?"

She laughed softly, and started to unzip her skirt as she stood under the photograph of old Haynes Johnson, who had founded Central Savings and Trust. Old Haynes didn't look too pleased with the proceedings. *A lot he knew*, thought Charlie.

The skirt slid down Stella's white thighs and fell in a puddle at her feet. She then stepped out of it, clad only in a pair of panties.

"I want to undress for you, Charlie. I want you to see all of me."

"And I want to see all of you," Charlie said. "I sure as hell want to."

"And now that you've seen me, what do you think?"

"I think," said Charlie, "that I'm coming over there where you are."

with her hips working as smoothly as a brand new sewing machine. A few days before, he wouldn't have thought he'd ever see her wearing nothing but a pair of panties, much less make love to her on the leather sofa in her husband's office, with old Haynes Johnson glaring down at them. A few days before, Charlie had been a levelheaded family man who didn't play around. A few days before, everything had been different. All he had been doing then was working morning and night. In the mornings he'd work the early shift in a grain elevator. Then, after leaving the feed mill in the early afternoon, he'd drive home, shower, don a uniform and report to the bank where he served as a guard from 3:30 p.m. to shortly before midnight.

All work and no playing around had left him feeling dull, had left him feeling that life was passing him by. And his wife wasn't much and in helping him combat the feeling.

"You know," he said to his wife, Louise, one afternoon when he arrived home to prepare for his second job, "I've almost forgotten what you look like with your clothes off."

"Just wait until this weekend," she told him. "We'll have all day together Sunday. I promise to jar your memory."

But when the weekend arrived in typically hot southwest Texas summer style, she had to go to Dallas to visit her father, who was in the hospital. Charlie spent Sunday alone, napping on the sofa. They never did get around to making love, which was not

unusual ever since he had taken the second job. For Louise was almost always asleep when Charlie would get home from the bank. And when he would feel like prodding her awake, she wouldn't feel like being prodded. "You know what? We've found the solution to the population problem," Charlie said one night before he rolled over and started snoring.

All in all, he was ripe for Stella Marshall, and it turned out that Stella was ripe for him.

The Marshalls had moved to town a few years before, and Greg Marshall, Stella's husband, had joined the staff at the bank and started winning friends and influencing people. He was the go-getter type, about 38 years old, with smooth manners and a quick smile and an easy way of talking with strangers. Soon he had won over the board of directors and they had elevated him to president of the bank.

Charlie was grateful to Marshall for hiring him when he needed another job to pay for the groceries, but still he couldn't quite persuade himself to like the bank official. Maybe he was envious. Things seemed to fall into Marshall's lap so easily. The banker had never sweated out a mortgage payment or had to collect calluses to earn a living. And there was a faintly superior air about his on-the-surface camaraderie with Charlie and the other bank employees.

Among Marshall's advantages, and by no means the least of them, was Stella, a long-legged beauty with dark silky lashes and the sultriest blue eyes Charlie had ever seen. She was about 10 years younger than her husband—which made her near Charlie's age.

Stella didn't bother with, or need, bras and girdles—a fact that was clear to any man who watched her move. She wore short skirts that showed off the best set of legs in town. She caused a ripple every time she entered

A few days before, Charlie Lockhart had been calling Stella "Mrs. Marshall, and was carefully avoiding looking too long at her splendid legs when she strode into the bank

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the bank. When she walked through the lobby toward her husband's office, you could almost hear the necks popping as men's heads swiveled. And the spinsters behind the tellers' cages turned almost as green as the currency they were counting out.

Unlike her husband, Stella didn't give people the idea that she felt superior to them. She seemed genuinely friendly. She always spoke to Charlie. She sometimes asked about his wife or the two kids. She had even mentioned that she was sorry to hear his father-in-law was in the hospital, implying that she knew he was having a tough time supporting two families until the old man recovered.

Then a day came when she started being more than just friendly. It was a day when Charlie was running late. He slammed the door of his car and trotted up the steps of the bank just as Stella came hurrying out. They collided, despite Charlie's effort to avoid it. Her breasts bumped Charlie's chest and he was startled by his instant physical response to the contact. Because Stella had stumbled, he put out his arms to save her from falling. She was pinned in them for a brief moment—a moment that grew longer when she didn't immediately pull away. And Charlie was intensely aware of the scent of her dark hair, of the soft warmth of her lush body against his. He wondered if he was imagining things or if she actually did delay in extricating herself—delay and even deliberately brush him again with her breasts before she stepped back laughing.

"Charlie, you're built like a brick wall," she said.

And she was built like the proverbial brick outhouse, thought Charlie, although she certainly hadn't felt like one when she was in his arms. He said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Marshall."

"Oh, no. It wasn't your fault." She shook her head, still laughing. "Let's have no apologies. Let's just say it was nice running into each other like this." And she left.

The rest of the day went as usual for Charlie. He stood on guard as the accounting staff completed counting the day's take. Then he waited by the door, opening it as each of the bank's personnel left, then locking it behind them. Marshall and his assistant were last to leave. By six o'clock Charlie was the only one in the bank.

When it became dark outside, Charlie broke open his lunch kit and bit into his cold ham sandwich. But his mind was elsewhere. *The Marshalls are probably eating t-bone steaks*, he thought. Charlie loved his wife and kids and he wouldn't trade them for any other man's style of life. *But I sure would like to take Greg Marshall's place for one week. Banker's hours, no financial worries, the best of everything, and that hot-eyed brunette waiting at home to give me a time in the bedroom.*

He was shaken from his daydreams by a noise at the front door of the bank. He unbuttoned his holster flap and loosened his .38, telling himself in the meantime that it was only a teller who'd forgotten her purse or something. Central Savings and Trust hadn't been robbed in 20 years. Professional criminals looked for bigger pickings.

When he pulled back the blind and peered out, he was startled to see Mrs. Marshall. She smiled and gestured for him to open up. "My husband's briefcase," she explained. "He left it in his office. He asked me to come by and pick it up."

Charlie let her in, then followed her, his eyes glued on the sexy movement of her hips. What a great walk she had. Her high heels rang on the stone floor. Sometimes at night the empty bank was like a vast tomb, all silence and shadows. She opened the door to Greg Marshall's plush office and pressed the light switch. Marshall's mahogany desk gleamed, and old Haynes Johnson looked down out of his ornately-framed photograph.

Marshall had a habit of placing his briefcase on the floor alongside his desk, and when Stella bent down to pick it up, Charlie swallowed hard, for her miniskirt hiked all the way up to her hips. She turned and caught him staring. "Charlie?"

"Nothing," Charlie said. "Well, you got the briefcase."

"Yes." She stood holding it in front of her, pressing it close to her body. And she looked at Charlie with a brightness stirring in her sultry eyes. "I'm going to tell you something. That collision out in front of the bank today, that was no accident."

"What was it then?"

"I mean, it was only part accident. I didn't intend to run into you when I came out the door. But when I did, I threw in a little acting, too. I mean, I didn't really lose my balance. I didn't have to fall into your arms. I did that on purpose."

"My pleasure," Charlie said. "Why did you do it?"

"It's hard to explain, really. I guess..." She bit down on her lip and shook her head. "No, that's a lie. It's simple to explain. You're an attractive man and I've been thinking of you a lot lately. I mean, I see you often when I come into the bank and I like you and I thought..." She smiled wryly. "Damn it, Charlie, this is quite a confession for a girl to make. But I suppose I've got to go ahead with it now. To get right down to the nitty-gritty, as they say, I've found myself wishing that you were my lover."

"Mrs. Marshall. I mean, Stella..."

"I can see I've surprised you. Frankly, I surprise myself, blurring it out like this," she laughed ruefully. "I'm a passionate woman, Charlie, and I just haven't been getting the kind of loving I need. I considered Greg a good catch when I married him, and in many ways he is. But he's older than I am and he doesn't feel about sex as I do. When he makes love to me, he's so damned business-like about it, so detached. You know, like it was just a part of the day's work." She paused and shook her head again. "I'm making a fool of myself, telling you all this. I'm married and you're married and you work for my husband. It's an impossible situation. Besides, you may not even be attracted to me."

"You know better than that."

"Yes, I guess I do. I just wanted to hear you say it. And you know the worst part, Charlie? There isn't anything we can do about it."

She walked to the door, brushing Charlie's arm as she passed. Then she turned around. "Oh, I'd go to bed with you if I got a chance. I'm not above that. But almost everybody in town knows you or me. We can't meet without being recognized. There's nowhere it would be safe. It's a hell of a situation, Charlie, when you need a man like I need you."

THAT was one night Charlie didn't roll over and start snoring when he climbed into bed after his hours at the bank were finished. His wife slept, but Charlie didn't. He had a lot to think about. He also had a lot to think about while he was working the following day. He spent about half of his time telling himself that he ought to forget what Stella had said, and he spent the other half inventing highly complicated schemes for seeing her without anyone else knowing. He wound up discarding them all.

By the time he actually did see her again, two days later, he was as nervous as a safecracker with palsy. She walked into the bank about 4 p.m. and he felt a tightening in the pit of his stomach. She gave him a faint, sardonic smile that only the two of them understood, and spoke to him as though she had never confessed wanting him as a lover.

"How are you, Charlie?"

"I'm fine, Mrs. Marshall. How are you?"

That was the beginning of the end of his resistance, and that was how he came to be making love to her on the brown leather sofa in her husband's office.

Charlie gazed at her and thought of how beautiful she was—in or out of her clothes—and how good it had been for him, too. Maybe not the best ever—not as good as it had been with Louise in the early days of their marriage—but certainly better than he'd had lately. Again he felt that stab of envy of the man to whom Stella belonged—the man who sat in this plush office very day, the man who had everything

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Charlie didn't have and could never reach.

It helped a little to tell himself that he had satisfied Stella and Marshall couldn't. But it didn't completely even the score.

"Put on your clothes," he said to her. "You're too much of a temptation lying there."

At work the following day, he had a lot more thinking to do. Stella had said she was coming back to the bank that night, at eight o'clock again. He spent about half of his time looking forward to the rendezvous, and he spent the rest of it convincing himself that the meeting had to be their last.

"Any way you look at it, this isn't going to work out," he told her when she got there. "Last time was great, and we both needed it. But to continue would be stupid."

Stella put her hands on her hips in mock anger. There was glint in her eyes. "I see I'm going to have to work a little harder to please you. A man never broke off a romance with me before."

"Look at it this way. We both have problems, but this won't solve them." "Maybe not, but it sure helps ease the pain," she teased him. She walked behind a cashier's window. "Did you know that I was working in a bank when I met Greg? I'd stand back here and count out the money, but I didn't have much of my own. That's the reason I grabbed him when he proposed."

"Suppose he decides to come by here tonight, what then?"

She laughed and shook her head. "He's at a civic club meeting and he'll be there until very late. We're completely safe, Charlie. You remember what I told you about wanting the lights off when I undressed? I guess that was because Greg always looked at me like I was a piece of machinery he'd bought. I don't feel that way with you because you look at me like a man should look at a woman. You make me feel female, Charlie. Listen, you stand right there for a minute and I'll show you something."

With that, she dropped out of sight behind the cashier's counter. Scowling, Charlie moved closer. She popped up again as he reached the window. "Look at this. The first topless teller," she said, And topless she was! She had doffed her blouse while she was out of sight. The ruddy nipples of her naked breasts stood out hard, taunting Charlie to reach for them. "Do you think this would help deposits, Charlie?"

Laughing, he turned the corner of the counter and picked her up. In turn, she giggled as he carried her toward Marshall's office and the sofa; giggled and kissed him and nipped at his ear lobe. "Do you want to talk any more about breaking up?" she purred.

He was too full of desire to talk. He spilled her on the sofa and clamped his hands on her thighs. She was the one who reminded him to lock the office door from the inside. When he returned, she was squirming out of her panties, her eyes bright.

"Kiss me here, Charlie," she said, indicating her breasts. Let's make it last a long time tonight. Let's not hurry."

He fitted his mouth to one of the taunting nipples and she clawed at his hair. She moaned when he switched to the other breast. "Take off your clothes, Charlie. I want to see you, too."

Charlie unbuckled his belt. He felt like a man in quicksand. He didn't know if he was going to be able to end it tonight or not. Stella reached out. She smiled up at him. "One good kiss deserves another."

When she finally fell back and drew him between her thighs, he had been kissed everywhere there was to be kissed, and he could hardly see clearly, so intent was he culminating the act. She shifted and locked her legs around him and whispered in his ear, telling him how much she liked everything he did, how much better he did it than any

other man who'd tried to satisfy her.

Then he reached his goal. He felt his searing release, but she was asking for more, pleading almost desperately, and he straightened up and pulled away, turning his head toward the door.

"Charlie. Finish me up," she said. "I need you back here, darling."

"I heard a noise," he told her.

He was pulling his trousers up. "Stay here," he told her. He went through the office door with his shirttail out and his .38 in his hand.

Greg Marshall spun away from the open door of the ancient vault. His briefcase was on the floor, open, too.

"Making a midnight withdrawal, Mr. Marshall?" Charlie said.

"Charlie, I can explain this." Marshall lifted a trembling hand.

"It doesn't require any explanation. I get the picture perfectly. You were just about to rob your own bank."

"You're an intelligent man, Charlie. I won't lie to you. But I urge you to think carefully and listen to what I have to say." Marshall was scared. Charlie could see a rivulet of sweat creep down his face. "I was at a meeting and I slipped out a side door. No one will miss me if I get back right away. When our money comes up short, there will be no one to blame. Not me. And not you, Charlie. The money will just have disappeared mysteriously."

"That's clever. Much better than a lot of schemes you could have tried. I guess you've been planning it for a long time."

"I'm in a predicament, Charlie. Some people are pressuring me." The bank official had lost all his assurance. He was begging now, talking so fast his words crowded each other. "Nobody in town knows it—nobody but Stella—but I'm in hock to gamblers. Tough guys who are threatening me if I don't pay off. We can make a deal, you and me. I'll give you half the money. You need it, too. Think of your family."

"I am thinking of them," Charlie said. "They wouldn't want me to turn thief."

"My God, Charlie, what else can I offer you? I've already given you my wife."

CHARLIE let out a loud breath between his teeth. He'd seen that one coming. Stella had tried too damn hard to keep him inside her husband's office.

"Charlie." Stella grabbed his arm. She had put on her panties but nothing else. "He ordered me to make out with you. But I'm not sorry. You're the greatest I ever had, and I've had lots of men. After things quiet down, we can be together again, all you want."

Charlie's mouth twisted. He didn't know if she was telling the truth or just trying to save herself. It didn't really matter. "Both of you make me want to throw up," he said. "Get the hell out of here. I'm not going to turn you in. You've got problems enough. You've got each other."

He locked the front door of the bank, alone again, and walked back to pick up the cap he'd left in Marshall's office. He guessed Marshall would be leaving town now, and the bank would be needing a new president. At any rate, he felt more relieved than he had in a long time—more satisfied with his life and himself. He wasn't a thief and a pimp and a liar, and when you got right down to it, he wasn't nearly as trapped as Greg and Stella Marshall. He could work out his problems; they'd get better. But the Marshalls were doomed by what they were behind their sophisticated facade.

"If you have to be like them to make it big, I'm glad I'm poor," he thought. He closed up Marshall's office and straightened his cap, then looked at his watch. Soon it would be time to go home.

MONEY-HUNGRY DENTISTS

(Continued from page 37)

patrolman saw Horan's condition he raced out for a small tank of oxygen which he carried in his cruiser. But he was too late: Horan died just as the oxygen began to flow into his lungs.

Later that day the city medical examiner performed an autopsy. He reported that Horan had died of septicemia—blood poisoning—caused by a massive amount of bacteria which spread from a localized infection and invaded the blood stream.

Now any doctor or dentist who knows there has been an infection in some part of the body (as there obviously was in Horan's mouth), and who hears the symptoms that Horan described, will order a blood test without delay. Those symptoms are indicative of blood poisoning, and blood poisoning can kill quickly.

But Horan's dentist ignored the symptoms, pre-occupied with fast-buck treatments. And he didn't want Horan running to a physician because it reflected on him—it indicated he had botched his job. So Horan, in the end, became the victim of a dentist's greed and false pride.

Certainly, the death of James Horan is not a typical result of a visit to a dentist. But it does point up one element in a growing national scandal—too many of our dentists are either incompetent, or are more concerned about fees than they are about providing you with first-rate dental care.

"A great number of dentists—a shocking number, really—are men who ignore good dental practices in order to increase their income," says one investigator who has studied dentistry at great length in the last few years. "They have found that in order to make the kind of income that a medical doctor makes, they must work as quickly as possible, take every short cut they can think of, and save time at the expense of the patient's teeth. Their income is the first order of business, the patient's health comes second."

While this statement may come as a shock to you, it does not surprise the experts in the field of dental hygiene. They know—and have known for a long time—that this sorry state of affairs exists.

So why isn't something done about it?

Because dentists don't have to worry much about losing their licences, thanks to the dental Code of Ethics that forbids a dentist from exposing to the public the shoddy—and often dangerous—practices that the shady members of his profession are using. And without the proof that only a dentist can provide, our state governments—which license dentists—are paralyzed to act.

We'll have more to say about that Code of Ethics later, but first let's see just how the don't-give-a-damn dentists operate, and why, in the process, they are endangering the health—and picking the pockets—of millions of Americans.

A good place to start with is dental fillings as most of us are familiar with fillings. So let's assume that you get up one morning, and your jaw feels like hell because in the roots and nerves of one of your teeth there is a pain caused by decay. You beat it

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But if your dentist is just out to make a buck, he'll say, "You have three cavities in that tooth." That will be a lie, but you've no way of knowing it. He will then work on that single cavity and charge you for three fillings, which is highway robbery.

Finally, he will deliberately leave some of the decay in the tooth, for he knows that tooth will act up again after a few months or a year, and you'll be back again. But he can't wait a few months or a year to get that extra fee. So he'll put in a temporary filling and ask you to come back in a month to have a permanent filling put in. You come back in a month, he puts in a permanent filling, which means you have paid for an extra visit, and you walk away figuring you'll not have trouble with that tooth for quite a while.

Meanwhile, the decay he's left in the tooth begins to spread anew, until it reaches the point where you have another toothache. You return to the dentist, he repeats the procedure, and you end up with another toothache in a year or so. He'll do this as long as he can. Finally, when the decay has destroyed the root and nerve of the tooth so that it can no longer be worked on in the same manner, he'll tell you, "We've done all we can to save the tooth. It's going to have to be pulled out." And he pulls it—at another fee.

Len Taylor, a dentist (not his real name, of course, because he would be drummed out of the dental society if his real name got into print) told me:

"The sure sign of a dentist who is out to get rich on your teeth is the guy who uses temporary fillings all the time. A temporary filling has its place, occasionally, like when a dentist has to do a major rebuilding job on a tooth—one of those rare procedures that can't be done in one visit. But when a dentist uses temporary fillings on ordinary cavities, he's just building up his bank account.

"I realized that when I first started going to dental school," Len continued. "My dentist was a young hotshot who drove a fast sports car and was always running off to Vegas or Puerto Rico for long weekends. During my first month or so in dental school my dentist was killed in an auto accident, and he hadn't yet completed the work he was doing on my mouth. So one of my professors agreed to have a look. He was horrified to find that I had six temporary fillings—and that three of them, which had been in more than a year, were totally falling apart. The decay in those cavities was eating at the teeth all over again, spreading like a cancer.

"That's when I learned there are essentially two types of dentists—guys who do the best possible job with all the skill at their command, and who charge for their time and effort; and the ones who do rush jobs. The rush-job guys will often charge less for each job, but in the end you often pay a hell of a lot more because you have to go back again and again and again. Sometimes they'll do as many as five and six fillings during a tooth's lifetime. And once they've helped kill a tooth which didn't have to die, they'll make a bundle on pulling it and

replacing it.

"Unfortunately, very few teeth should have to be extracted if all the dentists did the proper work on it. But why should they? Teeth pulling is one of the best things they have going for them."

To see just how good a thing tooth pulling can be, let's explore this area of dentistry.

THE National Health Service estimates that 20 million Americans have lost all their teeth. And other experts project that about one person in three living in this country will have lost all his teeth by the time he is 35—an absolutely incredible statistic when you consider that modern dental techniques can save almost any tooth, no matter how far gone it is. But the figures speak for themselves—and point out one very sorry fact: for reasons which will be made clear later, there are too many pull-happy dentists in the U.S.

I've had personal experience with pull-happy dentists—and one of these experiences illustrates the difference between the pull-happy dentist and the good one. Four years ago I woke up with terrible pain in my jaw. My face was blown up on the right side. Obviously, an abscess had formed in at least one of my teeth.

I called Len Taylor, my dentist, friend and neighbor, but it was his day off and he was out fishing or playing golf or something. I called another dentist in the neighborhood and he said he could see me. I rushed over there. Sure enough, my pain was being caused by an infection in a badly rotted tooth. The dentist said he would have to pull it. I said no, because after what my friend Len told me about extractions I've become wary of them.

I insisted that this guy clean out the infection as best he could and try to save the tooth. He said it was impossible.

So I got up and left. I went to my doctor, who gave me a prescription for a pain killer and an antibiotic to fight the infection. Then I waited for my own dentist to get home.

When he did, I ran over to his office and he began to work on that tooth. He drilled it, got all the decay out and put in a drain to clear up the infection. He put in a temporary filling—one of those cases where a temporary filling is desirable so he can have time after the infection cleared up to see what he can do to save the tooth.

I returned to his office two days later and he went to work. He drilled, and scraped, and worked like hell. There was hardly any tooth matter left when he got through—just a



shell. But he rebuilt it, filled it up and made it into a whole tooth again. He didn't pull it.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said. "Maybe just a few months. Or maybe forever. We'll just have to see."

Four years later, I still have that tooth. It didn't have to be extracted. I didn't have to go through the annoyance and cost of a false tooth. I didn't become a victim of a pull-happy dentist.

And the only reason I didn't fall for it is because my own dentist had often told me about all the quick-buck guys in his profession—guys like the dentist who insisted the tooth had to be extracted.

When that dentist insisted he would have to pull my tooth, I remembered something my friend had told me: "The easiest job for a dentist to do is pull out a tooth. There's no work involved, and no skill. But any tooth with a sound root can be saved. The only time a tooth really has to be pulled out is when there is such a large amount of periodontal disease that the gums and other membranes supporting the tooth in the jaw have rotted away. Otherwise, a tooth can—and should be—saved."

It should be saved, not only because it is right, but because a tooth that is pulled and not replaced immediately will mess up your healthy teeth. Part of the jaw on which teeth rests consists of soft bone. When a tooth is removed, the remaining teeth shift to fill in the space vacated by the extracted tooth. Therefore, the pull-happy dentist will tell you, quite truthfully, that a tooth that has been pulled should be replaced with a false one so that other teeth adjoining it or meeting it from above or below on the bite won't get messed up and shift out of line. But if you think he's doing this for your own good, you've got another shock in store for you.

"Look," he'll say, "there are two approaches to making a bridge of this kind. The first is a simple device that most dentists favor and that costs only about \$100. The second is a lot more complicated to make, and it doesn't have any great benefits over the other one. It can cost about \$240 to \$300, depending on how difficult a job it is. I recommend the first one."

You'll take the first one, of course, because it's a lot cheaper and obviously it's just as good. Your dentist says it's just as good, and he should know.

The fact is, however, that the simpler device is *not* just as good. Most reputable dentists condemn its use because it is hooked onto an adjoining tooth in such a way that it places enormous stresses on that tooth. Eventually, the false tooth will loosen the tooth that it is hooked onto, and destroy that tooth. In a couple of years that adjoining tooth will also have to be pulled out, and a whole new bridge of two teeth will have to be built. And if it is the same type bridge as the dentist sold you in the first place—the slapdash job that is so much cheaper—then the process will be repeated: A few years later another tooth will be lost.

It's obvious what is happening here—the revolving door. The dentist cons you into the simpler device. It is so easy and quick to make and install that he realizes as much money in profit charging you \$100 as he does charging you \$300. (He can do the job in about a quarter of the time.)

Most of all, however, he knows that you're going to become a steady cash-paying customer because the simple bridge tooth is almost guaranteed to destroy the adjoining tooth and bring you back again for more work.

"That process continues through your life," my dentist friend says, "until you discover you don't have enough teeth left to call your own. Then the dentist talks you into pulling the rest of your teeth and getting complete dentures. That's one of the reasons

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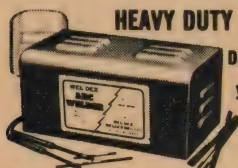
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so many Americans—young guys, too—don't have any teeth left in their mouths."

By now it should be clear that these unscrupulous dentists have worked out to a science the means of best separating their patients from their money. Fillings, extractions and false teeth are the base of every dentist's business. But there are less common dental problems that they also get rich on while messing up their patients' health.

PYORRHEA is one. It is a periodontal disease, which is any sort of disease around the tooth. If not treated, or if treated improperly, periodontal disease can result in the loss of teeth, in massive bacterial infections and in severe pain or general discomfort. It's a disaster to your mouth, and it should be treated quickly and properly.

But the dentist who is looking after his bank account first doesn't do anything about it when he sees the condition in a patient's mouth. He doesn't clean up the situation himself, nor does he send the patient to a periodontist—a dentist who specializes in treating the problem. He ignores it or treats it simply by masking the problem with chemicals because treatment takes a long time and he can make more money doing other work—such as cheap fillings and unnecessary extractions.

In the same way, the money-hungry dentist will tell you he can save a tooth by doing a "cap job" on it. A cap is basically a crown for the top part of a tooth that has been destroyed by decay, but whose root is still intact. It is used to save teeth that would otherwise have to be pulled. Here again, the shoddy dentist usually does a rush job because time is money. He never fits the crown properly. The result is that decay can start all over again under the crown and work its way down to the very root of the tooth and destroy it. Or the crown fits so badly that it irritates surrounding gums and leads to periodontal troubles. Once again the revolving door keeps revolving.

Any other dental problem you can ever find yourself facing—root canal work, for example, or false teeth—can and is mucked up by the greedy dentists who are practicing in this country. And the nation's dental societies themselves are responsible for letting so much lousy work be fostered on the American public. Here we come to that Code of Ethics we spoke about earlier.

The American Dental Association's Code of Ethics are ethics of one dentist to another: not of dentist to patient. What the Code amounts to is, "Don't blow the whistle on my bad dental practice, and I won't on yours. Don't let the public know what is going on. Don't reveal to the public all misinformation that has been fed to them over the years about its teeth."

Any dentist who publicly criticizes another dentist—even by saying the guy across the street made a mistake in a filling—is subject for dismissal from the society. And loss of license.

Nowhere at all does the Code of Ethics lay down the law about the dentist's responsibility to his patient. The code takes it for granted that every dentist is going to be an honorable man—which, we have seen, is not the case. And there is simply nothing in the code that would make it possible for a patient who has been wronged to take action against a dentist. The way the code is set up, if a patient sues a dentist for malpractice, there is not a single other dentist in the country who could testify in behalf of the patient against the offending dentist.

"They're above the law," my dentist friend says, with some bitterness. "Every dentist is a God unto himself. And there's nothing rarer today than a good dentist."

That being the case, how can you go about finding that rare animal. The way to begin is to talk to friends, neighbors and relatives about their dentists. Remember, you're looking for a guy who is a skilled craftsman, not a fast talker or a great golfing buddy.

Ask your friends about extractions, first of all. Do they have a dentist who went through a great deal of trouble to save a tooth? Or is their dentist a man who pulls at the first—or second—sign of pain? Also, are the fillings they've gotten from their dentists the kinds that have lasted for 5 or 10 years or more, without causing further trouble?

Do a little further investigating. One good place to ask for advice is your doctor. He's going to be health conscious, and the chances are he's not going to get involved with a pull-happy dentist—a guy who bases his reputation on "painless" and fast extractions. Get your doctor to tell you who his dentist is.

Once you've made a list of those dentists that have been mentioned most often by the friends and doctors you consulted, visit one or two of them. Remember, you're looking for a dentist for your family—one you can trust. Make it clear to the dentist you want him to do everything in his power to save your teeth. Watch his reaction carefully. If you honestly feel that he agrees with your viewpoint, perhaps you've found your man.

Let him give you a complete examination. (Probably every man reading this has been long overdue for a dental examination, and getting one now before trouble starts is one way of heading off trouble later.) If the dentist is a good dentist he is going to give you a very thorough examination, using X-rays and tools to probe the teeth and previous fillings. He'll question you about earlier work that's been done, and he'll try to draw up a history of the work in your mouth on a special chart he'll have.

If he tells you that work is needed in your mouth, he will explain in great detail exactly what is wrong and how he is going to treat it. And, if he is a good dentist, he'll never talk about pulling a tooth—except for a rare case like an impacted wisdom tooth.

There is one other possible check on the dentist you're investigating. Should he tell you that you need a great deal of work, tell him you want to have his diagnosis and planned work verified by someone else. If he's sure of his own skills, he'll never object because he knows a confirming diagnosis will resolve your doubts and make you easier to work with. The best places to have his diagnosis confirmed are dental-school clinics and public health services.

Now suppose you've already been shafted by one dentist. What can you do about it?

Not very much, I'm afraid. The way the courts have ruled on dentists' liability, it is almost impossible to sue a man for malpractice unless what he did was a complete accident, such as cutting your tongue very badly. Anything other than accident—like charging you for three cavity fillings on one tooth when there was only one cavity—has been held to be the result of a dentist's professional wisdom. And that particular dentist is the sole judge of that wisdom. He can do no wrong.

Obviously, complaining to your local dental society about an incompetent dentist will do you no good either. A dentist can't make a mistake, according to them.

Your only defense, then, is to hunt for a good dentist. And when you find him, keep him. He may charge more money than that pull-happy dentist your neighbor goes to, but he's saving your teeth. And in the long run you'll be saving money. You won't be caught in that vicious revolving door. And you won't be joining that vast army of pathetic Americans who have lost every single one of their teeth.

GOLD MINE CYCLE RAIDERS

(Continued from page 19)

was directly behind him.

After listening carefully to the sounds beyond the twist in the tunnel, Hank whispered to Cal: "It seems like there are only two of them. Let's wait for them here, and then, if they come, jump 'em."

"What good will jumping them do?" Cal whispered back. "So what happens if we can take those two? There're still the others."

"We'll think about the others when we have to," Hank hissed, annoyed at his partner's fear. But then, Cal was always like that—cautious, afraid of risks. They had been friends since high school, and always it had been Hank who had to take the first step.

Once more they began listening to the sounds from the other side of the twist in the tunnel, which grew louder and louder. Finally, Cal whispered: "I think those drunken bastards are coming after us on motorcycles!"

"Yeah," Hank said. "You're right. And they are coming our way. So when they come, you take the first one, I'll take the other."

Seconds later, two cycles—one behind the other—rounded the twist in the tunnel, their headlights piercing the darkness.

"Go!" Hank screamed. He shoved Cal at the leader, and took off on his own, hurtling through the air at the second cyclist, knocking him off his slow-moving machine. The riderless motorcycle rolled a few feet and crashed into the wall, its headlight still shining, while the cycle bum struggled to his feet on wobbly legs. In the glare of the headlight, Hank recognized him as the one the others called Elephant. It was a name that fit him well, too, for he was huge—at least 6 feet 5, with a stomach which bulged sloppily over his belt.

Hank had already dropped a decision to Elephant and under ordinary conditions he would never have one chance in a hundred of taking him. But the bum's spill from the cycle all but knocked him senseless, and a well-placed kick by Hank into Elephant's groin did the rest. Uttering a low moan, Elephant sank to his knees and sprawled face-first into the dust.

Hank now directed his attention to Cal. His partner was straddled across the chest of the other rider, his hands wrapped in the man's long hair. He was pounding the cyclist's head into the ground.

"Enough, Cal!" Hank barked, "he's out. Stop wasting your energy." Then, turning towards the twist in the tunnel, he began to listen for the sound of other motorcycles, or the scuffling of running footsteps. For sounds, in other words, that would tell him that the friends of the two cyclists they had put out of commission were coming to help. But he heard nothing. So grabbing Cal by the arm, his pulled him away, and they resumed their search for a hidden exit.

Eventually, they came to a fork in the tunnel. The path to their left, they knew from their previous explorations, would take them to the mine's entrance. The one to their right they hadn't explored before. For all they knew, it could lead to another dead end, but it was a risk worth taking for there were sure to be more cyclists at the entrance to the

mine.

Hank had already started to the right—to the unexplored path—when Cal again pleaded, "It's no use, Hank. They'll only find us in the end. And what if we do get out? We'll be on foot and they'll be on their motorcycles."

Hank didn't answer Cal. He didn't have time. For as soon as Cal had had his say, a voice boomed out of the darkness: "Your friend's right, Hank. It's no use."

The voice belonged to Duke, the leader of the cycle gang. Now he switched on his cycle's headlight, and three other cyclists followed his lead.

Hank stared at Duke with hatred, then shrugged his shoulders in resignation and, in a barely audible voice, said, "All right, you bastard. We can't take on the whole bunch of you. We'll tell you where the gold is."

IT was a bluff, of course. Neither Hank nor Cal knew of any gold in the abandoned mine. True, some of the mines in this part of California, which was near the Nevada border, still had unmined veins of gold left in them, but the expense of getting to them far exceeded the cost of uncovering them. Not even Wild West buffs like Hank and Cal bothered much looking for this kind of gold when they went digging about in abandoned mining sites and towns. They were more interested in searching for things like rusted pistols and indian arrowheads. And searching for rusted pistols and indian arrowheads was what they had been doing in Desert City when the cycle bums came.

They had gone to Desert City on a three-day holiday after reading about it in a magazine, leaving their wives at home. For their wives didn't find ghost towns interesting places to visit.

When they arrived, they were the only buffs on the scene and explored the town to their heart's content, seeking shelter for the night in the entrance of one of the mines—The Lucky Sue—which seemed safer than any of the buildings still standing in the town proper.

The next day, they explored the mine itself as the supports looked solid enough and it had an interesting history, having been the site where eight miners had once been slaughtered in a surprise attack by Indians. "Maybe," said Cal as they started in, "we'll find an old skull or a valuable old pistol."

As it happened, they found nothing, but they did attract a drunken cycle pack, which roared down on them as they were finishing lunch. All told there were about 15 cycles in the pack, and about four of the riders had girls filling up rear seats. Like Indians attacking a wagon train the motorcycles circled Hank and Cal again and again. Finally a single Harley-Davidson detached itself from the group and rode up to them, the rider signalling at the same time for the other riders to stop.

"You two must be the ones one of our boys spotted," he said to Hank and Cal. "Whatcha' doin'?"

Hank ran his eyes up and down the rider, then shifted his gaze to the rest of the gang, and finally said, "Just camping."



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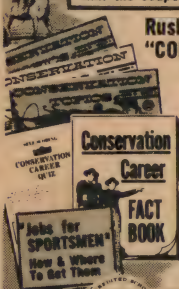
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The rider nodded his head. "Just camping, huh? Well, what are those things for?" he asked, pointing to a couple of picks lying near the jeep Hank and Cal had come in.

"For poking around in the ground," Hank answered. "My buddy and I are souvenir hunters. We like to pick up old guns, things like that. Sometimes they're buried in the ground, so we dig for them."

The rider nodded his head again, then turned to the gang and yelled, "Phil! Come over here!"

A second motorcycle left the pack and raced over to where Hank and Cal were being confronted. The rider forcing the confrontation now said, "Phil are these the two guys you discovered digging in the mine when you rode by this place today?"

"I don't know, Duke," Phil grinned. "I didn't see 'em; I just heard 'em. But being as how there ain't nobody else around, they must be the guys."

"You heard what the man said," Duke said to Hank and Cal. "He said the two of you were inside the mine, digging. Now I'll tell you what I think. I think you two are prospectors and this here is an old gold mine—the kind that they have all around these hills. Now I'll tell you what else I think. I think you wouldn't be pokin' around in there unless you knew that gold was there. You'd both have to be fools to come to this goddamn place otherwise and you two don't look like fools."

"Thanks for the compliment, but we did come to this goddamn place for other reasons," Hank said. "We came looking for old skulls and rusty pistols and indian arrowheads."

"What are you, some kind of wise guy?" the leader asked.

"No," Hank answered. "We really are, by your definition of the word, fools."

"Okay, wise guy," the leader said. "Enough of the bullshit. I'm thinking that you're lying—that there is gold here, that you found it, and that you won't tell us where you hid it. But you'll tell us what we want to know, man, I guarantee it. We got plenty of time for you 'cause the bash we're having stinks. Making you two talk looks like it'll be a hell of a lot more fun."

"I hope so, for your sake," Hank said, "because that's all you're going to get out of this—fun. There's no gold that we know of."

"We'll see," Duke said. He then ordered five of the riders to stand guard with him while the others searched the jeep Hank and Cal had driven up in.

When the search proved fruitless, he directed the searchers into the mine for a quick look around. As they headed into the entrance, Duke said to Hank and Cal, "Sooner or later, we're gonna find that gold. And the sooner we find it, the better off the both of you will be. So why don't you save yourselves a hard time and tell us where it is. If you do, we'll just take half and leave the rest for the both of you."

"We don't have any gold, I swear it," Cal said.

"Ah hell," Duke said. "I'm getting tired of this." Then, addressing the cyclists standing guard with him, he said, "Any of you guys got ideas on how to handle this?"

"Yeah," one of them said. "I got an idea."

"The hell you do," Duke replied. "You ain't had an idea in three years."

"Honest to God I got one," the cyclist replied. "Maybe they got a map on them that will show us where the gold is. Why not search 'em?"

"Damn if that ain't one hell of an idea at that," Duke said. "Shorty, you're living proof that anything—absolutely anything—can happen in this world." Now, gesturing to the cyclists, Duke added, "Okay, you guys, search 'em."

The cyclists found nothing but Hank and Cal's wallets, which they handed over to

Duke. He, in turn, shoved the wallets in his pockets after closely examining them.

At this moment, two members of the search party, Elephant and Curly, emerged from the mine. "Hey, Duke, there's nothin' in there but rocks," Elephant called out. "We went back more'n a hundred feet and we found nothin'. Jesus, even if there is gold somewhere in that cave, it'll take us a year to find it. That thing just goes on and on like it has no ending."

"Well, we do have lots of time, but we ain't got a year," Duke smiled at Hank and Cal. "So I guess you two will have to tell us where you hid the gold."

"Goddamn it!" Hank exploded. "How many times do we have to tell you drunken sons of bitches that we have no gold."

Duke smiled evilly at this outburst by Hank and called for all of the riders to join him. Then, after they'd assembled, he pointed to Hank and said, "This dude here just called us sons of bitches. Drunken sons of bitches, as a matter of fact. And on top of that he won't tell us where he's hidden the gold he and his partner found. I think this requires extra-special punishment, okay?"

When the gang shouted its approval, Duke crooked his finger at Elephant and motioned for him to step up.

Elephant did as Duke requested. Then Duke, staring up at the hulking slob, said to him: "Elephant, one of these guys called us drunken sons of bitches, which means he called you a drunken son of a bitch, too. What do you want to do about it?"

Elephant muttered something incoherent.

"Ahh, that's what I like to hear from you, you drunken son of a bitch." Now he once more addressed Hank, saying: "Big mouth, Elephant wants revenge. So you and he are going to fight. Nobody will interfere. If you take him, I'll let you and your buddy go free. How's that for incentive? If you lose, and you will, it will be the first step in the softening up process which will go on until you show us where you hid the gold. Okay boys, go to it."

Elephant uttered something incoherent again and took a step towards Hank. And Hank, who had no illusions about being able to take Elephant, instinctively threw his hands up in a boxer's stance, hoping to get out of this mess with as little damage to himself as possible. Slowly, warily, he backed off, looking for an opening. When it came, Hank threw a lightning-like right to the giant's gut, his fist going deep into Elephant's fleshy middle. The shot, however, did no visible damage to Elephant. He just smiled and kept on coming.

Then, with a speed that was amazing for someone that big, his hand shot out and grabbed the front of Hank's shirt. Soon Hank was hanging in mid-air like a rag doll as Elephant shook him violently before flinging him to the ground. Struggling to his feet, Hank turned to run but part of the gang had worked their way around him and blocked his avenue of escape.

Realizing that his predicament was hopeless, Hank vowed to stay down the next time Elephant attacked, which wasn't difficult. For when Elephant shot a massive fist into his face seconds later, everything went black as the punch landed.

Paying scant attention to the fallen Hank, Duke now pointed at a cowed Cal and smiled. "You next." Elephant then dispatched Cal even quicker than he did Hank.

WHEN Hank regained consciousness, the first thing he was aware of was that his jaw hurt like hell. The second thing he realized was that his hands, which he wanted to use to massage his jaw, were tied behind his back. Shaking his head vigorously, he then realized that he and Cal—who was lying

near him and also tied up—were in the mine. He turned his head toward the entrance. There, at the mouth of the shaft, he could see three of the gang on guard.

Before he could even wonder what the hell was going to happen next, Cal started to come to, too, moaning loudly as he did so. This attracted the attention of the three cyclists standing at the entrance of the mine, and in short order two of them were coming to where Hank and Cal were lying.

When they arrived, they switched on their flashlights and Hank saw that the two of them were Mamas.

"Hi, I'm Jane," one of them said sweetly. "My friend here is Carole. Is there anything we can do for you guys?" As she spoke, she knelt beside Hank and began to wipe some of the blood from his face with a handkerchief.

"I'll be damned if they're not going to try to sweet talk us out of the gold now, Hank thought, marvelling. Never in his life had he run across such a crude, insane bunch. I'll bet these broads have orders to do anything—absolutely anything—to get our non-existent gold. Even screw for us right here. Then, very suddenly, he formed a plan: He'd get the broads to untie him and Cal so that they could escape into the mine. Somewhere in that mine, he figured, there had to be a path that led to another exit—an exit the miners used in emergencies.

"You really want to do something for me?" Hank asked Jane.

"Yes."

"Okay then, untie my hands. My hands and the hands of my buddy."

"I will if you both promise not to try to escape."

"Quit kidding," Hank replied as sincerely as he could. "How can we escape? There's only one way out, and to make it we have to get past your friends. You know that."

"Yeah," Jane said. "I know that." Then she and Carole began to work on the cords binding Hank and Cal's wrists.

As the girls worked, Hank said to Jane, "I suppose you were sent here to be nice to me so that I would tell you where the gold is."

"You're right," Jane said. "But I wouldn't put it so coldly. You see, it's important to me that you don't get badly hurt. And those guys may really rip you apart if you make things too tough for them."

"Why is it important to you that I don't get badly hurt?" Hank asked. "You don't know me."

"But," she quickly replied, "I do like what I've seen so far. I wouldn't want that handsome face of yours to be permanently disfigured."

"If I tell you where the gold is," Hank asked, "would you at least let me make love to you once?"

"No problem," Jane said. "In fact, you can make love to me as often as you want. I'd enjoy it." Here, she leaned over Hank and planted her lips on his, her tongue darting between his teeth. At the same time, she slowly unbuttoned his shirt and then began massaging his chest, using a soothing circular motion.

"That," she said after coming up for air, "is just a sample. All you have to do for the rest is lead us to the gold."

"Sure," Hank said, rising. "Come on Cal, let's get the gold for the girls."

Cal, who had been watching Hank and Jane, said "What'd you say?"

"I said that we're gonna dig up the gold and turn it over to the girls, okay?"

"Okay," Cal said, aware now that Hank had something in mind. "Anything you say is okay by me, Hank."

When Cal was on his feet, Hank grabbed one of the flashlights and took off, fleeing deep into the tunnel, with Cal following. Soon they had lost the girls and began to hunt for the second exit and freedom. But

they never found it. For shortly after they ran into the dead end, they were captured by Duke and three of his sidekicks, and offered to tell them where the non-existent gold was hidden.

"All you have to do," Hank said, "is head down the shaft to your left. Just keep going until you come to a dead end. Then dig a little. It'll be there."

But Duke was skeptical. "So how come you ran down the other shaft?" Duke asked.

"We got mixed up," Hank lied. "All we wanted to do was get the hell away from you guys. We figured that after a while, you guys would sober up and stop looking for us. Then we'd get the gold and clear out."

"Okay," Duke said, "I'll buy your explanation. I'm getting fed up with the whole goddamn game. The booze is wearing off and there's none left around here to drink. So me and my boys will follow your directions and you two can go. Remember, though, I've got your wallets and know where you both live. So if you two guys are lying to us, you both better watch it. We'll be coming for you."

TWO weeks later, as Hank and Cal sat in Cal's livingroom watching TV while their wives were shopping, the air exploded with the thunder of motorcycle engines. Cal raced to the window, parted the curtains, looked out and blurted, "My God, it's them! It's that crazy Duke and his gang. They meant what they said about finding us!"

Nearly by a phone. And Cal immediately picked it up, dialing for the police. After he finished, there was a knock on the front door.

"It's Duke and Elephant," Cal shouted to Hank, who had gone to the kitchen for a knife. "And Duke's got a bag in his hand."

"Hey, pal. Open up," Duke's voice boomed from behind the locked door.

"You'd better get out of here," Cal screamed back at him. "The police'll be here any minute."

"Look, open up and I'll explain the whole thing," Duke called out. "I'll be the only one to come in, okay? Nobody else but me."

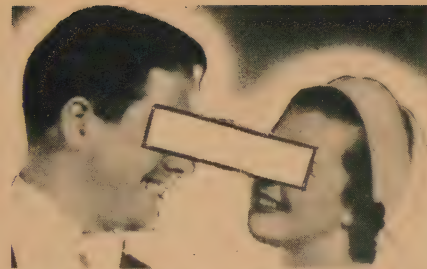
From his position at the window Cal saw Elephant walk to the sidewalk where the other members of the gang had parked their bikes. "He's tellin' the truth," he said to Hank. "He's alone."

"Okay, let him in," Hank agreed. "But if he makes a wrong move I'm gonna' slice his head off with this knife."

Warily Cal unlocked the door, and Duke entered, his face beaming. Then, walking over to the coffee table which stood in front of the sofa, he turned the brown bag he was holding upside down.

Out spilled a stream of coins—all gold! Hank and Cal stared in disbelief and the look on their faces caused Duke to break out in a fit of laughter. He caught his breath long enough to say, "You damned fools. There was gold at the end of that shaft—not gold ore but gold coins. They were stored in a metal box. It was probably stolen and hid there by the guys who stole it. Anyway, they never got a chance to go back and get it, so it lay in that mine God knows how many years. There was 15 Grand in that box, and the boys wanted you to have a reward. So here it is, one thousand bucks. Thanks a lot, guys. We never could've found it without you."

Again he broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter and made his way to the door. He started to turn the knob, then remembered something. "By the way," he called over his shoulder, "Jane and Carole send their regards." And with that he was gone, leaving behind him the dumbfoundest pair of amateur prospectors in California. In fact, in the whole United States. Or better yet, as they explained to the police when they arrived, the whole wide world.



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NIGHT OF THE EXECUTIONER

(Continued from page 17)

a crank, and assuming he *did* plan to kill the commissioner of parks unless he got his five thousand dollars by noon tomorrow, why call the Eight-Seven?

"It must be a crank," Carella said.

"Could be," Meyer said again.

"Did he sound like a kid?" Carella asked.

"No, he sounded like a grown man."

"Did he say when he'd call again?"

"No. All he said was 'More later.'"

"Did he say when or where you were supposed to deliver the money?"

"Nope."

"Did he say where you were supposed to get it?"

"Nope."

"Maybe he expects us to take up a collection," Carella said.

"Five grand is only five hundred and fifty dollars less than I make in a year," Meyer said.

"Sure, but he's undoubtedly heard how generous the bulls of the 87th are."

"I admit he sounds like a crank," Meyer said. "Only one thing bothers me about what he said."

"What's that?"

"Shot to death. I don't like that, Steve. Those words scare me."

"Yeah. Well," Carella said, "why don't we see if he calls again, okay? Who's relieving?"

"Kling and Hawes should be in around five."

"Who's on the team?" Byrnes asked.

"Willis and Brown. They're relieving on post."

"Which case?"

"Those car snatches. They're planted on Culver and Second."

"You think it's a crank, Meyer?"

"It could be. We'll have to see."

"Should we call Cowper?"

"What for?" Carella said. "This may turn out to be nothing. No sense alarming him."

"Okay," Byrnes said. He looked at his watch, rose, walked to the hatrack in the corner, and put on his overcoat. "I promised Harriet I'd take her shopping, the stores are open late tonight. I should be home around nine if anybody wants to reach me. Who'll be on the phone?"

"Kling."

"Tell him I'll be home around nine, will you?"

"Right."

"I hope it's a crank," Byrnes said, and went out of the office.

THE second call came at ten minutes to eleven that night. It was taken by Detective Bert Kling, who was on duty, and who had been briefed on the earlier call before Meyer left the squadroom.

"87th Squad," he said, "Kling here."

"You've undoubtedly decided by now that I'm a crank," the man's voice said. "I'm not."

"Who is this?" Kling asked, and motioned across the room for Cotton Hawes, the other detective on duty, to pick up the extension.

"I was quite serious about what I promised," the man said. "Parks Commissioner Cowper will be shot to death sometime tomorrow night unless I receive

five thousand dollars by noon. This is how I want it. Have you got a pencil?"

"Mister, why'd you pick on us?" Kling asked.

"For sentimental reasons," the man said, and Kling could have sworn he was smiling on the other end of the line. "Pencil ready?"

"Where do you expect us to get five thousand dollars?"

"Entirely your problem," the man said. "My problem is killing Cowper if you fail to deliver. Do you want this information?"

"Go ahead," Kling said, and glanced across the room to where Hawes sat hunched over the other phone. Hawes nodded.

"I want the money in singles, need I mention they must be unmarked?"

"Mister, do you know what the penalty for extortion is?" Kling asked suddenly.

"The penalty for extortion," the man said, "is imprisonment not exceeding fifteen years. Any other question?"

"Listen . . ." Kling started.

"You listen," the man said. "I want five thousand dollars in unmarked singles. I want them put into a metal lunch pail, and I want the pail taken to the third bench on the Clinton Street footpath into Grover Park. If the bench is watched, if your man is not alone, the pail will not be picked up, and the commissioner will be killed."

"You want five grand left on a park bench?" Kling asked.

"You've got it," the man said. "I want the money before noon tomorrow. There are more than one of us, so don't attempt to arrest the man who picks it up or the commissioner will be killed. If the lunch pail is empty, or if it contains paper scraps or phony bills or marked bills, or if for any reason or by any circumstance the money is not on that bench before noon tomorrow, the plan to kill the commissioner will go into effect. If you have any questions, ask them now."

"You don't really expect us to hand you five thousand dollars on a silver platter, do you?"

"No, in a lunch pail," the man said.

"I'll have to discuss this with the lieutenant," Kling said.

"Yes, and he'll doubtless have to discuss it with the parks commissioner," the man said.

"Is there any way we can reach you?" Kling asked, taking a wild gamble, thinking the man might hastily and automatically reveal his home number or his address.

"You'll have to speak louder," the man said. "I'm a little *hard of hearing*."

"I said is there any way . . ."

And the man hung up.

KLING awakened Lieutenant Byrnes at five minutes to twelve, and advised him of the subsequent conversations with the man he now referred to as The Screwball. The lieutenant mumbled a series of grunts into the telephone and then said, "I'll be right down," and then asked what time it was. Kling told him it was almost midnight. He grunted again, and hung up. When he got to the squadroom, Kling filled him in more completely, and Byrnes decided to call the parks commissioner to apprise him of the threat against his life, and to discuss any possible action with him. The parks commissioner looked at his bedside clock the moment the phone rang and immediately informed Lieutenant Byrnes that it was half past midnight, wasn't this something that could wait until morning?

Byrnes cleared his throat and said, "Well, someone says he's going to shoot you."

The parks commissioner cleared his throat and said, "Well, why didn't you say so?"

The situation was ridiculous.

The parks commissioner had never heard of a more ridiculous situation, why this man had to be an absolute maniac to assume anyone would pay him five thousand dollars

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on the strength of a few phone calls. Byrnes agreed that the situation was ridiculous, but that nonetheless a great many crimes in this city were committed daily by misguided or unprincipled people, some of whom were doubtless screwballs, but sanity was not a prerequisite for the successful perpetration of a criminal act.

The situation was unthinkable.

The parks commissioner had never heard of a more unthinkable situation, he couldn't even understand why they were bothering him with what were obviously the rantings of some kind of lunatic. Why didn't they simply forget the whole matter?

"Well," Byrnes said, "I hate to behave like a television cop, sir, I would really rather forget the entire thing, as you suggest, but the possibility exists that there is a plan to murder you, and in all good conscience I cannot ignore that possibility, not without discussing it first with you."

"Well, you've discussed it with me," the parks commissioner said, "and I say forget it."

"Sir," Byrnes said, "we would like to try to apprehend the man who picks up the lunch pail, and we would also like to supply you with police protection tomorrow night. Had you planned on leaving the house tomorrow night?"

The parks commissioner said that Byrnes could do whatever he thought fit in the matter of apprehending the man who picked up the lunch pail, but that he did indeed plan on going out tomorrow night, was in fact invited by the mayor to attend a performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* given by the Philharmonic at the city's recently opened music and theater complex near Remington Circle, and he did not want or need police protection.

Byrnes said, "Well, sir, let's see what results we have with the lunch pail, we'll get back to you."

"Yes, get back to me," the parks commissioner said, "but not in the middle of the night again, okay?" and hung up.

At five A.M. on Tuesday morning while it was still dark, Detectives Hal Willis and Arthur Brown drank two fortifying cups of coffee in the silence of the squadroom, donned foul-weather gear requisitioned from an Emergency Squad truck, clipped on their holsters, and went out onto the freezing March cold to begin a lonely surveillance of the third bench on the Clinton Street footpath into Grover Park.

Detective Cotton Hawes was almost, but not quite, as cold when he entered the park at nine A.M. that morning. He passed two people on his way to the bench. One of them

was an old man in a black overcoat, walking swiftly toward the subway kiosk on Grover Avenue. The other was a girl wearing a mink coat over a long pink nylon nightgown that flapped dizzily about her ankles, walking a white poodle wearing a red wool vest. She smiled at Hawes as he went by with his lunch pail, which was empty.

The third bench was deserted.

Hawes took a quick look around and then glanced up and out of the park to the row of apartment buildings on Grover Avenue. A thousand windows reflected the early morning sun. Behind any one of those windows, there might have been a man with a pair of binoculars and a clear unobstructed view of the bench. He put the lunch pail on one end of the bench, moved it to the other end, shrugged, and relocated it in the exact center of the bench. He took another look around, feeling really pretty stupid, and then walked out of the park and back to the office.

The man entered the park at ten A.M.

He was perhaps twenty-seven years old, with a narrow cold-pinked face, his lips drawn tight against the wind, his eyes watering. He wore a beige car coat, the collar pulled up against the back of his neck, buttoned tight around a green wool muffler at his throat. His hands were in the slash pockets of the coat. He wore brown corduroy trousers, the wale cut diagonally, and brown high-topped workman's shoes. He came onto the Clinton Street footpath swiftly, without looking either to the right or the left, walked immediately and directly to the third bench on the path, picked up the lunch pail, tucked it under his arm, put his naked hand back into his coat pocket, wheeled abruptly, and was starting out of the park again, when a voice behind him said, "Hold it right there, Mac."

He turned to see a tall, burly Negro—Detective Brown. Brown was holding a big pistol in his right hand. His left hand held a wallet which fell open to reveal a gold and blue shield.

"Police officer," the Negro said. "We want to talk to you."

IN the interrogation room at headquarters, Detectives Hal Willis and Arthur Brown began the long, weary process of questioning the man who had picked up the pail.

"Are you willing to answer questions without the presence of an attorney?" Willis asked.

"I am."

"What's your name?"

"Anthony La Bresca."

"Where do you live, Anthony?"

"In Riverhead."

"Where in Riverhead, Anthony?" Brown said.

"1812 Johnson."

"Live alone?"

"No, with my mother."

"How old are you, Anthony?"

"Twenty-six."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm unemployed at the moment."

"What do you normally do?"

"I'm a construction worker."

"Tell us about the lunch pail."

"What about it?"

"Well, what's in it, first of all?"

"Lunch, I guess," La Bresca said.

"Lunch, huh?"

"Yeah, lunch," La Bresca said.

"Did you call this squadroom yesterday?" Brown asked.

"No."

"How'd you know where that lunch pail would be?"

"I was told it would be there."

"Who told you?"

"This guy I met."

"What guy?"

"At the employment agency."

"Go on," Willis said, "let's hear it."

"I was waiting on line outside this employment agency on Ainsley, they handle a lot of construction jobs, you know, and that's where I got my last job from, so that's where I went back today. And this guy is standing on line with me, and all of a sudden he snaps his fingers and says, 'Jesus, I left my lunch in the park.' So I didn't say nothing, so he looks at me and says, 'How do you like that, I left my lunch on a park bench.' So I said that's a shame, and all, I sympathized with him, you know. What the hell, poor guy left his lunch on a park bench."

"So then what?"

"So he tells me he would run back into the park to get it, except he has a bum leg. So he asks me if I'd go get it for him for five dollars."

"Oh, he offered you five dollars to go get his lunch pail, is that it?"

"He didn't offer it to me, he handed it to me."

"What were you supposed to do with this lunch pail after you got it?"

"Bring it back to him. He was holding my place in line."

"Mm-huh," Brown said.

"What's so important about that lunch pail, anyway?" La Bresca asked.

"Nothing," Willis said. "Tell us about this man. What did he look like?"

"Middle thirties, tall, with blond hair, and he was hard of hearing. He was wearing a hearing aid, like deaf people do," La Bresca said.

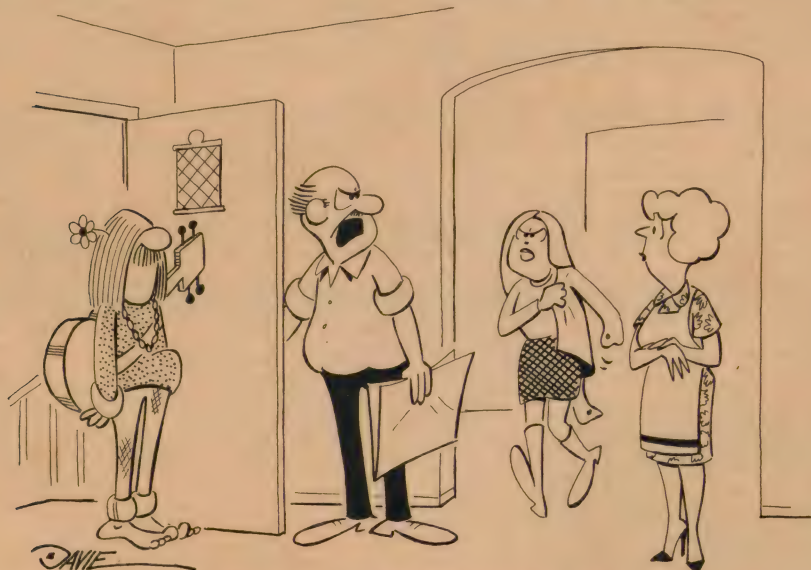
Willis and Brown shot a look at each other, positive that each had had the same thought: *the deaf man*.

But they didn't want to think about the deaf man—not if they could help it. Since they had nothing to hold La Bresca on, they took him down to the employment agency where the tall, blond man had asked him to fetch the pail, but didn't find him. They let La Bresca go.

They phoned headquarters to call the 115th—where La Bresca lived—and get a tail on him.

When they got back to the squadroom, they learned that Lieutenant Byrnes had called the 115th in Riverhead and had been informed they could not spare a man for the surveillance of Anthony La Bresca. Nobody seemed terribly surprised.

That night, as Parks Commissioner Cowper came down the broad white marble steps outside Philharmonic Hall, his wife clinging to his left arm, the mayor and his wife four steps ahead, the sky virtually starless, a bitter brittle dryness to the air, that night as the parks commissioner came



"Call the pound . . . there's a stray at the door!"

down the steps of Philharmonic Hall with the huge two story-high windows behind him casting warm yellow light onto the windswept steps and pavement, that night as the commissioner lifted his left foot preparatory to placing it on the step below, laughing at something his wife said in his ear, his laughter billowing out of his mouth in puffs of visible vapor that whipped away on the wind like comic strip balloons, that night as he tugged on his right-hand, that night two shots cracked into the plaza, shattering the wintry stillness, and the commissioner's laugh stopped, the commissioner's hand stopped, the commissioner's foot stopped, and the tumbled headlong down the steps, blood pouring from his forehead and his cheek, and his wife screamed, and the major turned to see what was the matter, and an enterprising photographer on the sidewalk caught the toppling commissioner on film for posterity.

He was dead long before his body rolled to a stop on the wide white bottom step.

THE mayor was furious. The mayor called the police commissioner and wanted to know what kind of a goddam city this was where a man of the caliber of Parks Commissioner Cowper could be gunned down on the steps of Philharmonic Hall, what the hell kind of a city was this, anyway?

"Well, sir," the police commissioner started, but the mayor said, "Perhaps you can tell me why adequate police protection was not provided for Commissioner Cowper when his wife informs me this morning that the police *knew* a threat had been made on his life, perhaps you can tell me that," the mayor shouted into the phone.

"Well, sir," the police commissioner started, but the mayor said, "Or perhaps you can tell me why you still haven't located the apartment from which those shots were fired, when the autopsy has already revealed the angle of entrance and your ballistics people have come up with a probable trajectory, perhaps you can tell me that."

"Well, sir," the police commissioner started, but the mayor said, "Get me some results, do you want this city to become a laughingstock?"

The police commissioner certainly didn't want the city to become a laughingstock, so he said, "Yes, sir, I'll do the best I can," and the mayor said, "You had better," and hung up.

There was no love lost between the mayor and the police commissioner that morning. So the police commissioner asked his secretary to find out what the mayor had meant by a threat on the parks commissioner's life, and report back to him immediately. The secretary got to work at once, asking around here and there, and discovering that the 87th Precinct had indeed logged telephone calls from a mysterious stranger who had threatened to kill the parks commissioner unless five thousand dollars was delivered to him by noon yesterday. When the police commissioner received this information, he said, "Oh, yeah?" and immediately dialed Frederick 7-8024, and asked to talk to Detective-Lieutenant Peter Byrnes.

Detective-Lieutenant Peter Byrnes was not overly fond of the police commissioner. Nor was the new commissioner terribly fond of Lieutenant Byrnes. So there was hardly any sweetness and light oozing over the telephone wires that morning between the commissioner's office at Headquarters downtown on High Street, and Byrnes' office on the second floor of the grimy station house on Grover Avenue.

"What's this all about, Byrnes?" the commissioner asked.

"Well, sir," Byrnes, said, remembering that the *former* commissioner used to call him Pete, "we received threatening tele-

phone calls from an unidentified man yesterday, which telephone calls I discussed personally with Parks Commissioner Cowper."

"What did you do about those calls, Byrnes?"

"We placed the drop site under surveillance, and apprehended the man who made the pickup."

"So what happened?"

"We questioned him and released him."

"Why?"

"Insufficient evidence. We also brought him in and interrogated him after the parks commissioner's murder last night. We did not have ample grounds for an arrest. The man is still free, but a telephone tap went into effect this morning on his home phone. I have Detective Brown on the tap and we're ready to move in if we monitor anything incriminating."

"Why wasn't the commissioner given police protection?"

"I offered it, sir, and it was refused."

"Why wasn't your suspect put under surveillance *before* a crime was committed?"

"I couldn't spare any men, sir, and when I contacted the 115th in Riverhead, where the suspect resides, I was told they could not spare any men either. Besides, as I told you, the commissioner did not *want* protection. He felt we were dealing with a crackpot, sir, and I must tell you that was our opinion here, too. Until, of course, recent events proved otherwise."

"Why hasn't that apartment been found yet?"

"What apartment, sir?"

"The apartment from which the two shots were fired that killed Parks Commissioner Cowper."

"Sir, the crime was not committed in our precinct. Philharmonic Hall, sir, is in the 53rd Precinct and, as I'm sure the commissioner realizes, a homicide is investigated by the detectives assigned to the squad in the precinct in which the homicide was committed."

"This is your case," the commissioner said. "You got that, Byrnes?"

"If you say so, sir."

"I say so. Get some men over to the area, and find that goddamn apartment."

"Yes, sir."

"And report back to me."

"Yes, sir," Byrnes said, and hung up.

Byrnes stormed out of the office. "Hawes!" he shouted. "Kling! Willis! Brown! Where the hell is everybody?" he shouted.

Meyer came out of the men's room, zipping up his fly. "What's up, Skipper?" he said.

"Get somebody over to the area!" Byrnes shouted.

"What area?"

"Where the goddamn commissioner got shot!"

"Okay, sure," Meyer said. "But why? That's not our case."

"It is now."

"Oh?"

"Who's answering the phones?"

"I am."

"Where's Kling?"

"Day off."

"Where's Brown?"

"On that wire tap on Anthony La Bresca's phone."

"And Willis?"

"He went to the hospital to see his mother."

"And Hawes?"

"He went down for lunch."

"What the hell am I running here, a resort in the mountains?"

"No, sir. We . . ."

"Send Hawes over there! Send him over the minute he gets back."

out to lunch, although he had no intention of eating lunch at all. The reason being that his lunch hour was the only time he had to spend with his girl Cindy Forrest, a secretary for a personnel firm.

Since they met eight months ago at the diner where they both ate their lunch, they would spend their lunch hours walking through Isola's busy shopping streets, talking of the things they enjoyed doing together.

Today, however, Hawes was in a gloomy mood. First of all, it was a very cold day and the wind howled at their faces as they walked. Second, the reason for Hawes' gloomy mood was the nagging suspicion that he knew who had killed the parks commissioner Cowper.

As the cold wind whipped his face, he confessed his suspicions to Cindy.

Hawes said, "Cindy, you know who I hope this isn't?"

"Hope who isn't?" she said.

"The guy who made the calls. The guy who killed the commissioner. You know who I hope we're not up against?"

"Who?" she asked.

"The deaf man," he said.

"What?" she said.

"He was a guy we went up against a few years back, it must have been maybe seven, eight years ago. He tore this whole damn city apart trying to rob a bank. He was the smartest crook we ever came up against."

"Who?" Cindy asked.

"The deaf man," Hawes said again.

"Yes, but what's his name?"

"We don't know his name. We never caught him. He jumped in the river and we thought he drowned, but maybe he's back now."

It was the first time any man on the squad had voiced the possibility that the commissioner's murderer was the man who had given them so much trouble so many years ago. The thought was somewhat numbing. And because the very thought of what the deaf man might and *could* do was too staggering to contemplate. Hawes involuntarily shuddered, and he knew it was not from the cold.

"I hope it isn't him," he said, and his words were carried away on the wind.

But all the Detectives of the 87th precinct that had tangled with the deaf man knew that he was back in town when the note arrived.

It said:

DEPUTY MAYOR SCANLON

GOES NEXT

PRICE: \$50,000

SAME PARK

SAME BENCH

SAME PAIR

BEFORE NOON TOMORROW OR

ELSE SAME ASSASSINS

The note had been pasted together from clipped letters from newspapers and magazines.

The boy who delivered the note was eight years old, and he had instructions to give it to the desk sergeant. He stood in the squadroom now surrounded by detectives who looked seven feet tall, all of them standing around him in a circle while he looked up with saucer-wide blue eyes and wished he was dead.

"Who gave you this note?" one of the detectives asked.

"A man in the park."

"Did he pay you to bring it here?"

"Yeah. Yes. Yeah."

"How much?"

"Five dollars."

"What did he look like?"

"He had yellow hair."

"Was he tall?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Was he wearing a hearing aid?"

"Yeah. A what?"

"A thing in his ear."

"Oh, yeah," the kid said, "like he was

DETECTIVE Cotton Hawes was indeed

deaf."

Everybody decided that what this note meant was that the deaf man (who they now reluctantly admitted was once again in their midst) wanted fifty thousand dollars in lieu of killing the deputy mayor exactly as he had killed the parks commissioner. Since fifty thousand dollars was considerably more than the previous demand for five thousand dollars, the cops of the 87th were quite rightfully incensed by the demand.

"He's a maniac," Lieutenant Byrnes said. "Where the hell does he expect us to get fifty thousand dollars?"

"Maybe he expects the deputy mayor to pay it," Steve Carella said.

"Then why the hell didn't he ask the deputy mayor?"

"We're his intermediaries," Carella said. "He assumes his demand will carry more weight if it comes from law enforcement officers."

Byrnes looked at Carella.

"Sure," Carella said. "Also, he's getting even with us. He's sore because we fouled up his bank-robbing scheme eight years ago. This is his way of getting back."

"He's a maniac," Byrnes insisted.

"No, he's a very smart cookie," Carella said. "He knocked off Cowper after a measly demand for five thousand dollars. Now that we know he can do it, he's asking ten times the price not to shoot the deputy mayor."

"Where does he say 'shoot'?" Hawes asked.

"Hmmm."

"He didn't say anything about shooting Scanlon. The note just said 'Deputy Mayor Scanlon Goes Next.'"

"That's right," Carella said. "He can poison him or bludgeon him or stab him or . . ."

"Please," Byrnes said.

"Let's call Scanlon," Carella suggested. "Maybe he's got fifty grand laying around he doesn't know what to do with."

They called Deputy Mayor Scanlon and advised him of the threat upon his life, but Deputy Mayor Scanlon did not have fifty grand laying around he didn't know what to do with. Ten minutes later, the phone on Byrnes' desk rang. It was the police commissioner.

"All right, Byrnes," the commissioner said sweetly, "what's this latest horseshit?"

"Sir," Byrnes said, "we have had a note from the man we suspect killed Parks Commissioner Cowper, and it constitute a threat upon the life of Deputy Mayor Scanlon."

"What are you doing about it?" the commissioner asked.

"We are doing our best to cope with an unprecedented situation, and that we are ready to put our entire squad at the deputy mayor's disposal, if and when he asks for protection. Moreover, sir, I'm sure I can persuade Captain Frick who, as you may know, commands this entire precinct, to release some uniformed officers from their regular duties, or perhaps to call in some off-duty officers, if the commissioner feels that's necessary."

"I feel it's necessary to protect the life of the deputy mayor."

"Yes, of course, sir, we are doing our best," Byrnes said.

"Byrnes," the commissioner said, "you may have to do more."

"Sir . . ." Byrnes started, but the commissioner had hung up.

DETECTIVE Arthur Brown, who had been assigned to tap the phone of Anthony La Bresca—the man who had picked up the lunch pail and prime suspect of the murder of Commissioner Cowper—sat in the basement of Junior High School 106, with a pair of earphones on his head and his right hand on the start button of a tape recorder.

The telephone at the La Bresca house, diagonally across the street from the school, had just rung for the 32nd time that day, and as he waited for La Bresca to lift the receiver, he activated the recorder and sighed in anticipation of what was to come.

"Hello," a voice said.

Brown sat erect, adjusted the headset, adjusted the volume control on the tape recorder, and began listening.

"Tony?" a second voice asked.

"Yeah, who's this?" The first voice belonged to La Bresca. The second voice . . .

"This is Dom."

"Oh, hi, Dom, how's it going?"

"Great."

"What's up, Dom?"

"I was wondering if you could lend me a couple of bills till I get myself organized here."

"Organized doing what?" La Bresca asked.

"Well, I took a big loss on that fight two weeks ago, you know, and I still ain't organized."

"You never been organized in your life," La Bresca said.

"That ain't true, Tony."

"Okay, it ain't true. What is true is I ain't got a couple of bills to lend you."

"Well, I know different," Dom said.

"What do you know?" La Bresca asked.

"About the caper you and Pete Calucci are planning."

"What caper?"

"Tony, don't let me say it on the phone, huh? You never know who's listening these days."

"What the hell are you trying to do?" La Bresca asked. "Shake me down?"

"No, I'm trying to borrow a couple of hundred is all. Until I get organized. I'd hate like hell to see all your planning go down the drain, Tony. I'd really hate to see that happen."

"You blow the whistle, pal, and we'll know just who you do it."

"Tony, if I found out about the caper, there's lots of other guys who know about it. It's all over the street. You're lucky the fuzz aren't onto you already."

"The cops don't even know I exist," La Bresca said. "I never took a fall for nothing in my life."

"What you took a fall for and what you done are two different things, right, Tony?"

"Don't bug me, Dom. You screw this up . . ."

"I ain't screwing nothing up. I'm asking for a loan of two hundred bucks, now yes or no, Tony, I'm getting impatient here in this goddamn phone booth. Yes or no?"

"You're a son of a bitch," La Bresca said.



"Great news, Doc! The elephants are mating!"

"Does that mean yes?"

"Where do we meet?" La Bresca asked.

The detective assigned to the surveillance of Anthony La Bresca was Meyer Meyer whom he had never seen before. Brown's call to the squadroom had advised the lieutenant that La Bresca had admitted he was involved in a forthcoming caper with a pal by the name of Pete Calucci and this was reason enough to put a tail on him.

The street outside was caught in the pale gray grasp of dusk, empty, silent except for the keening of the wind, bitterly cold, forbidding. Anthony La Bresca walked with his hands in the pockets of his beige car coat, the collar raised, the green muffler wound around his neck and flapping in the fierce wind. It was comparatively simple to tail a man on a crowded street, but when there are only two people left alive in the world, the one up front might suddenly turn at the sound of a footfall or a tail-of-the-eye glimpse of something or someone behind him. So Meyer kept his distance and utilized every doorway he could find, ducking in and out of the street, grateful for the frantic activity that helped ward off the cold, convinced he would not be spotted, but mindful of the alternate risk he was running: if La Bresca turned a corner suddenly, or entered a building unexpectedly, Meyer could very well lose him.

The girl was waiting in a Buick.

The car was black, Meyer made the year and make at once, but he could not read the license plate because the car was too far away, parked at the curb some two blocks up the street. The engine was running. The exhaust threw gray plumes of carbon monoxide into the gray and empty street. La Bresca stopped at the car, and Meyer ducked into the closest doorway, the windowed alcove of a pawnshop. Surrounded by saxophones and typewriters, cameras and tennis rackets, fishing rods and loving cups, Meyer looked diagonally through the joined and angled windows of the shop and squinted his eyes in an attempt to read the license plate of the Buick. He could not make out the numbers. The girl had blond hair, it fell loose to the base of her neck, she leaned over on the front seat to open the door for La Bresca.

La Bresca got into the car and slammed the door behind him.

Meyer came out of the doorway just as the big black Buick gunned away from the curb.

He still could not read the license plate. Meyer cursed his luck.

Lieutenant Byrnes also cursed when Meyer Meyer made his report the next morning.

"I don't know what kind of a squad I'm running here," Lieutenant Byrnes said, "when an experienced detective can blow a surveillance."

"I had no way of knowing a woman would be waiting for him in a car," Meyer said.

"So you lost him," Byrnes said, "which might have been all right if the man had gone home last night. But Kling here was stationed outside the La Bresca house in Riverhead, and the man never showed, which means we don't know where he is today, now do we? We don't know where a prime suspect is on the day the deputy mayor is supposed to get killed."

"No, sir," Meyer said, "we don't know where La Bresca is."

"Because you lost him."

"I guess so, sir."

"Now who's this person 'Dom' who called La Bresca Thursday night?"

"We have no idea, sir," Meyer said.

"Is Brown still on that phone tap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you tried any of our stoolies?"

"No sir, not yet."

"Well, when the hell do you propose to get

moving? We're supposed to deliver fifty thousand dollars by twelve o'clock. It's now a quarter after ten, when the hell . . . Get Danny Gimp or Fats Donner, find out if they know a fellow named Dom who dropped a bundle on a big fight two weeks ago. Who the hell was fighting two weeks ago, anyway? Was that the championship fight?"

"Yes, sir."
"All right, get cracking. Does anybody use Gimp besides Carella?"

"No, sir."
"Who uses Donner?"
"I do, sir."
"Then get him right away, Meyer."
"If he's not in Florida, sir. He usually goes south in the winter."

"Goddamn stool pigeons go south," Byrnes grumbled, "and we're stuck here with a bunch of maniacs trying to kill people. All right, go on, get moving."

"Yes, sir," Meyer said, and left the office. While Detective Meyer Meyer was out in search of stoolie Fats Donner, Detective Cotton Hawes was placing the lunch pail on the third bench on the Clinton Street footpath of the park.

Detective Hal Willis, Bert Kling, and Steve Carella were hidden behind rocks and bushes nearby with a good view of the third bench.

Shortly before noon, a young man came up the footpath. He ambled slowly to the third bench and picked up the pail.

In seconds he was surrounded by detectives.

The four detectives took the suspect to headquarters for interrogation.

The young man's name was Alan Parry and after hours of questioning, the 87th precinct Detectives knew they had reached a dead end.

He had been approached by a tall, blonde man with a hearing aid and the man had offered him five dollars to pick up the lunch pail. Parry did not know what was in the pail or who the man had been.

The Detectives were sure that Parry had been used like a pawn by the deaf man. So they let him go.

"Go on home, kid," Willis said.
"I can go?"
"Yeah, yeah, you can go," Willis said wearily.

Parry stood up quickly, and without looking back headed straight for the gate in the slatted railing that divided the squadroom from the corridor outside. He was down the hallway in a wink. His footfalls clattered noisily on the iron-runged steps leading to the street floor below.

"What do you think?" Willis said.
"I think we did it ass-backwards," Hawes said. "I think we should have followed him out of the park instead of nailing him. He would have led us straight to the deaf man."

"The lieutenant didn't think so. The lieutenant figured nobody would be crazy enough to send a stranger after fifty thousand dollars. The lieutenant figured the guy who made the pickup had to be a member of the gang."

"Yeah, well the lieutenant was wrong," Hawes said.

"You know what I think?" Kling said.
"What?"

"I think the deaf man *knew* there'd be nothing in that lunch pail. That's why he could risk sending a stranger for it. He *knew* the money wouldn't be there, and he *knew* we'd pick up whoever he sent."

"If that's the case . . ." Willis started.
"He wants to kill Deputy Mayor Scanlon."
The detectives all looked at each other.

NOBODY likes to work on Saturday night, and so the detectives of the 87th Squad should have been pleased when the police commissioner called Byrnes to say that he was asking the D.A.'s Squad to

assume the responsibility of protecting Deputy Mayor Scanlon from harm. If they'd had any sense at all, the detectives of the 87th would have considered themselves fortunate.

But the commissioner's cut was deeply felt, first by Byrnes, and then by every man on the squad when he related the news to them. They went their separate ways that Saturday night, some into the streets to work, others home to rest, but each of them felt a corporate sense of failure. Not one of them realized how fortunate he was.

The two detectives from the D.A.'s Squad were experienced men who had handled special assignments before. When the deputy mayor's personal chauffeur arrived to pick them up that night, they were waiting on the sidewalk outside the Criminal Courts Building, just around the corner from the District Attorney's office. It was exactly 8:00 P.M. The deputy mayor's chauffeur had picked up the Cadillac sedan at the municipal garage a half-hour earlier. He had gone over the upholstery with a whisk broom, passed a dust rag over the hood, wiped the windows with a chamois cloth, and emptied all the ashtrays. He was now ready for action, and he was pleased to note that the detectives were right on time; he could not abide tardy individuals.

They drove up to Smoke Rise, which was where the deputy mayor lived, and one of the detectives got out of the car and walked to the front door, and rang the bell, and was ushered into the huge brick house by a maid in a black uniform. The deputy mayor came down the long white staircase leading to the center hall, shook hands with the detective from the D.A.'s Squad, apologized for taking up his time this way on a Saturday night, made some comment about the "damn foolishness of it all," and then called up to his wife to tell her the car was waiting. His wife came down the steps, and the deputy mayor introduced her to the detective from the D.A.'s Squad, and then they all went to the front door.

The detective stepped outside first, scanned the bushes lining the driveway, and then led the deputy mayor and his wife to the car. He opened the door and allowed them to precede him into the automobile. The other detective was stationed on the opposite side of the car, and as soon as the deputy mayor and his wife were seated, both detectives got into the automobile and took positions facing them on the jump seats.

The dashboard clock read 8:30 P.M. The deputy mayor's personal chauffeur set the car in motion, and the deputy mayor made a few jokes with the detectives as they drove along the gently winding roads of

exclusive Smoke Rise on the edge of the city's northern river, and then onto the service road leading to the River Highway. It had been announced in the newspapers the week before that the deputy mayor would speak at a meeting of the B'nai Brith in the city's largest synagogue at nine o'clock that night. The deputy mayor's home in Smoke Rise was only fifteen minutes away from the synagogue, and so the chauffeur drove slowly and carefully while the two detectives from the D.A.'s Squad eyed the automobiles that moved past on either side of the Cadillac.

The Cadillac exploded when the dashboard clock read 8:45 P.M.

The bomb was a powerful one. It erupted from somewhere under the hood, sending flying steel into the car, tearing off the roof like paper, blowing the doors into the highway. The car screeched out of control, lurched across two lanes, rolled onto its side like a ruptured metal beast and was suddenly ablaze.

A passing convertible tried to swerve around the flaming Cadillac. There was a second explosion. The convertible veered wildly and crashed into the river barrier.

When the police arrived on the scene, the only person alive in either car was a bleeding seventeen-year-old girl who had gone through the windshield of the convertible.

THE first break in the case came at ten o'clock the next morning, when Fats Donner, Meyer Meyer's stoolie, called the squadroom.

Until that time, there were still perhaps two thousand imponderables to whatever La Bresca and Calucci were planning. But aside from such minor considerations at *where* the job would take place, or at exactly *what time* there were several unknown identities to contend with as well, such as Dom (who so far had no last name) and the long-haired blond girl who had given La Bresca a lift last Friday night. It was the police supposition that if either of these two people could be located, the nature of the impending job might be wrung from one of the other of them. Whether or not the job was in any way connected with the recent murders would then become a matter for further speculation, as would the possibility that La Bresca was in some way involved with the deaf man. There were a lot of questions to be asked if only they could find somebody to ask them to.

Donner was put through immediately.
"I think I got your Dom," he said to Willis.
"Good," Willis said. "What's his last name?"

"Di Fillippi. Dominick Di Fillippi. Lives in Riverhead near the old coliseum, you know the neighborhood?"

"Yeah. What've you got on him?"
"He's with The Coaxial Cable."
"The Coaxial Cable?" Willis said.
"A group. Musicians," Donner said.
"What does Di Fillippi play?"

"Rhythm guitar."
"Where do I find him?"
"His address is 365 North Anderson."
"That's in Riverhead?"

"Yeah."
"How do you know he's our man?"

"Well, it seems he's a big bullshit artist, you know?" Donner said. "He's been going around the past few weeks saying he dropped a huge bundle on the championship fight, made it sound like two, three G's. It turns out all he lost was fifty bucks, that's some big bundle, huh?"

"Yeah, go ahead."
"But he's also been saying recently that he knows about a big caper coming off."

"Who'd he say this to?"
"Well, one of the guys in the group is a big hophead from back even before it got stylish. That's how I got my lead onto Di Fillippi. And the guy said they were busting some



"Well, it certainly looks as if the Joker's on me."

joints together maybe three, four days ago, and Di Fillippi came on about this big caper he knew about."

"Did he say what the caper was?"

"No."

"Did he say when the job would be coming off?"

"Nope."

"Well, it's not much, Fats."

"It's worth half a century, don't you think?"

"It's worth ten bucks," Willis said.

"Make it twenty."

"For the birdseed you just gave me?"

"It's a lead, ain't it?"

"That's all it is."

"So? A lead is worth at least twenty-five."

"I'll send you fifteen," Willis said, and hung up.

The phone rang again almost the instant he replaced it on the cradle. He lifted the receiver and said, "87th, Willis speaking."

"Hal, this is Artie, on La Bresca's phone tap."

"Yep."

"I think I've got something."

"Shoot."

"La Bresca talked to his mother on the phone about five minutes ago. He told her he was expecting a call from Dom Di Fillippi. That could be our man, no?"

"Yeah, it looks like he is," Willis said.

"He told his mother to say he'd meet Di Fillippi on his lunch hour at the corner of Cathedral and Seventh."

"Has Di Fillippi called yet?"

"Not yet. This was just five minutes ago, Hal."

"Right. What time did he say they'd meet?"

"Twelve-thirty."

"Twelve-thirty, corner of Cathedral and Seventh."

"Right," Brown said.

"We'll have somebody there."

"I'll call you back," Brown said. "I've got another customer."

In five minutes, Brown rang the squadroom again. "That was Di Fillippi," he said. "Mrs. La Bresca gave him the message. Looks like pay dirt at last, huh?"

"Maybe," Willis said.

FROM where Meyer and Kling sat in the Chrysler sedan parked on Cathedral Street, they could clearly see Tony La Bresca waiting on the corner near the bus stop sign. The clock on top of the Catholic church dominating the intersection read twelve-twenty. La Bresca was early and apparently impatient. He paced the pavement anxiously, lighting three cigarettes in succession, looking up at the church clock every few minutes, checking the time against his own wrist watch.

They kept watching La Bresca. He was pacing more nervously now, slapping his gloved hands against his sides to ward off the cold. He was wearing the same beige car coat he had worn the day he'd picked up the lunch pail in the park, the same green muffler wrapped around his throat, the same thick-soled workman's shoes.

"Look," Meyer said suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Across the street. Pulling up to the curb."

"Huh?"

"It's the blond girl, Bert. In the same black Buick!"

"How'd she get into the act?"

Meyer started the car. La Bresca had spotted the Buick and was walking toward it rapidly. From where they sat, the detectives could see the girl toss her long blond hair and then lean over to open the front door for him. La Bresca got into the car. In a moment, it gunned away from the curb."

"What do we do now?" Kling asked.

"We follow."

"What about Dom?"

"Maybe the girl's taking La Bresca to see him."

"And maybe not."

"What can we lose?" Meyer asked.

"We can lose Dom," Kling said.

"Just thank God they're not walking,"

Meyer said, and pulled the Chrysler out into traffic.

This was the oldest part of the city. The streets were narrow, the buildings crowded the sidewalks and gutters, pedestrians crossed at random, ignoring the lights, ducking around moving vehicles with practiced ease, nonchalant to possible danger.

"They're making a left turn," Kling said.

"I see them."

The Buick had indeed made a left turn, coming out onto the wide tree-lined esplanade bordering the River Dix. At last, she pulled the car to the curb and killed the engine.

A block behind the parked Buick, Meyer and Kling sat and looked through the windshield of the unmarked police sedan. The wind howled around the automobile, drowning out the calls that came from the radio. Kling turned up the volume.

"What now?" he asked.

"We wait," Meyer said.

"Do we pick up the girl when they're finished talking?" Kling asked.

"Yep."

"Look," Kling said. "La Bresca's getting out of the car."

"Short meeting," Meyer said. "Let's hit the girl."

The bomb in the Deputy Mayor's car was a powerful one . . . tearing off the roof like paper, blowing the doors into the highway . . .

As La Bresca went up the street in the opposite direction, Meyer and Kling stepped out of the parked Chrysler. The wind almost knocked them off their feet. They ducked their heads against it and began running, not wanting the girl to start the car and take off before they reached her, hoping to prevent a prolonged automobile chase through the city. Up ahead, Meyer heard the Buick's engine spring to life.

"Let's go!" he shouted to Kling, and they sprinted the last five yards to the car, Meyer fanning out into the gutter, Kling pulling open the door on the curb side.

The blonde sitting behind the wheel was wearing slacks and a short gray coat. She turned to look at Kling as he pulled open the door, and Kling was surprised to discover that she wasn't wearing makeup and that her features were rather heavy and gross. As he blinked at her in amazement, he further learned that she was sporting what looked like a three-day old beard stubble on her chin and on her cheeks.

The door on the driver's side snapped open.

Meyer took one surprised look at the "girl" behind the wheel and then immediately said, "Mr. Dominick Di Fillippi, I presume?"

Dominick Di Fillippi was very proud of his long blond hair.

In the comparative privacy of the squadroom, he combed it often, and explained to the detectives that guys belonging to a group had to have an image, you dig?

"Like what's the beef," he asked, "what am I doing inside a police station?"

"You'd better read him the law," Kling said.

"Yeah," Meyer said, and went through the rights bit. Di Fillippi listened intently. When Meyer was finished, he nodded his blond locks and said, "I can get a lawyer if I want one, huh?"

"Yes."

"I want one," Di Fillippi said.

"Have you got anyone special in mind, or do you want us to get one for you?"

"I got somebody in mind," Di Fillippi said.

DI FILLIPPI'S lawyer was a man named Irving Baum.

He arrived at the squadroom somewhat out of breath and the first thing he asked was whether the detectives had advised his client of his rights. When assured that Di Fillippi had been constitutionally protected, he nodded briefly, took off his brown Homburg and heavy brown overcoat, placed both neatly across Meyer's desk, and then asked the detectives what it was all about. He was a pleasant-looking man, Baum, with white hair and mustache, sympathetic brown eyes, and an encouraging manner of nodding when anyone spoke, short little nods that seemed to be signs of agreement. Meyer quickly told him that it was not the police intention to book Di Fillippi for anything, but merely to solicit information from him. Baum could see no reason why his client should not cooperate to the fullest extent. He nodded to Di Fillippi and then said, "Go ahead, Dominick, answer their questions."

"Okay, Mr. Baum," Di Fillippi said.

"Dom," Willis said, "What's your connection with Tony La Bresca?"

"He's a friend of mine."

"Why'd you meet with him today?"

"Just friendly."

"It was a very short meeting," Willis said.

"Yeah, I guess it was."

"Do you always go all the way downtown just to talk to someone for five minutes?"

"Well, he's a friend of mine."

"How much did you lost on that championship fight?"

"Oh, not much."

"How much?"

"Ten bucks or so. How do you know about that?"

"Wasn't it more like fifty?"

"Well, maybe. I don't remember. How do you know this?" He turned to Baum. "How do they know this?" he asked the lawyer.

"How do you know this?" Baum asked.

"Well, counselor, if it's all right with you," Meyer said, "we'll ask the questions, unless you find something objectionable."

"No, I think everything's been proper so far, but I would like to know where you're going."

"I think that'll become clear," Meyer said.

"Well, Detective Meyer, I think I'd like to know right now what this is all about, or I shall feel compelled to advise my client to remain silent."

Meyer took a deep breath. Willis shrugged in resignation.

"We feel your client possesses knowledge of an impending crime," Meyer said.

"What crime?"

"Well, if you'll permit us to question him . . ."

"No, not until you answer me," Baum said.

"Mr. Baum," Willis said, "we can book him for Compounding, Section 570 of the Penal Law, or we can book him for . . ."

"Just a moment, young man," Baum said.

"Would you mind explaining that?"

"Yes, sir, we have reason to believe that your client has been promised money or other property to conceal a crime. Now that's either a felony or a misdemeanor, sir, depending on what the crime is he's agreed to conceal. I think you know that, sir."

"And what's this crime he's agreed to conceal?"

"We might also be able to book him for

Conspiracy, Section 580, if he's actually involved in this planned crime."

"Do you have definite knowledge that a crime is to take place?" Baum asked.

"We have reasonable knowledge, sir, yes, sir."

"You realize, do you not, that no agreement amounts to a conspiracy unless some act *besides* such agreement is done to effect the object thereof?"

"Look, Mr. Baum," Meyer said, "this isn't a court of law, so let's not argue the case right here and now, okay? We're not going to book your client for anything provided he co-operates a little and answers . . ."

"I hope I didn't detect a threat in that statement," Baum said.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," Meyer said, "we know that a man named Anthony La Bresca and another man named Peter Calucci are planning to commit a crime, misdemeanor or felony we don't know which. We also have very good reason to believe that your client here knows *exactly* what they're up to and has demanded money from them to keep such knowledge or information from reaching the police. Now, Mr. Baum, we don't want to pull in La Bresca and Calucci for conspiracy because (a) it wouldn't stick without the 'act' you were talking about, and (b) we might end up with only a misdemeanor, depending on what they've cooked up. As I'm sure you know, if they're planned the crime of murder, kidnapping, robbery One, selling narcotics, arson or extortion, and if they've committed some act other than their agreement to pull off the job, each of them is guilty of a felony. And as I'm sure you also know, some very big officials in this city were recently murdered, and the possibility exists that La Bresca and Calucci are somehow involved and that this crime they've planned may have to do with extortion or murder, or both, which would automatically make the conspiracy a felony. As you can see, therefore, we're not after your client *per se*, we're merely trying to prevent a crime. So can we cut all the legal bullshit and get a little co-operation from you, and especially from him?"

"It seems to me he's been co-operating splendidly," Baum said.

"It seems to me he's been lying splendidly," Meyer said.

"Considering what's involved here . . ."

Baum started.

"Mr. Baum, could we please . . . ?"

" . . . I think you had better charge Mr. Di Fillippi with whatever it is you have in mind. We'll let the courts settle the matter of his guilt or innocence."

"While two hoods pull off their job, right?"

"Are you going to book him, or not?"

"We're going to book him," Meyer said.

"For what?"

"Compounding a crime, Section 570 of the Penal Law."

"Hey, wait one goddamn minute," Di Fillippi said. "What if those two guys go ahead with . . . ?"

"Dominick, I advise you to remain silent," Baum said.

"Yeah? What can I get for this 'compounding,' whatever the hell it is?"

"Depends on what they do," Meyer said.

"Dominick . . ."

"If they commit a crime punishable by death or by life imprisonment you can get five years. If they commit . . ."

"What about a holdup?" Di Fillippi asked.

"Is that what they've planned?" Meyer said.

"You didn't answer me."

"If they commit a robbery, and you take money from them to conceal the crime, you can get three years in prison."

"Mmmm," Di Fillippi said.

"Will you answer some questions for us?"

"Will you let me go if I do?"

"We've leveled with you, Dominick," Willis said, "and believe me, we wouldn't have brought any of this out in the open if we

didn't have plenty to go on. Now you can either help us or we can book you and take you down for arraignment and you'll have an arrest record following you for the rest of your life. What do you want to do?"

"That's coercion!" Baum shouted.

"It may be coercion, but it's also fact,"

Willis said.

"I'll tell you everything I know," Di

Fillippi said.

He knew a lot, and he told it all.

He told them that the holdup was set for eight o'clock on Friday night, March 15th, and that the victim was to be the owner of a tailor shop on Culver Avenue. The reason the hit had been scheduled for that particular night and time was that the tailor, a man named John Mario Vincenzo, usually packed up his week's earnings then and took them home with him in a small metal box, which box his wife Laura carried to the Fiduciary Trust early Saturday morning. The Fiduciary Trust, as it happened, was the only bank in the neighborhood that was open till noon on Saturday.

John Mario Vincenzo (or John the Tailor as he was known to the people along Culver Avenue) was a man in his early seventies, an easy mark. The take would be enormous, Di Fillippi explained, with more than enough for everyone concerned even if split three ways. The plan was to go into the shop at ten minutes to eight, just before John the Tailor drew the blinds on the plate glass window fronting the street. La Bresca was to perform that task instead, and then he was to lock the front door while Calucci forced John the Tailor at gun point into the back room, where he would tie him and leave him bound and helpless on the floor near the pressing machine. They would then empty the cash register of the money that had been piling up there all week long, and take off. John the Tailor would be left dead or alive depending on how cooperative he was.

A tall, blond man wearing a hearing aid walked into Isola's main Post Office at the same time Dominick Di Fillippi was spilling the beans to the detectives of the 87th.

He mailed exactly 100 letters. Each letter addressed to a different individual. All the letters, however, were the same.

Each letter read:

If you treat this letter as a joke, you will die.

These are the facts. Read them carefully. They can save your life.

1) Parks Commissioner Cowper ignored a warning and was killed.

2) Deputy Mayor Scanlon ignored a

warning and was killed.

3) JMV is next. He will be killed this Friday night.

What does all this have to do with you?

This is *your* warning. It is *your only* warning. There will be no further warnings. Remember that.

2) You are to withdraw five thousand dollars in small, unmarked bills from your account.

3) You will be contacted by telephone sometime within the next week. The man you speak to will tell you how and when and where the money is to be delivered.

4) If you fail to meet this demand, you too will be killed. *Without warning.*

Do not entertain false hopes!

The police could not save Cowper or Scanlon, although sufficiently forewarned. They will not be able to save JMV, either. What chance will you have unless you pay? What chance will you have when we strike *without warning?*

Get the money. You will hear from us again. Soon.

The letters were delivered to a hundred homes on Thursday. The deaf man was very cheerful that morning. He went whistling back to his apartment, contemplating his scheme again and again, savoring its more refined aspects, relishing the thought that one hundred very wealthy individuals would suddenly be struck with panic come Saturday morning.

By five o'clock tonight, he could reasonably assume that most of the men receiving his letter would have read it and formed at least some tentative opinion about it. He fully expected some of them to glance cursorily at it, crumple it into a ball, and immediately throw it into the garbage. He also expected a handful, the pananoid fringe, to call the police at once, or perhaps even visit their local precinct, letter in hand, indignantly demanding protection. That part of his plan was particularly beautiful, he felt. The mayor was being warned, yes, but oh so indirectly. He would learn about the threat on his life only because some frightened citizens would notify the police.

And tomorrow night, forewarned, the mayor would nonetheless die.

Yes, the deaf man was rather pleased with himself and his two accomplices: Buck, demolition expert, and Ahmad, forgery expert.

Tomorrow, one of Buck's bombs already placed under the manhole cover across the mayor's mansion will blow up the cables supplying light to the mayor's home.

Then, he, Ahmad and Buck, properly attired in uniforms will drive up to the mayor's home.

He could visualize the mayor's house at 10 P.M. tomorrow night, surrounded by policemen and detectives on special assignment, all there to protect the honorable JMV from harm. He could see himself driving a black sedan directly to the curb in front of the darkened brick structure, a police flashlight picking out the gold lettering on the front door, Metropolitan Light & Power Company (pressure-sensitive letters expertly applied by Ahmad to both front doors of the car). He could see the car doors opening. Three men step out of it. Two of them are wearing workman's coveralls. The third is wearing the uniform of a police sergeant, complete with a citation ribbon pinned over the shield on the left breast and the yellow sleeve patch of the Police Department's Emergency Service.

"Who's there?" the policeman on duty asks. His flashlight scans the trio. Buck, in the sergeant's uniform, steps forward.

"It's all right," Buck says. "I'm Sergeant Pierce, Emergency Service. These men are from the electric company. They're trying to locate that power break."



"Let's just say I didn't come all the way to Paris just to say 'hello'!"

"Okay, Sergeant," the cop answers.

"Everything quiet in there?" Buck asks.

"So far, Sarge."

"Better check out their equipment," Buck says. "I don't want any static on this later."

"Good idea," the cop says. He swings his flashlight around. Ahmad opens the tool box. There is nothing in it but electricians' tools: a test light, a six-foot rule, a brace, four screwdrivers, a Stillson wrench, a compass saw, a hacksaw, a hammer, a fuse puller, wire skinners, wire cutters, gas pliers, Allen wrenches, friction tape, rubber tape . . .

"Okay," the cop says, and turns to the deaf man. "What's that you're carrying?"

"A volt-ohm meter," the deaf man answers.

"Want to open it for me?"

"Sure," the deaf man says.

The testing equipment is nothing more than a black leather case perhaps twelve inches long by eight inches wide by five inches deep. When the deaf man unclasps and raises the lid, the flashlight illuminates an instrument panel set into the lower half of the case, level with the rim.

"Okay," the cop says, "you can close it."

The deaf man snaps the lid of the case shut, fastens the clasp again.

"I'll take them inside," Buck says.

"Right Sarge," the cop says, and the trio goes up the walk to the house, where they are stopped by a detective at the front door.

"Sergeant Pierce, Emergency Service," Buck says. "These men are from the electric company, here to check that power failure."

"Right," the detective says.

"I'll stick with them," Buck says, "but I don't want no other responsibility."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if the mayor trips and breaks his ankle while they're on the premises, I don't want no static from my captain."

"We'll keep the mayor far away from you," the detective says, and smiles.

"Okay, where you guys want to start?" Buck asks. "The basement?"

They go into the house. There are battery-powered lights set up, but for the most part the house is dim, the figures moving through it are uncertainly defined. The three men start in the basement, going through the motions of checking out circuits. They go through every room of the house, never once seeing the mayor in the course of their inspection. In the master bedroom, the deaf man shoves the testing equipment under the huge double bed, ostensibly searching for a leak at the electrical outlet. When he walks out of the room, he is no longer carrying anything. The "Industrial Analyzer" is on the floor under the mayor's bed.

That analyzer, with its factory-sleek assortment of dials, knobs, jacks, and electrical terminology is real—but nonetheless fake. There is no testing equipment behind those meters, the interior of the box has been stripped bare. Hidden below the instrument panel, set to go off at 2 A.M., there is only another of Buck's bombs.

Tomorrow night, the mayor would die.

And on Saturday morning, the uncommitted would commit. They would open their newspapers and read the headlines, and they would know the letter was for real, no opportunist could have accurately predicted the murder without having engineered it and executed it himself. They would take the letter from where they had casually put it, and they would read it once again, and they would fully comprehend its menace now, fully realize the absolute terror inherent in its words. When one was faced with the promise of unexpected death, was five thousand dollars really so much to invest? Not a man on that list of one hundred earned less than \$200,000 a year. They had all been carefully researched, the original list of four hundred and twenty names being cut and revised and narrowed down to only those who seemed the

most likely victims, those to whom losing five thousand dollars at a Las Vegas crap table meant nothing, those who were known to have invested in speculative stocks or incoming Broadway plays—those, in short, who would be willing to gamble five thousand dollars in hope of salvation.

They will pay us, the deaf man thought.

Oh, not all of them, certainly not all of them. But enough of them. Perhaps a few more murders are in order, perhaps some of those sleek fat cats on the list will have to be eliminated before the rest are convinced, but they *will* be convinced, and they *will* pay. After the murder tomorrow night, after that, when they know we're not fooling, they will pay.

ONE of the favored recipients, as the deaf man expected, brought his letter in to the police. It was now in Lieutenant Byrnes' hands.

"You hit the nail right on the head," Lieutenant Byrnes said to Steve Carella.

"He's going for the mayor next."

"He'll never get away with it," Hawes said.

"He'd better *not* get away with it," Byrnes said. "If he succeeds in knocking off the mayor, he'll be picking up cash like it's growing in the park. How many of these letters to do you suppose he's mailed?"

"Well, let's try to figure it," Carella said.

"First he warned the parks commissioner and demanded five thousand dollars. Next the deputy mayor, and a demand for fifty thousand. Now he tells us he'll kill the mayor this Friday night. So if the escalation carries through, he should be bucking for ten times fifty thousand, which is five hundred thousand. If we divide that by—"

"Forget it," Byrnes said.

"I'm only trying to figure out the mathematics."

"What's mathematics got to do with JMV getting killed?"

"I'm trying to say it just isn't enough for this guy to knock off the mayor," Carella said.

"It isn't, huh? Knocking off the mayor seems like *more* than enough to me."

"Yeah, but not for somebody like the deaf man. He's too proud of his own cleverness," Carella looked at the letter again. "Who's this man Carl Wahler?" he asked.

"A dress manufacturer, lives downtown in Stewart City, 17th Precinct. He brought the letter in there this morning. Captain Bundy thought we'd want to see it. Because of our involvement with the previous murders."

"It seems to fit right in with the pattern, doesn't it?" Hawes said. "He announced the other murders, too."

"Yes, but there's something missing," Carella said.

"What?"

"The personal angle. He started this in the 87th, a little vendetta for fouling him up years ago, when he was planting bombs all over the goddamn city to divert attention from his bank job. So why's he taking it out of the 87th all at once? If he knocks off the mayor, nobody looks foolish but the special police assigned to his protection. *We're* off the hook, home free. And that's what I can't understand. That's what's wrong with the pattern."

"The pattern seems pretty clear to me," Byrnes said. "If he can get to JMV after advertising it, what chance will anybody have *without* warning? Look at how many times he says that in his letter. Without warning, without warning."

"It still bothers me," Carella said.

SOMETHING, too, was bothering the deaf man, two and half hours before he and Buck and Ahmad were to leave in their uniforms to plant the bomb under the

mayor's bed.

"What is it?" Buck whispered. He was wearing his rented police sergeant's uniform, and he felt strange and nervous inside the blue garment.

"I don't know," Ahmad answered. "Look at the way he's pacing."

The deaf man was indeed pacing. Wearing electrician's coveralls, he walked back and forth past the desk in one corner of the room, not quite muttering, but certainly wagging his head like an old man contemplating the sorry state of the world. Buck, perhaps emboldened by the bravery citation on his chest, finally approached him and said, "What's bothering you?"

"The 87th," the deaf man replied at once.

"What?"

"The 87th, the 87th," he repeated impatiently. "What difference will it make if we kill the mayor? Don't you see?"

"No."

"They get away clean," the deaf man said. "We kill JMV, and *who* suffers, will you tell me that?"

"Who?" Buck asked.

"Not the 87th, that's for sure."

"Look," Buck said gently, "we'd better get started. We've got to dig down to that manhole, we've got to . . ."

"So JMV dies, so what?" the deaf man asked. "Is money everything in life? Where's the pleasure?"

Buck looked at him.

"Where's the *pleasure*?" the deaf man repeated. "If JMV—" He suddenly stopped, his eyes widening. "JMV," he said again, his voice a whisper. "JMV!" he shouted excitedly, and went to the desk, and opened the middle drawer, and pulled out the Isola telephone directory. Quickly, he flipped to the rear section of the book.

"What's he doing?" Ahmad whispered.

"I don't know," Buck whispered back.

"Look at this!" the deaf man shouted.

"There must be hundreds of them, *thousands* of them!"

"Thousands of what?" Buck asked.

The deaf man did not reply. Hunched over the directory, he kept turning pages, studying them, turning more pages. "Here we are," he mumbled, "no, that's no good . . . let's see . . . here's another one . . . no, no . . . just a second . . . ahhh, good . . . no, that's all the way downtown . . . let's see, let's see . . . here . . . no . . ." mumbling to himself as he continued to turn pages, and finally shouting *Culver Avenue, that's it, that'll do it!* He picked up a pencil, hastily scribbled onto the desk pad, tore the page loose, and stuffed it into the pocket of his coveralls. "Let's go!" he said.

"You ready?" Buck asked.

"I'm ready," the deaf man said, and picked up the volt-ohm meter. "We promised to get JMV, didn't we?" he asked.

"We sure did."

"Okay," he said, grinning. "We're going to get *two* JMV's—and one of them's in the 87th Precinct! A tailor by the name of John Mario Vicenzo," he said as he led them out of the apartment.

IN the back of tailor John Mario Vicenzo, Detectives Steve Carella and Hal Willis were playing checkers waiting for the hold up that La Bresca and Calucci had planned. This was the night. They just had to get lucky this once.

Carella and Willis got very lucky on that night of March 15th at exactly ten minutes to eight.

They were watching the front of the shop because Dominick Di Filippi had told them the plan was to go into the shop at ten minutes to eight, just before John the Tailor drew the blinds on the plate glass window fronting the street. La Bresca was to perform that task instead, Di Filippi had further said, and then to lock the front door while

Calucci forced John the Tailor at gun point into the back room. In Di Fillippi's ardent recital, there had been a lot of emphasis real or imagined, on the *front* of the shop. So everyone had merely assumed (as who wouldn't?) that La Brescia and Calucci would come in through the front door, open the door, ting-a-ling would go the bell, shove their guns into John the Tailor's face, and then go about their dirty business. It is doubtful that the police even *knew* there was a back door to the shop.

La Brescia and Calucci knew there was a back door.

They kicked that door in at precisely seven-fifty, right on schedule, kicked it in noisily and effectively, not caring whether or not they scared John the Tailor out of ten years' growth, knowing he would rush to the back of the shop to see what the hell was happening, knowing he would run directly into two very large pistols.

The first thing they saw was two guys playing checkers.

The first thing La Brescia said was, "Fuzz!"

He knew the short guy was fuzz because he had been questioned by him often enough. He didn't know who the other guy was, but he reasoned that if you saw *one* mouse you probably had fifty, and if you saw one *cop* you probably had a thousand, so the place was probably crawling with cops, they had stepped into a very sweet little trap here—and that was when the curtain shot back and the front door of the shop burst open.

It was also when all the overlapping confusion started, the past, present, and future jazz getting all mixed up so that it seemed for a tense ten seconds as if seven movies were being projected simultaneously on the same tiny screen. Even later, much later, Carella couldn't quite put all the pieces together; everything happened too fast and too luckily, and he and Willis had very little to do with any of it.

The first obvious fact that crackled up Carella's spine and into his head was that he and Willis had been caught cold. Even as he rose from his chair, knocking it over backwards, even as he shouted, "Hal, behind you!" and reached for his revolver, he knew they'd been caught cold, they were staring into the open muzzles of two high caliber guns and they would be shot dead on the spot. He heard one of the men shout "Fuzz!"

and then he saw both guns come up level at the same time, and too many last thoughts crowded into his head in the tick of a second. Willis whirled, knocking checkerboard and checkers to the floor, drawing his gun, and suddenly John the Tailor threw back the curtain separating the rear of the shop from the front, and the front door of the shop burst open in the same instant.

John the Tailor later said he had run back to see what the noise was, throwing the curtain between the two rooms, and then whirling to see what Carella only later saw three men standing in the front doorway of his shop, all of them holding pistols.

This was what La Brescia and Calucci must have seen as well, looking through the now open curtain directly to the front door. And whereas they must have instantly known they had caught the back-room cops cold, they now recognized the threat of the three other cops standing in the front door, all of them with pistols in their fists and kill looks on their faces. The three men weren't cops, but La Brescia and Calucci didn't know that. The sergeant standing in the doorway shouted, "Fuzz!" meaning he thought La Brescia and Calucci were fuzz, but La Brescia and Calucci merely thought he was announcing his own arrival. So they began shooting. The three men in the door, facing what they too thought was a police trap, opened fire at the same time. John the Tailor threw himself to the floor. Carella and Willis, recognizing a good healthy crossfire when they saw one, tried to flatten themselves against the wall. In the flattening process, Willis slipped on one of the fallen checkers and went tumbling to the floor, bullets spraying over his head.

Carella's gun was in his hand now. He leveled it at the front door because he had taken a good look at one of the men standing there firing into the back room, and whereas the man was not wearing his hearing aid, he was tall and blond and Carella recognized him at once. He aimed carefully and deliberately. The gun bucked in his hand when he pulled off the shot. He saw the deaf man clutched for his shoulder and then half-stumble, half-turn toward the open doorway. Someone screamed behind Carella, and he turned to see La Brescia falling over the pressing machine, spilling blood onto the white padding, and then four more shots exploded in the tiny shop and someone grunted, and there were more shots, Willis

was up and firing, and then there was only smoke, heavy smoke that hung on the air in layers, the terrible nostril-burning stink of cordite, and the sound of John the Tailor on the floor, praying softly in Italian.

"Outside!" Carella shouted, and leaped the counter dividing the shop, slipping in a pool of blood near the sewing machine, but regaining his footing and running coatless into the snow.

There was no one in sight.

The cold was numbing.

A trail of blood ran from the shop door across the white snow stretching endlessly into the city.

Carella began following it.

The deaf man ran as fast as he could, but the pain in his shoulder was intolerable.

He could not understand what had happened.

Was it possible they had figured it out? But no, they couldn't have. And yet, they'd been there, waiting. How *could* they have known? How could they *possibly* have known when he *himself* hadn't known until fifteen minutes ago?

There had been at least twenty-five pages of "V" listings in the Isola directory, with about 500 names to a page, for a combined total of some 12,500 names. He had not counted the number of first names beginning with the letter "J," but there seemed to be at least twenty or thirty on every page, and he had actually gone through *eleven* names with the initials "JMV," the same initials as His Honor the Mayor James Martin Vale, before coming to the one on Culver Avenue.

How could they have known? How could they have pinpointed the tailor shop of John Mario Vicenzo, the final twist of the knife, a JMV located within the very confines of the 87th? It's impossible, he thought. I left nothing to chance, it should have worked, I should have got them both, there were no wild cards in the deck, it should have worked.

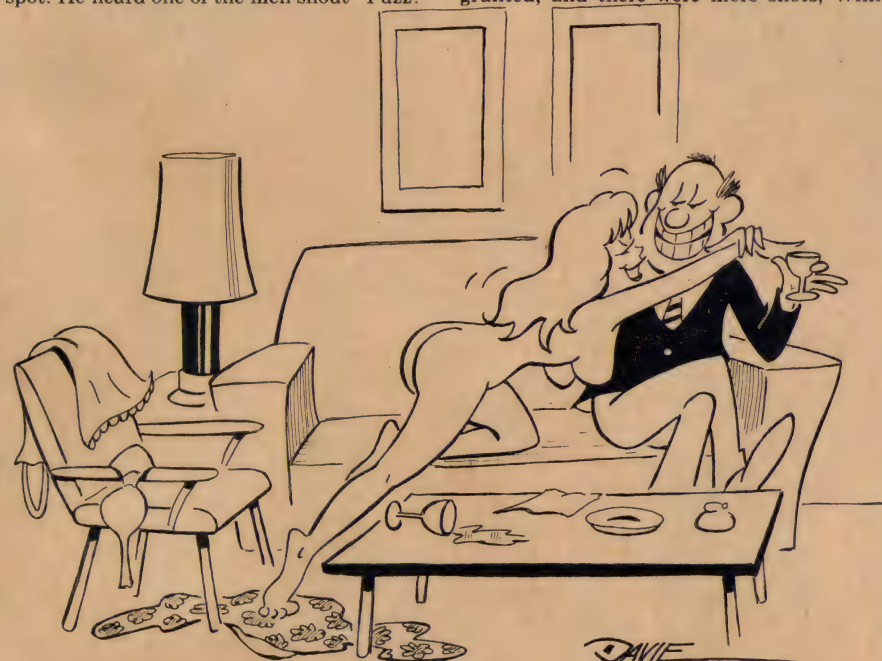
When Carella reached him, the deaf man was lying in a pool of blood mumbling to himself, "How . . . how . . . ?" He died before Carella could answer.

THE cleanup in the tailor shop was a gruesome job.

La Brescia and Calucci were both dead. The big redheaded man named Buck was also dead. Ahmad was alive and breathing when they carted him off in the meat wagon, but he had taken two slugs in the chest from Calucci's .45 and another in the stomach from La Brescia's Walther. He was gushing blood, and spitting blood, and shivering and mumbling, and they doubted very much if he'd make it to the hospital alive.

The mayor would live. But the detectives at the 87th weren't that overjoyed about the whole incident. Their pride was hurt. After all the mayor was alive only because fate had sent the deaf man to John the Tailor's shop, not because they had figured on it.

The question still remained. Who had outsmarted who? ●●●



"Shame on you, Mr. Crawford. You put something in my drink again, didn't you?"

RED CROSS FUND

Good things
happen when
you give



Pussycat

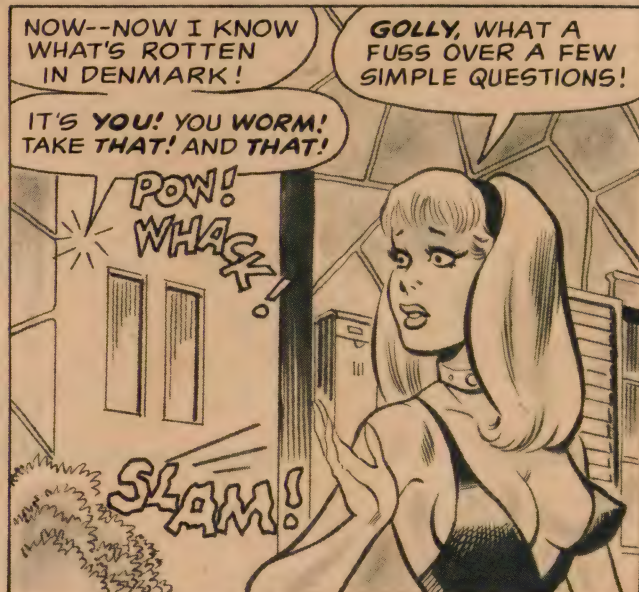
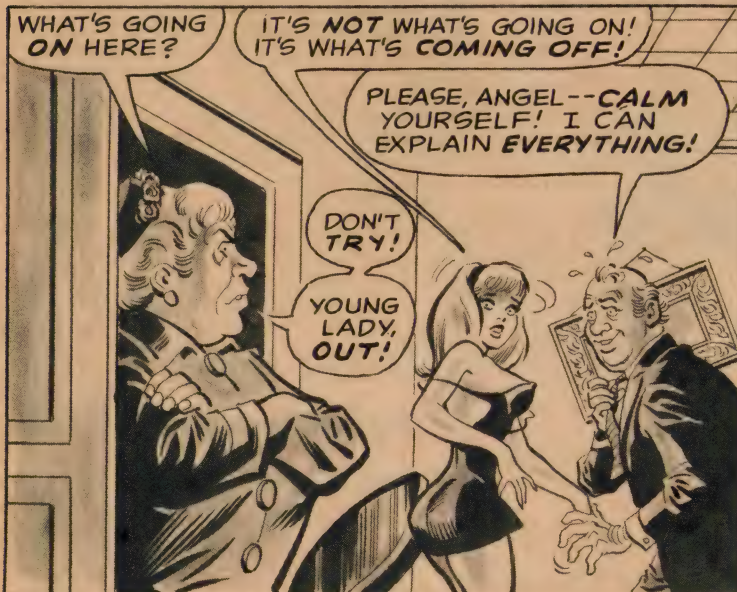
ARRIVING IN DENMARK TO CONDUCT
A SEX SURVEY FOR HER NEWSPAPER,
OUR HEROINE SOON RUNS INTO TROUBLE...
AND RUNS AND RUNS...

SCANDINAVIAN
SEX PLOT

...OR
EVERYTHING YOU WANTED
TO KNOW ABOUT **PUSSYCAT**,
BUT WERE AFRAID
TO ASK!

PLEASE--I JUST WANTED ANSWERS
TO THE SEX QUESTIONS --NOT A
DEMONSTRATION!

WRITTEN BY
LARRY LIEBER
ILLUSTRATED BY
JIM MOONEY





AH, THERE'S AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE! I'LL INTERVIEW THEM!

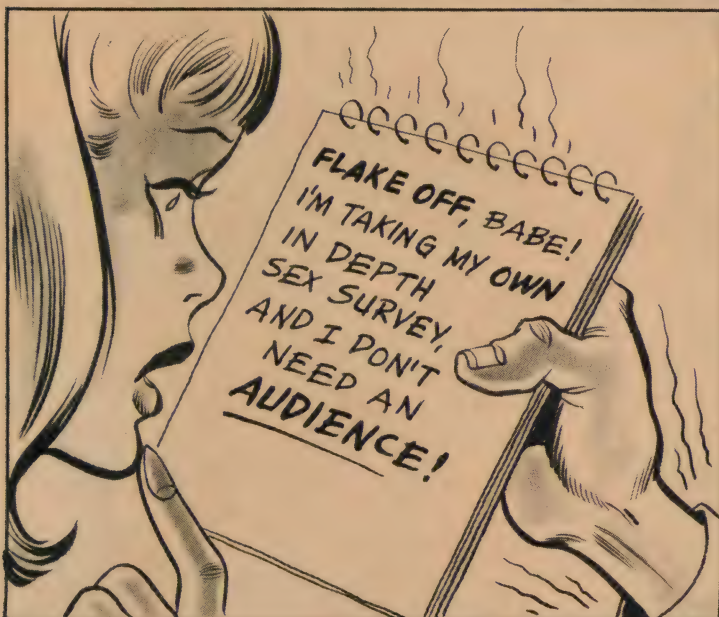


I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I'M CONDUCTING A **SEX SURVEY**! WOULD YOU MIND ANSWERING SOME **QUESTIONS**--LIKE DO YOU EVER COME UP FOR AIR?



ER, MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO **TALK**! PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER TO **WRITE** YOUR COMMENTS!

CERTAINLY! GIVE ME THE **PAD**!

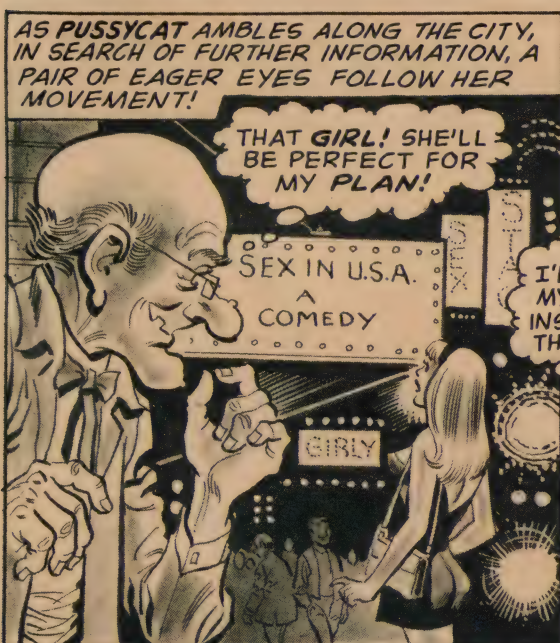


FLAKE OFF, BABE!
I'M TAKING MY OWN
IN DEPTH
SEX SURVEY,
AND I DON'T
NEED AN
AUDIENCE!



GEE! WHAT A **GROUCH**! I WONDER WHAT NEWSPAPER HE WORKS FOR!

WOW! HE CERTAINLY TAKES HIS WORK **SERIOUSLY**! HE'S NOT LEAVING A **STONE** UNTURNED!



AS **PUSSYCAT** AMBLES ALONG THE CITY, IN SEARCH OF FURTHER INFORMATION, A PAIR OF EAGER EYES FOLLOW HER MOVEMENT!

THAT **GIRL**! SHE'LL BE PERFECT FOR MY **PLAN**!

SEX IN U.S.A.
A COMEDY

GIRLY



SEX FAIR

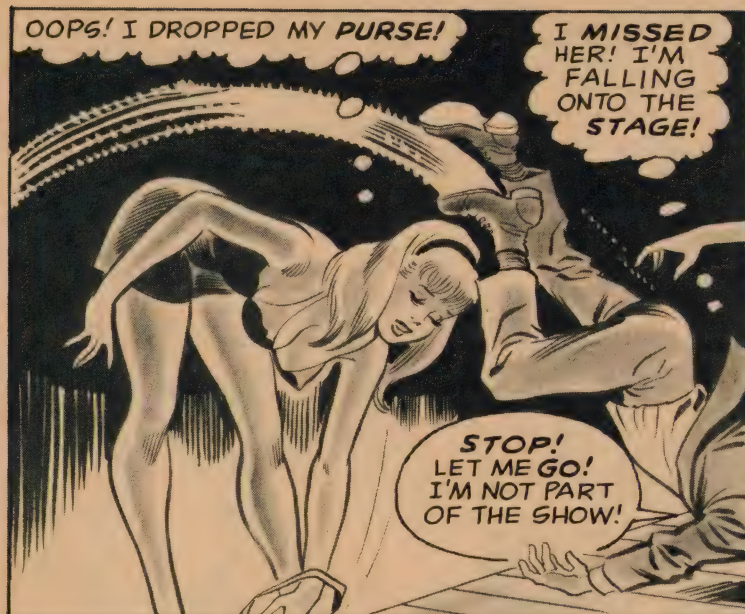
I'LL CHECK OUT THIS **SEX SHOW**!

I'LL MAKE MY MOVE INSIDE THE **THEATER**!



GEE, IT'S **DARK** IN HERE!

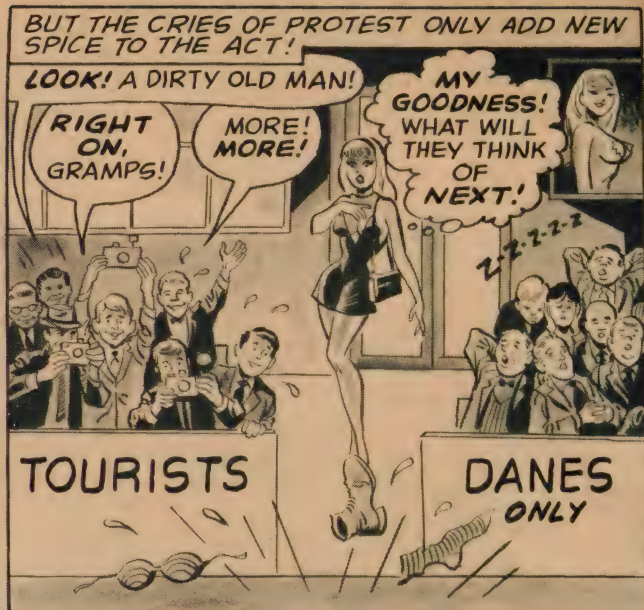
NOW IS MY **CHANCE**!



OOPS! I DROPPED MY PURSE!

I MISSED HER! I'M FALLING ONTO THE STAGE!

STOP! LET ME GO! I'M NOT PART OF THE SHOW!



BUT THE CRIES OF PROTEST ONLY ADD NEW SPICE TO THE ACT!

LOOK! A DIRTY OLD MAN!

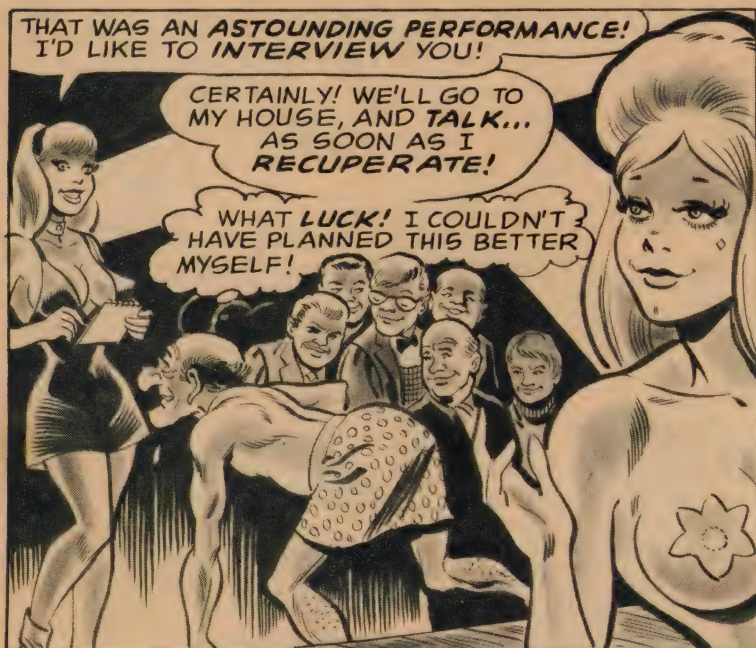
MY GOODNESS! WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT!

RIGHT ON, GRAMPS!

MORE! MORE!

TOURISTS

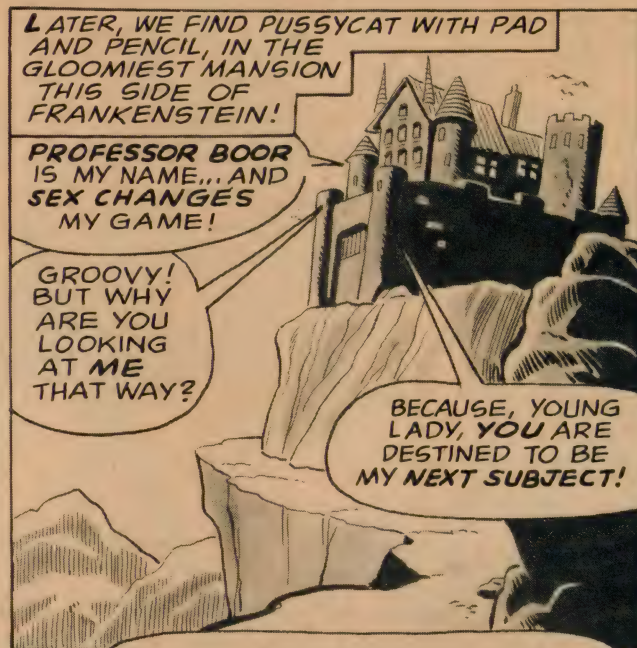
DANES ONLY



THAT WAS AN ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCE! I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU!

CERTAINLY! WE'LL GO TO MY HOUSE, AND TALK... AS SOON AS I RECUPERATE!

WHAT LUCK! I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED THIS BETTER MYSELF!

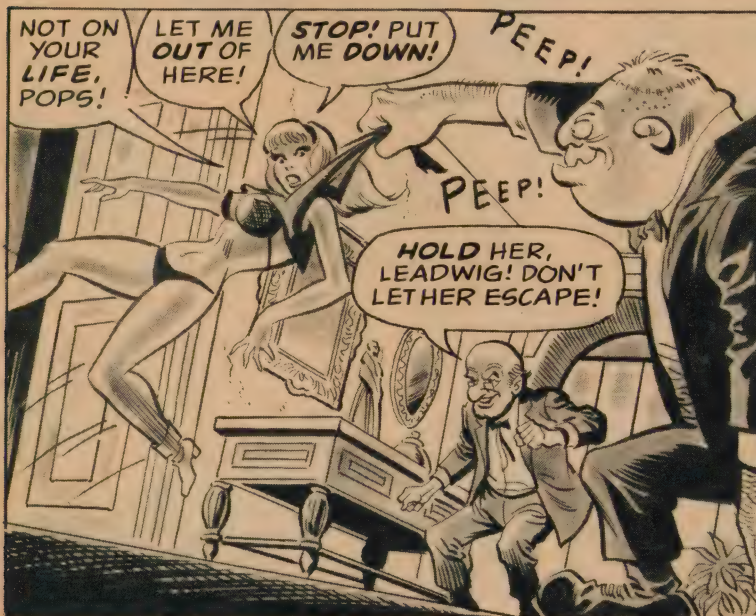


LATER, WE FIND PUSSYCAT WITH PAD AND PENCIL, IN THE GLOOMIEST MANSION THIS SIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN!

PROFESSOR BOOR IS MY NAME... AND SEX CHANGES MY GAME!

GROOVY! BUT WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?

BECAUSE, YOUNG LADY, YOU ARE DESTINED TO BE MY NEXT SUBJECT!



NOT ON YOUR LIFE, POPS!

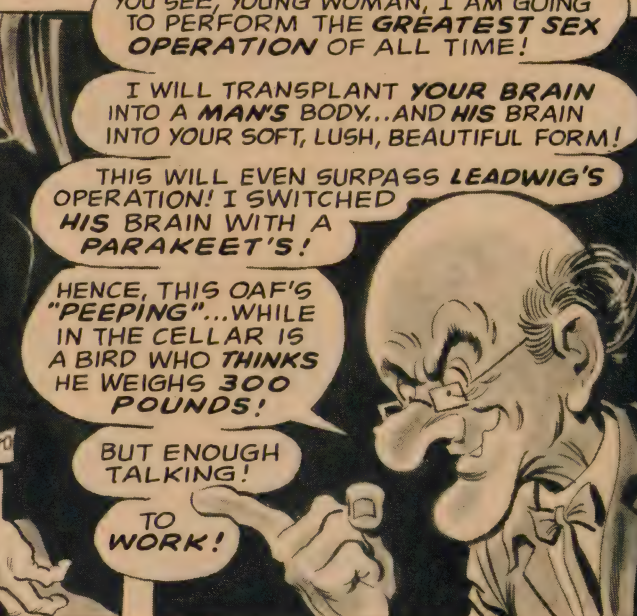
LET ME OUT OF HERE!

STOP! PUT ME DOWN!

PEEP!

PEEP!

HOLD HER, LEADWIG! DON'T LET HER ESCAPE!



YOU SEE, YOUNG WOMAN, I AM GOING TO PERFORM THE GREATEST SEX OPERATION OF ALL TIME!

I WILL TRANSPLANT YOUR BRAIN INTO A MAN'S BODY...AND HIS BRAIN INTO YOUR SOFT, LUSH, BEAUTIFUL FORM!

THIS WILL EVEN SURPASS LEADWIG'S OPERATION! I SWITCHED HIS BRAIN WITH A PARAKEET'S!

HENCE, THIS OAF'S "PEEPING"...WHILE IN THE CELLAR IS A BIRD WHO THINKS HE WEIGHS 300 POUNDS!

BUT ENOUGH TALKING!

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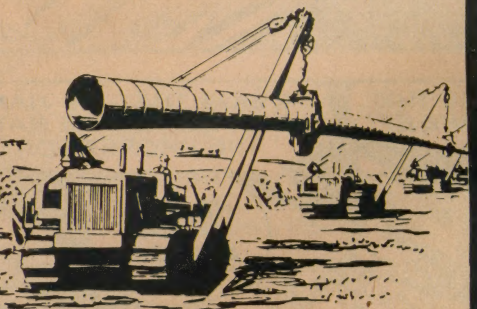


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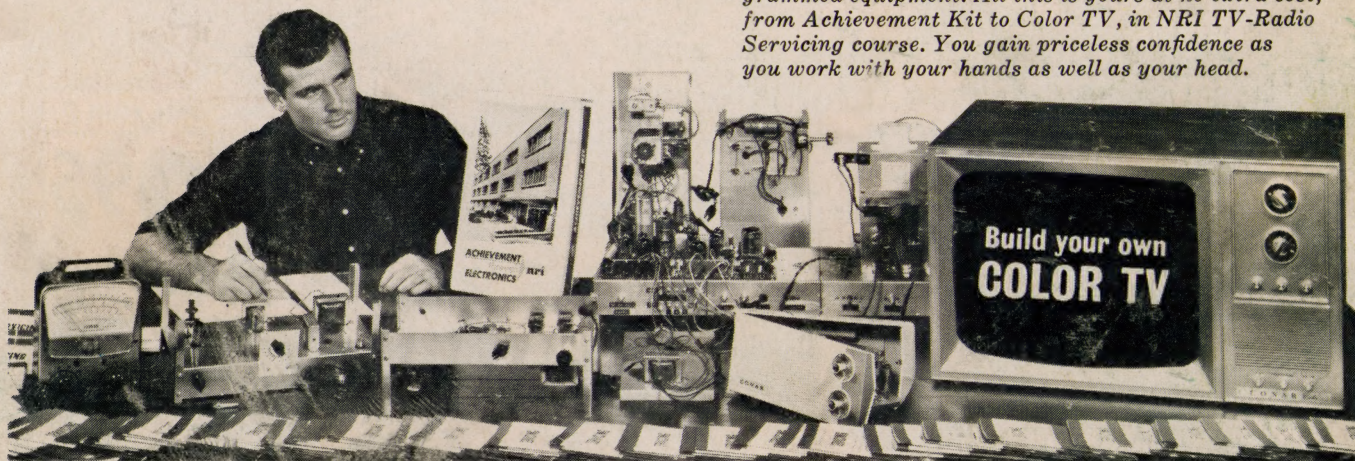
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